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Willie Stargell: Pride of Pittsburgh

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Has Fame Spoiled Phil Donahue?

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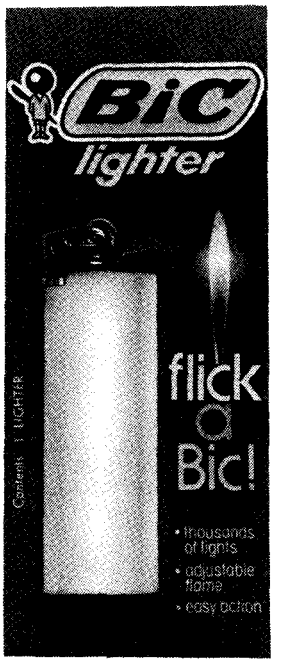

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BEURT SERVAAS, CHAIRMAN

Donahue's Dilemma

Does fame corrupt? Has the rise to national prominence spoiled television's popular daytime talk-show host? Phil Donahue talks candidly about parenting, personal fears and the chameleon quality of celebrityhood.

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Pirates' Treasure

When Walloping Willie steps up to home plate, a team, a city's pride and a humanitarian cause are riding on his bat. But at 38, is Pittsburgh's champ at the top of the ninth inning in his baseball career?

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Latter-day Lesson

Why is it that Mormons are more resistant to catastrophic diseases than the rest of us? Could the answer lie somewhere in the life style of the 3 million members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? Is there a message here for us all?

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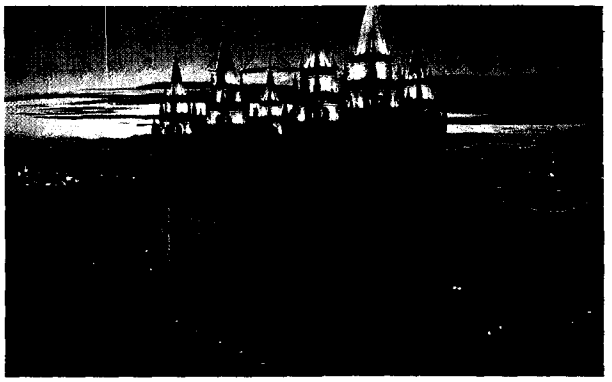

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—*Letters to the Editor*—

Taking Furlong's Measure

May I tell you just how wonderful a magazine you have? And that I think it is getting better and better. I am particularly happy that you resumed printing the Adventures of the Mind series. I still have a whole book—a collection of them—from the old *Saturday Evening Post*, and I am tearing out and saving these.

Also I find your political stories not only very interesting, but a notable public service. You are getting people to *think* about the choices they are going to have to make in the next elections.

Let me tell you about the kind of impact that those stories are making already. I work part-time for a small polling firm that operates in this area, and we have been getting assignments in politics. One question that has turned up on my polling forms is, "Do you read *The Saturday Evening Post*?" Another

Continued on page 4

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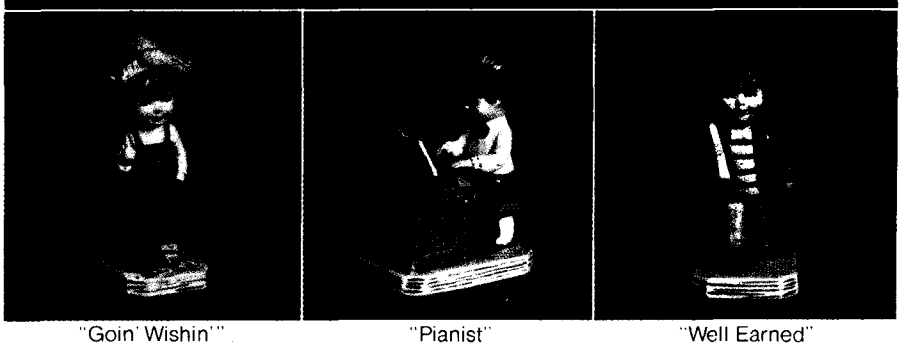

"Goin' Wishin'" "Pianist" "Well Earned"

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GORHAM THE GIFT WORLD

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question is, "Do you recognize the name of William Barry Furlong?" Now why? The answer is that we have found that people who answer "Yes" to one or both of those questions are also people who seem to know more about the issues and the political personalities we are exploring in our polls and that they identify very closely with your magazine and your political writer. In other words, they *know* what they are reading, and they are better able to respond to a political poll because of that knowledge.

But when you get to the point where *The Saturday Evening Post* and William Barry Furlong are recognized as important factors in how poll results come out, then you know that you are having a very significant impact on the people who get your magazine. I think you should know about that and that you should be very happy about it. I don't think it happens very often to other magazines—if it happens to them at all—and I look forward to knowing that *The Saturday Evening Post* is going to have lots more articles that turn up in my polling list. And that I will know just who has the savvy out of all those I interview, because I will have read those articles, too.

Mrs. Irma Brokabah
Youngstown, Ohio

May I say, first of all, that your magazine has improved considerably in the past few years since it was restarted by you.

I was upset by a portion of an article entitled "Look Who's Running For First Lady" by William Barry Furlong. He made the following statement about Eleanor Roosevelt, and I would like to know where he got this derogatory information (March 1980 issue):

"Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt suggested that she found her supreme fulfillment in her work, yet we know now that the greatest passion of her White House years was another woman to whom she wrote five and six and seven terribly passionate letters a day."

In all the books I've read about the Roosevelts, and Mrs. Roosevelt in particular, I have never read such information! I admired her and felt sorry for her during her years in the White House and later on.

May your magazine continue to improve.

Corinne W. Lunn
Peoria, Illinois

Diet Data

The article about Dr. Anderson in the February issue of the *Post* was extremely interesting. I have been a diabetic for the past 10 years (now age 55), and I've had my share of the balanced diet, exchange items, etc. You can imagine my surprise at the menu included in the article showing beans, pickled beets, corn and carrots—all of which are pretty high in sugar.

Is it possible to get additional information on your treatment of diabetics? Diet, acceptable foods, etc.

Thank you so much for any information you can give, but most of all, thank you for your research in a field that affects so many these days.

Mrs. George C. Morris
San Diego, California

Your letter has been forwarded to Dr. James Anderson at the University of Kentucky Medical College in Lexington, Kentucky.

Many physicians are discovering that their maturity-onset diabetic patients do better on a high *(complex) carbohydrate, low-fat diet. Nathan Pritikin, a non-physician, made early discoveries that insulin could be lowered (or sometimes eliminated) in these patients through this diet and exercise.* *See Medical Mailbox, page 122.*

Devoted to DeVos

I can't say too much to tell you what seeing Richard DeVos' story "Success is not Sinful" in your *Post* this month (March '80) meant to me. Just a few days ago I heard for the first time a tape this man has made on America, and I was proud and thankful for where I live—the first time in a long while. Would love to see his ideas and feelings in a person running for President. Anybody who believes in God and America in this light has my vote.

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Linn Layman, Advertising Administrator
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You may order just one, or several, or *all six.* (You save $5.50 when you order the complete set). But no matter how many you choose, these official Norman Rockwell thimbles present you with a wonderful and exclusive way to collect Rockwell's magnificent art.

Of course, if you should receive any thimble you are not completely delighted with, you may return it for replacement or refund.

Prompt Action Urged To Avoid Disappointment

This may be the only time this year you will see this announcement, and after 1980 they will *never* be offered again. To avoid disappointment, *order your thimbles today.*

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___ 3. "Falling in Love"	$ 7.50	$_____
___ 4. "Puppy Love"	$ 7.50	$_____
___ 5. "Three's a Crowd"	$ 7.50	$_____
___ 6. "Defeated Suitor"	$ 7.50	$_____
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This is the first time I've ever written to the editor, but this was just too good to let pass. Thank you.

Mary Newhouse
New Florence, Missouri

Looking at the bare facts, the connection between Australia's Norman Lindsay and our Norman Rockwell seems rather skinny. Lindsay attacked stuffy morality with a more or less frontal assault, while Rockwell made us see ourselves as others* usually *see us.

Barely Comparable

This is a short note from Down Under to express appreciation for what is *still* one of the best—if not *the* best—magazines available in the world. As a child, I remember so vividly the *Post* coming into a cousin's home and passed on to me, with those wonderful Norman Rockwell covers, the gorgeous humor, the advertisements and the marvelous reading.

I am so happy that you have gone to such lengths to issue books in memory of Norman Rockwell's works, and cannot help but compare him to Australia's greatest artist, Norman Lindsay. Lindsay was a completely different artist—a bohemian in many ways—who worked in every medium: pen and ink, charcoal, watercolors, oils, sculpture, model boats and writing. His works, especially of nudes, caused furors just before and after the First World War and even until the Second World War, but it didn't worry him! Even though his art is different from Rockwell's in many ways, I see so many similarities in the loving care taken with faces and expressions in the posters Lindsay worked on, especially the animals (in Lindsay's case, less of dogs but more of cats and native koala bears, which he made positively *human*). Lindsay, like Rockwell, shared a love and rapport for the "little man"—the ordinary guy, the guy next door—and that is something that bonds their works together for posterity. Thank you for a wonderful magazine and for Norman Rockwell

Patricia Keenan
Vaucluse, NSW, Australia

Home Harmony

In regard to your article on Lawrence Welk—"Champagne and Grace Notes" (March '80):

I was privileged to go to school with Shirley Welk, Lawrence Welk's oldest daughter. We lived in a rather small community, River Forest, Illinois, a western suburb of Chicago, in the early forties. Our class size in grade school was 18. We all knew one another very well. Lawrence Welk attended all functions, large and small, and was a very devoted father, despite his busy schedule. My memories are of a man who never forgot a face or name.

Shirley and I subsequently went to a private girls' high school in River Forest. Shirley was our orchestra committee of one. Mr. Welk always provided another band that he was encouraging for our dances. For a small girls' school, the band was always outstanding.

Having been to parties, as a youngster, in the Welk home, I always had the feeling of an immaculate home always under control. There was obviously much devotion for one another and for the individual needs of Shirley, Donna and Larry.

When Shirley first came to our classroom in the fifth grade (1942), she told us about her father and the champagne lady. I went home for lunch and told my mother I thought the new girl's father was a kind of traveling salesman. She said, "Lawrence Welk? Oh, no, Pat, he is a wonderful musician." And was she ever right!

Lawrence Welk is a man of priorities and great values, and he lives what he believes. He has left me with fond memories.

Patricia M. Carrothers
Palatine, Illinois

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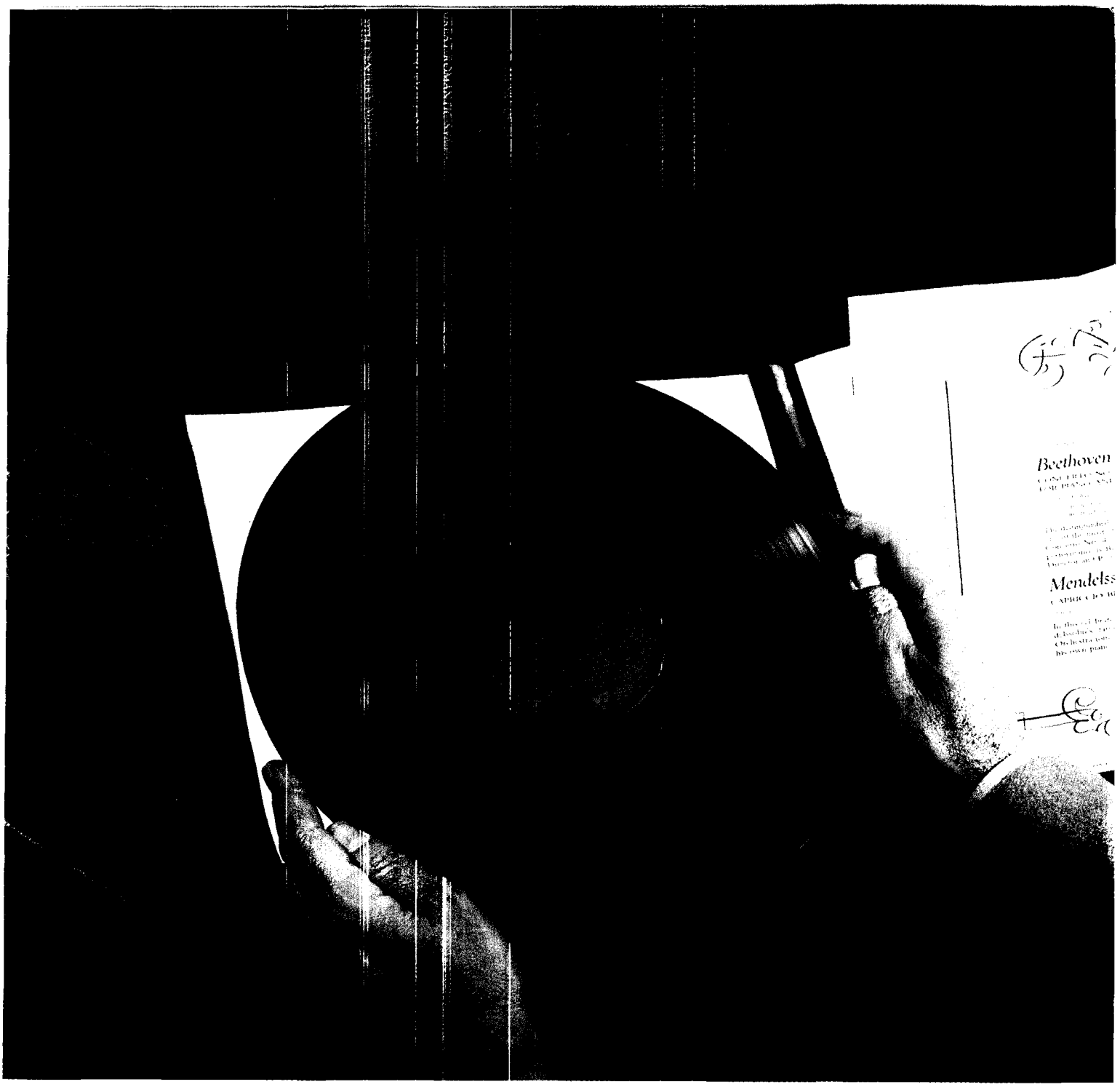

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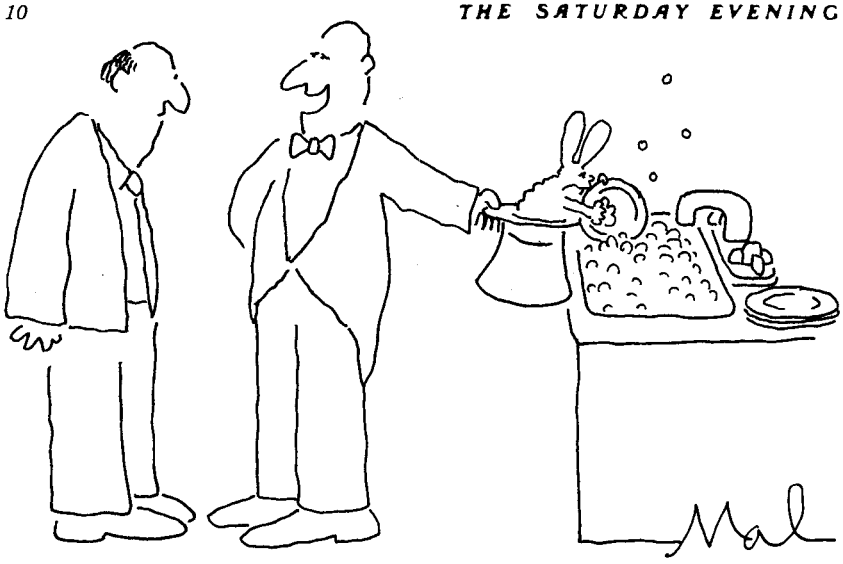

"Another advantage to being a magician is that I never *have to do dishes!*"

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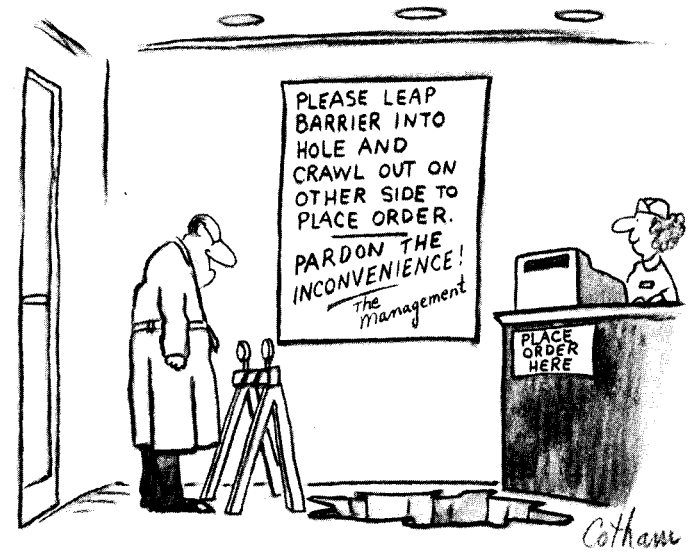
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PUTTING THE BLAME ON FAME

A few select mortals have the problem of too much approval. They are called celebrities. One among this rare breed candidly confesses that celebrity spoils people—some worse than others.

by Phil Donahue

If I could start parenthood over again—and I wish I could—the biggest change I'd make is in stroking. Out loud. When my kids pleased me, I never told them so. Children get criticized, pushed and pulled as though they were clay to be molded and spanked into praiseworthy adults reflecting the virtues of their parents. On more than one occasion, I have surveyed my studio audience on the issue of spanking, and in all shows of hands, it wins.

My own view of this has changed; unfortunately for my kids, the change came too late. I believe it is difficult to get through parenthood without spanking (especially in homes with many children); however, I believe the *ideal* is never to spank. I am surprised by the majority of parents who disagree and see corporal punishment as a necessary feature of responsible parenthood.

Spanking and verbal criticism have become, to many parents, more important tools of child rearing than approval. We should not be surprised that countless young men and women enter adulthood with negative feelings about themselves. No wonder positive reinforcement is so often lacking between boss and subordinate, teacher and student. Comic Rodney Dangerfield is not alone in complaining about "no respect," and what is not so funny is that this human condition may be the rule rather than the exception.

Amid these slump-shouldered victims of criticism (who are about the business of fulfilling the prophecy) come a select few mortals who have the opposite problem: *too much approval.*

There is a name for this rare species. A name which is not always given to geniuses, which most millionaires can't buy and which untold numbers of people covet but will never have. Against million-to-one odds, I've got it.

It is called celebrity.

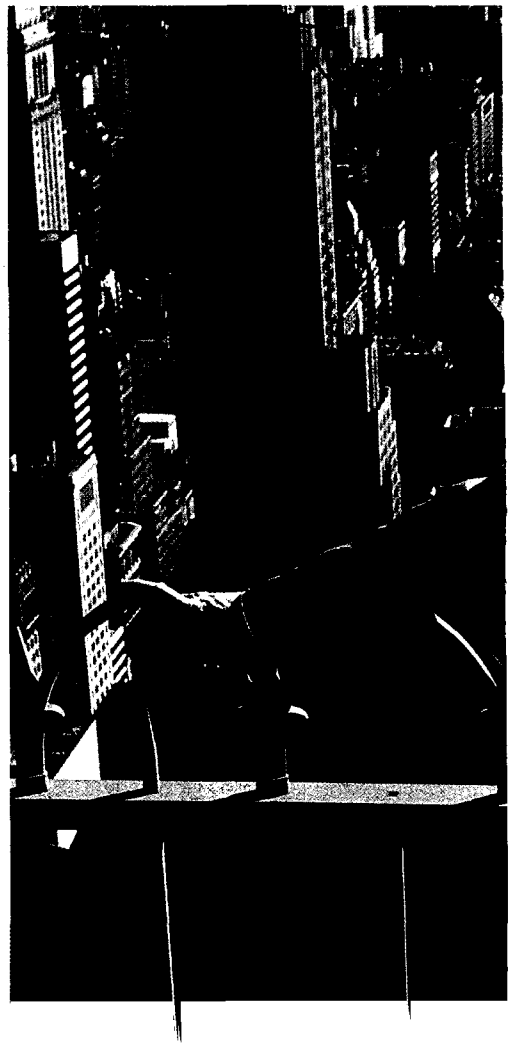
Celebrities fall somewhere between Sinatra and the weekend TV weatherman. One of the fascinating features of being a celebrity is trying to figure out where you are between the two. At first, I thoroughly enjoyed being famous. Then I began to analyze it. It started when a Delta Airlines copilot came out of the cockpit and asked for my autograph. He may never know how impressed I was. Then I hit the really big time when Ed Sudol asked me for my autograph at Wrigley Field before a Chicago Cubs baseball game. Sudol is a major-league umpire! Now, that's *big!* But my all-time great autograph experience came one night in Boston. Carl Yastrzemski, one of baseball's all-timers, asked me for *my* autograph for his wife.

In Dayton, a teen-age employee of the Cassano Pizza chain refused to let me pay for a "large with everything." Embarrassed, I said, "Thanks, but I'd really like to pay." He was adamant, and I got a free pizza. Welfare mothers would pay; Phil Donahue gets his free!

With minimal effort, a celebrity in Chicago could go for weeks without picking up a check, and some do. It is one way restaurants advertise. There are four columnists in Chicago who will tell you that it is Liza Minnelli's birthday, and it is also their tradition to report which biggies ate where, and—as restaurateurs in Chicago know—a one-liner in a gossip column can boost business noticeably.

I recently took my son Kevin and his red 1971 Camaro to a Chevrolet dealer on the North Shore in suburban Chicago. The car wasn't shifting into third gear. We walked in, and a man with his name on his shirt came over and said, "What can I do for you?"

"My son's got a problem with his Camaro, Bob. It doesn't shift into



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third gear," I say, knowing the man does not recognize me. (Celebrities become expert at sensing nonrecognition.) I am upset, because my high visibility is the reason I have accompanied Kevin. I thought I would be insurance against exploitation.

"Boy, that's the transmission, all right," he says, shaking his head. "It'll be $395."

"Wait a minute; how do you know?"

"Because it's the transmission, and the transmission costs $395," he says.

"You don't even know what color the car is; you haven't even seen the car. I have the feeling you are not really interested in helping me solve the problem," I argued.

"No, it's not that; it's just that any dealer will tell you when you talk about the transmission, if we have to go into that transmission, it's $395."

"How do you know you have to go into the transmission?"

"You said it isn't shifting into third."

"Right, but you can't just assume—"

Just then a man in a suit and tie approaches and says, like a bad actor, "We can help *Mr. Donahue* here, right?" Kevin is watching and listening as the white-collar guy says to Bob, "Why not take the car around the block, and I'll wait here with *Mr. Donahue*?"

Bob and Kevin leave for the test drive, and I am thinking about the poor soul who comes here and has the severe handicap of not having his own TV show.

Mr. Big says, "Are your shows live over there at WGN?"

"Do you realize that automobile dealers have the worst image of any business in the entire free world?" I say. "And what has just happened here is one of the reasons?"

"Yeah," Mr. Big says, hangdog, "but we're working on it."

"You didn't want to fix my son's car. All you want to do is make $395. C'mon!"

Kevin and Bob return, and our instructions are to come back at 5:30. Kevin goes to the dealership at 5:30 and drives home to announce that his car shifts into third, and there was *no charge*. My oldest son, Michael, wants to know if I'll go with him when his car needs repair. I am feeling guilty.

Now, what should I do about this? Do I go back? I should go back and say, "I don't want this free; I want to pay for whatever you did to fix the car." Ralph Nader would have gone back with three investigators and a Polaroid camera and effectively scared the hell out of this merchant, increasing the chances that regular folk would receive fair treatment from this fast shuffler.

But Kevin is home; his car works fine; it didn't cost anything and besides, the repair department at the dealership would probably be closed by now. I do nothing. Score one more for cronyism and celebrity brown-nosing in Chicago!

Airlines are interesting. They not only favor celebrities; they court them. I have often been asked if I wanted to board early (which I declined), and on more than one occasion I have been invited to first class from coach while in flight (which I accepted).

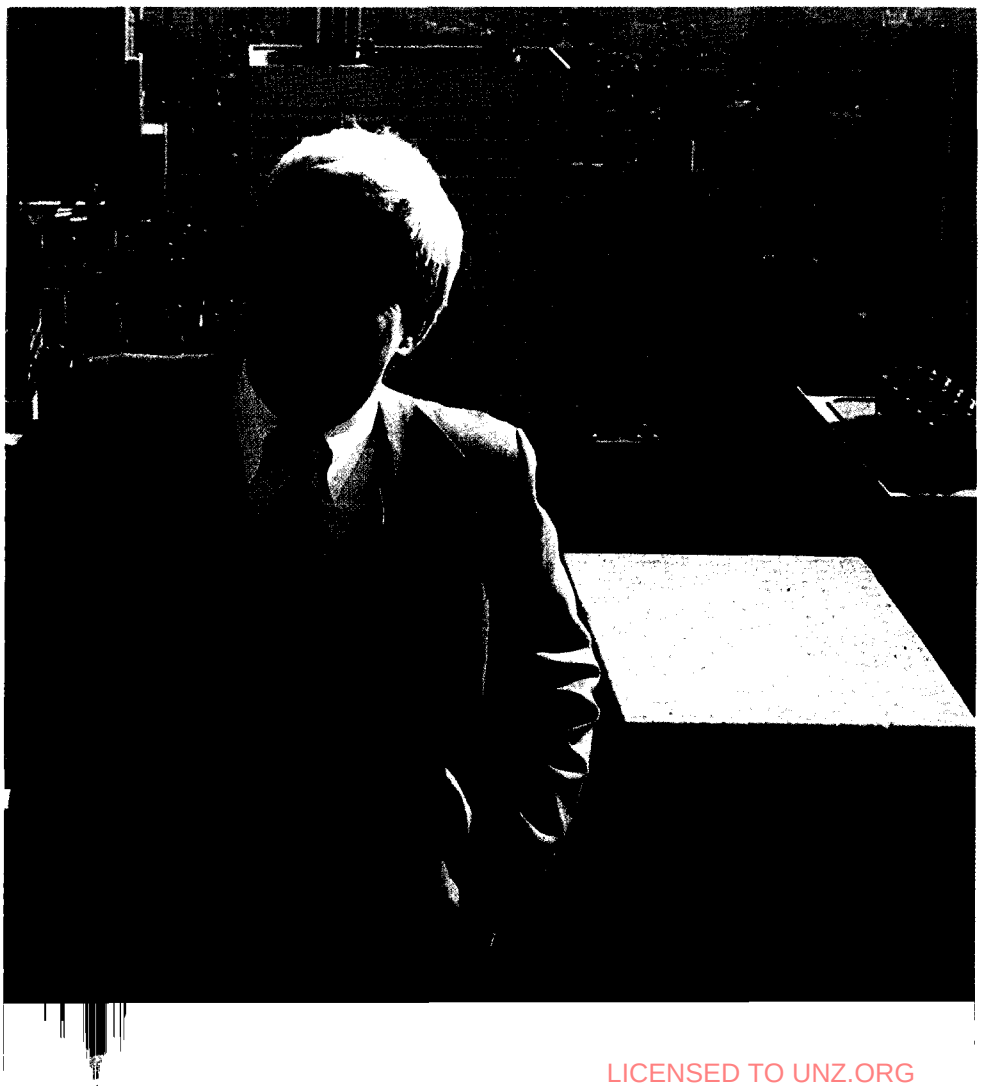
During an appearance of Eastern Air Lines president Frank Borman on *Donahue*, I did a big song-and-dance on the foolishness of paying twice as much for first class when "the front and back parts of the plane arrive at the same time." "Do you realize it costs *twice* as much to fly first class?" I ask incredulously.

"Some people like it," Borman says.

"They're suckers," I say grandly.

When I fly with my sons, I fly coach. However—and here's the embarrassing part: I notice that I miss first class. Intellectually, I

With an income estimated at $500,000 a year and a daily adoring audience of 6½ million, Phil Donahue can afford to look back at the budding of his career at Notre Dame as announcer for WNDU-TV—at a buck an hour.



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think it is a gross waste of money, but emotionally, I like it. Am I becoming a spoiled celebrity?

On a personal vacation trip to St. Maarten, I am flying Eastern and I am in first class. The crew and stewardesses recognize me, and later, as I lie in the sun on the beach in the Netherlands Antilles, I have a mental picture of Frank Borman reading a memo from the crew on my flight and saying out loud, "Why, that S.O.B.!"

I tip like crazy. I am very self-conscious about this. I reason that when my party exits the restaurant, the only patron they'll remember is me. Big tip! Celebrity can be expensive.

Six years ago, when Mike Douglas appeared on my show in Dayton, I was very impressed by the fact that he was accompanied by one vice president and two "gofers." Dinah, during her visit to my program, was surrounded by five people, all men. Suddenly I notice I am uncomfortable traveling alone. What's the reason for this? What kind of support do I need? I notice I seldom shop alone. I do not want people watching me choose toilet paper in a supermarket or underwear in a department store. I don't like being alone, and I don't like the fact that I don't like being alone. Who in hell do I think I am? Is this what being a celebrity means? Am I becoming egotistical?

Somewhere along the road to celebrity status, I stopped sleeping in regular hotel rooms. It didn't happen overnight. Gradually, I realized that I was always staying in suites, with two separate rooms (sometimes three), step-in bathtubs (lit with recessed lights attached to a rheostat), an outer parlor, two bathrooms and two closets. On the table in front of the fake fireplace there is usually a basket of fruit covered with cellophane and a champagne bottle with two glasses and a welcome note signed by the hotel's general manager. I like it.

Three years ago, on a trip to Las Vegas, I checked into the Las Vegas Hilton, and when the bellman opened my door and led the way into my room, I was shocked to see that it was a plain, *regular* room! I was embarrassed by my feelings.

The bellman placed my one suitcase on the luggage stand, and I tipped him $5.

More recently, on a visit to the same hotel in Vegas, I approached the desk, was recognized and proudly stood by while the desk man searched for my room key. Because I am a celebrity, my reservation had been taken out of the routine system. Result: Nobody could find my room key. I was standing at the desk, and I was getting angry. Another attack of "celebrityitis?" Finally they found my key, apologized dramatically, and I was escorted upstairs. Imagine my relief when I walked into a full-blown suite complete with mirror over the bed. When the operator called to inquire if I wanted my calls "screened," I said, "Oh, would you? Thank you." Then I tore into the cellophane covering the fruit-and-cheese basket, pulled out an apple, sat down in a wing-backed French Provincial chair, took a huge bite and wondered what the hell was happening to me!

I find celebrity status difficult to bear when I am in the company of my mother. She'll say, "Oh, let's not go that way; Phil will be mobbed!" I am immediately concerned that if we do go that way I won't be mobbed, and my mother will be disappointed. I also find that I am resentful of people who, when walking with me in public, will say, "Gee, you were hardly recognized by anybody." I am upset knowing that my companions are watching to see if I will be mobbed. If I am not mobbed, they are disappointed and I feel responsible. My celebrityhood is diminished for them, and I am bothered by the fact that I am bothered by that. Why should I care?

I am beginning to understand the special neuroses of famous people. I believe celebrity spoils people—some worse than others. I notice my tolerance level is dropping. I am impatient in lines—whether for taxis, airplane tickets, restaurant tables, license plates. I, the slow learner, am beginning to understand what being spoiled means, and I am determined to keep it under control.

Being a celebrity also has its countless subtle humiliations:

Continued on following page

The audience is Phil Donahue's most precious asset. "Without it," he says, "we wouldn't work." Before the show he asks the people, who have waited up to two years for tickets, to "get into the act, help me out, show me you care." After the show he remains until the flock has passed, each one assured, each one blessed.

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Donahue on Donahue

Parental expectations:
"Although he never said so, I always had the feeling that [my father] was less than impressed with entertainers, and that his son the graduate of Notre Dame had not been given God's greatest education for selling Bosco in the kiddie cartoons. So it went without saying that I was expected to do more with my life than sit in a soundproof booth doing station breaks and marveling at my own resonance."

Success:
"For me the biggest shock of growing up, learning what it means to be an adult breadwinning male in America, was learning about brown-nosing. I've even seen people afraid to express their own political feelings until they gingerly feel out the boss. Despite 'American ingenuity,' Americans, and American men in particular, continue to die younger than many of their counterparts in other 'civilized' countries. I've often wondered how much of this is due to the anxieties, insecurities and ulcers brought on by having all your job eggs in somebody else's basket."

Causes and social responsibility:
"I am neither a saint nor a guitar player. I am a person whose professional life has taken some very dramatic and very time-consuming turns. I am no longer charging out to open-house meetings, no longer lining up buses for integrated summer camps, no longer picketing anything. The waves I make are made on my program, and I get a lot of attention for that."

Remembering past faith:
"I had moved, in my 43 years, from certainty to doubt, from devotion to rebellion. And I knew that after all the Masses, sacraments, novenas and retreats, and even after the anger of activism and the confusion of defeat, I would never completely 'lose my faith.' A little piece of it would always be there."

Today's show may feature popular poet Rod McKuen or the zany actor and director, Mel Brooks, but it's Phil Donahue the audience has come to see. With programs focused on topics ranging from lesbian mothers to abortions to a gay lawyer, he has "reduced the other talk shows to Tupperware parties."

Two women meet me in a public place. "Oh, my goodness; it is really you. What in the world are you doing *here*? This is my sister; she doesn't know who you are." If I'm alone, I can handle this. If I'm with friends, I am embarrassed, because my friends are embarrassed thinking that I am embarrassed by not being recognized—and it all happened right in front of them. I want to say to my friends, "Don't worry, this doesn't bother me; it happens all the time," but this will just prolong the agony, and I'm afraid that if I bring it up they'll think I'm just being defensive and trying to cover up the fact that I'm embarrassed.

Even worse is the encounter with an old friend and *his* friend. The first says to the other, "Look who's here!" The other stares blankly. The first, embarrassed, exclaims, "You don't know who this is?" I stand helplessly. I am embarrassed for my friend who is embarrassed that *his* friend doesn't even know who I am. I don't care, but the friend does. Or do I?

Unless you're Sinatra or Hope or Carson, you are going to have to deal with a nagging feature of semi-stardom—the fan who can't think of your name. It happens to me all the time, and I am not sure why I resent it. I do not want to identify myself and resent being asked to, probably for two reasons: One, it is an invasion of privacy; and two, I am feeling the ego damage caused by a person who does not know who I am. I have definitely become hooked on celebrityhood, and when I think that that may not always be mine in a rapidly changing youth-worshipping culture made up of a very fickle public, I am feeling very anxious indeed.

Recently, at poolside in Miami Beach, as I lay on my back, well covered with Hawaiian Tropic suntan lotion. . .feeling very proud, wealthy and successful. . .a tall woman wearing very large sunglasses leaned over my sweaty body. Vacationers at a nearby bar were looking on.

"I hear you're a very famous person," she said. "Who are you?"

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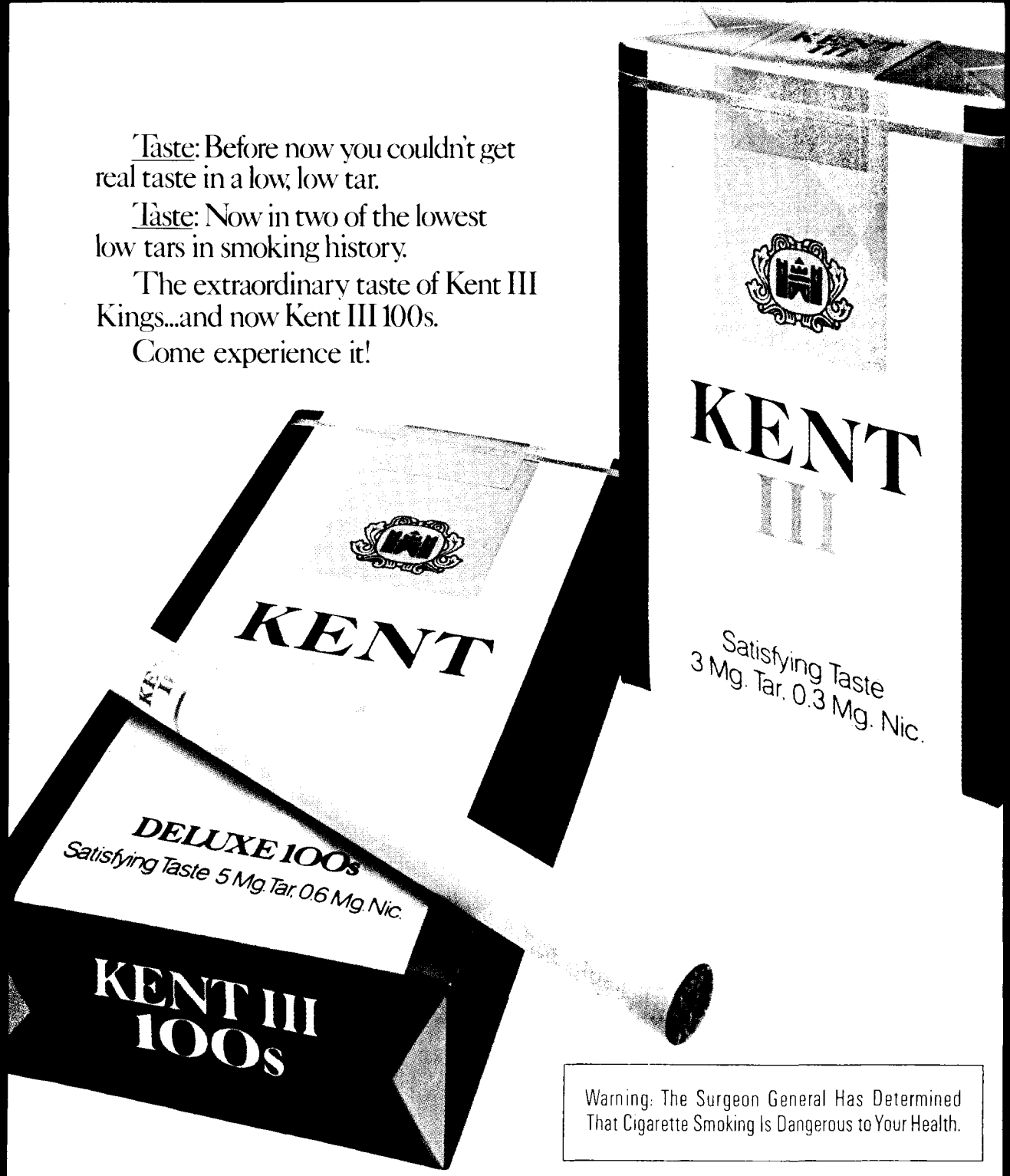

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BOOK SHELF

Paved With Gold
Georgia Gianakos Buchanan
Vantage Press, Inc., 216 pages
$6.95

by Frederic A. Birmingham

Blessed are the storytellers, because sometimes they will bring you refreshment and even peace.

And for all the books that are written, do not be deceived that all the novels among them are written by storytellers.

But I am pleased to report that Georgia Gianakos Buchanan is a born storyteller. That is why you will enjoy her book. You can't help yourself. When a true storyteller begins to spin those yarns, you just can't stop listening.

This author set herself a horrendous task. A Midwest newspaperwoman, a first-generation Greek-American wife of a distinguished jurist, she still must have felt that in writing this novel she might have bit off more than she could swallow. To put it in perspective, she had decided that she would, in effect, don the mantles of both Booth Tarkington and the William Saroyan of his early years, and tell the intermixed fates of a few families of Greek immigrants and native American Hoosiers in a typical Midwest community.

As we know, Tarkington stuck to his friends and neighbors for his plots and Saroyan dipped into the rich *gatnaboor* of his Armenian family for their special *motifs*. But neither one dared try to mix the two. Ms. Buchanan has. What's more, she succeeds.

No good reviewer gives away the plot of the novel he is covering, but it is not unfair to reveal that the main focus here is on "The District," an off-center part of town where the Greek immigrants have settled in this strictly WASP community, where the word "foreigner" is a putdown, and where the newcomer from abroad clings to his "old-country" customs and ideals as much for self-protection as for sentiment.

Be that as it may, the Greek boys and girls must find their way in Booth Tarkington country even as they follow the old-country rules at home. No make-up. No smoking. No dating with "Americanos." Greek marries only Greek.

There's trouble in paradise, of course, when the youngsters break out of the Greek family shell and go to the neighborhood schools and then on to college.

The author doesn't tilt the story too much in one direction, though. The WASPs have charm and decency and they're lovable. But in the midst of the emotional potpourri and embroilment, the Greek flavor in the backdrop of the Hellenic families comes through richly and rewardingly—the dances, the foods, the feasts, the religious customs and the perpetual talk of the ancient homeland, forever alive in memory and, sadly, departing from reality year by year as the vision of the homeland turns into a dream of impossible perfection.

What pleases in the development of the novel is the clash between "The District" and its inhabitants—little stores and big families, little money and gigantic celebrations—and the cool calculations of the people who run the town and need the District land for the expanding administration complex. The conflict, thus, is enlarged beyond the boy/girl, mama/papa, street/Club confrontations.

I must be fair and note that the author seems to be somewhat puzzled as to what particular decade in the recent past she is describing. The language of the young people is something out of Andy Hardy and so are their sex attitudes. I am sure that the author must have known *some* kids who thought it was "with it" to say "Gads," but I really didn't think that custom had been any too prevalent since Beau Nash had his last conversation with the gouty Prince of Wales.

Be that as it may, the story makes you like these people. Makes you love the young Greek husband who cried to his wife in Tarapsa, Greece, on the outskirts of Sparta, "*Pame, pame, Ameriki*" ("Let's go to America") and who found despair, anger and tragedy in the new country of his brave dream.

So, do read it. And while you are held within this tale, try—if you dare and you can—to keep away from visions of Al Pacino playing the Greek hero and Robert Redford the WASP foil in the movie of this story of love that conquers all. If they have any sense out there in Hollywood (and at least *sometimes* they do) they'll grab it.

First Lady's Lady
Sheila Rabb Weidenfeld
G.P. Putnam's Sons
$11.95

by Whitney Charles

The packaging and selling of America's first family is big business these days and requires the talents of a first-rate "image-maker." When veteran TV producer Sheila Rabb Weidenfeld accepted the job as press secretary to Betty Ford, her assignment seemed simple enough: promote the first lady by keeping the media happily supplied with information on the activ-

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ities of Mrs. Ford and children Michael, Jack, Steve and Susan.

Easier said than done. The questions posed by journalists assigned to the east wing seemed endless and often foolish. (The east wing of the White House houses the first lady's staff while the west wing is inhabited by presidential aides.) What would the first lady wear to the upcoming state dinner? Who filled whose stocking at the Ford family's Christmas gift exchange? Why did the Fords insist upon a *double* bed? Weidenfeld envisioned her office as more than a clearinghouse for trivia and quickly assessed her boss as a strong, intelligent woman who could do more than preside at ribbon-cutting ceremonies, launch aircraft carriers by the deft blow of a champagne bottle and pose demurely in designer originals.

The successful marketing of Betty Ford is the crux of *First Lady's Lady*. By helping select real issues for Mrs. Ford to promote and by choosing the right forums (magazines and TV shows) to air these issues, Weidenfeld was instrumental in making Betty Ford one of the most popular first ladies in history. Not that Mrs. Ford couldn't succeed on her own. *First Lady's Lady* reveals Betty Ford as a warm and candid woman who managed to cope beautifully with her multiple roles of wife, spokeswoman, hostess and "First Mama." Politics aside, any reader of Weidenfeld's memoirs is assured of being entertained by the cast of characters and the frequent anecdotes involving them. Of the deluge of books which always seems to follow each administration, *First Lady's Lady* is one of the best.

Mark
by Ron Hembree
Logos International, Plainfield, N.J.
$2.50

---

by John Church

Mark Buntain is a name most people wouldn't recognize. It belongs to a 57-year-old Canadian from Winnipeg who stands 6 feet, 2 inches tall and has brown, slightly graying hair which he wears slicked back. He's one of those dynamo personalities—always on the move—and he loves to laugh. Mark Buntain might be a successful businessman or a school administrator or your next-door neighbor. Only his face, "a round face, soft and open, with eyeglasses hooked over slightly large ears," says author Ron Hembree, hints at the overwhelming warmth inside and the truth to which thousands of once-starving and impoverished Indian people can attest—that Mark Buntain is a saint.

For more than a quarter of a century, Mark, a Pentecostal minister and missionary, and his wife have lived in a third-story walk-up apartment in Calcutta. A leper sleeps on their doorstep, and for each meal 15 to 20 people crowd into their modest abode. But Mark Buntain feeds more than just this handful. At last count, the fruits of his efforts were sustaining 11,000 people a day.

Through sheer force of will and with no funds of his own, he has tackled poverty, disease and ignorance and overcome almost insurmountable barriers of religious prejudice and bureaucratic belligerence for the people of a city he once hated but now would never leave. *Mark*, by Ron Hembree, is the story of this remarkable missionary's life and works.

Calcutta is perhaps most powerfully described in the reactions of wide-eyed Westerners first time. Thus, Hembree masterfully sets the stage of Mark Buntain's compassionate drama:

"As we were driven from the airport into the entrails of the filthy, fetid city, we were swallowed up by the sights and sounds and smells. As we drove, I watched the reactions on the faces of my traveling companions. Dr. Al Holderness grew red-faced, and his eyes flashed with anger at the filth and carelessness. . . . The doctor's wife, Jan, was nervously chatting, talking in illogical circles. Her voice squeaked higher and higher as the city overwhelmed us. But she talked on, desperately trying to verbally erase the scenes of sorrow unfolding in front of her eyes. My son, 16 years old, sat in stunned silence. . . . And then I looked at my wife. She sat motionless, tears washing down her face."

Such culture shock usually inspires visitors to make a hasty retreat, but Mark Buntain stays. Hembree follows him on mercy missions through the Calcutta streets. We see him on impulse drive into a muddy narrow lane where he finds a filthy drunk lying in the gutter. The man vomits on him as he lifts him into his car. Later he finds the man a job. He steps over the open sewers to visit a woman with leprosy who lives in one of Calcutta's thousands of mud hovels. He sees a young Indian boy with two club feet and takes him to a clinic, where surgeons release him months later, able to walk.

Tossed as a novice missionary straight from the comfortable life of a successful evangelist and preacher into the world's most challenging missionary outpost, Buntain set to work like a pro. But he knew better than anyone that individual acts of kindness can do nothing to cure the endemic ills of Calcutta, and thereby arise the loaves-and-fishes events that document his miraculous story of self-determination.

As to the question: Is Mark Buntain really a saint? We are left to draw our own conclusions. Mark's own answer may have to do: "Brother, I'm just a sinner saved by grace!" What Hembree shows us without doubt is that helping people and improving the human condition is a task beyond the reach of government bureaucracies, church collections or world-wide charity organizations. It rests, in the end, on individual selfless and motivated persons like Mark Buntain, of whom, sadly, there are not enough.

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General George Patton

Teddy Roosevelt

Louis Armstrong

Babe Ruth

The National Historical Society presents

THE GREAT AMERICANS

Pewter Sculpture Collection

All the fascination and collector appeal of miniature portrait sculpture . . . capturing remarkably realistic likenesses of fifty great Americans — in miniature pewter sculptures, as small as a man's thumb.

To be issued in a single edition, limited to 7,500 sets.

Please return your application by May 31, 1980.

The National Historical Society will soon issue the first in a collection of fifty *miniature pewter sculptures* portraying fifty great men and women whose achievements are a proud and enduring part of our nation's story. Americans who have distinguished themselves in every field from government to the arts, from invention to medicine, from literature to exploration. John Paul Jones . . . Daniel Boone . . . Alexander Graham Bell . . . Theodore Roosevelt . . . Charles Lindbergh . . . George Gershwin . . . Eleanor Roosevelt . . . Richard E. Byrd . . . John F. Kennedy . . . these and many others, all portrayed in miniature *exactly as they appeared in life.*

The fascination of the sculptured miniature

One of the most fascinating of the various art forms is the sculptured *miniature.* And genuinely outstanding examples of the art are a relative rarity, because of the extraordinary challenge they pose to even the most accomplished sculptor. Such as the feat of duplicating, within incredibly limited dimensions, the same wealth of intricate detail ordinarily found only in life-size sculptures—or attempting to re-create the complexity of line and form of a human head, with all its subtlety of expression, in an area smaller than the eye that beholds it.

To obtain artistry of this special order, the Society has engaged the famed sculptors of The Franklin Mint to create each of the figures that will comprise *The Great Americans Pewter Sculpture Collection.*

Portrayed with amazingly lifelike realism

Furthermore, each of the great Americans portrayed by the mint's sculptors is depicted in a pose that seems to evoke the very essence of his or her character and personality.

George Washington, for example, is shown not in his role as President but as a commander of the first American army — standing by a campfire during the Valley Forge campaign.

Daniel Boone, legendary pioneer of the Wilderness Road, will be portrayed with his faithful retriever, listening for movement in the brush along a favorite Appalachian hunting trail.

Abraham Lincoln will be shown at the speaker's rostrum on a Pennsylvania battlefield named Gettysburg—where, in less than five minutes, he delivered a speech whose strength and beauty would ring forever in the annals of human freedom.

Charles Lindbergh will be depicted, in a flying costume, preparing for his solo flight to Paris.

Emily Dickinson, the poetess, will be portrayed writing at her desk in her New England home.

Harry S. Truman will be shown jubilantly flourishing the newspaper whose headline prematurely announces his "defeat" by Thomas E. Dewey.

And Norman Rockwell will be seen with palette in hand, ready to create one of his now-famous "Post" covers.

Totally authentic and remarkably detailed

Each pewter figure will be totally accurate and authentic—based on careful historical research involving documents, paintings, photographs *and* official portraits of each subject.

So meticulously designed will these miniature sculptures be that the smallest details can be readily seen. The rich folds in the dress of Dolley Madison. The powderhorn at the side of Sam Houston. Mark Twain's ubiquitous

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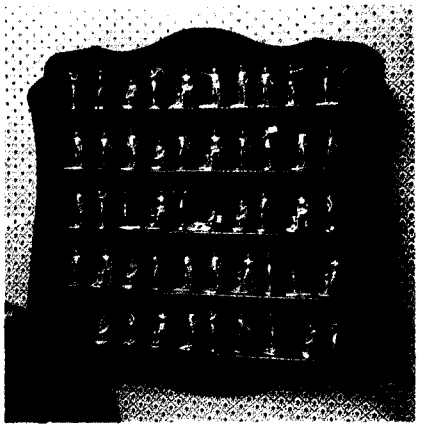
Thomas Jefferson

Harry S Truman

Alexander Graham Bell

Pewter figures shown actual size.

Mark Twain



A five-tiered hardwood wall rack will be provided for display of all fifty pewter sculptures. And a special magnifier will be included for detailed examination of each finely crafted sculpture.

cigar. The baton held by John Philip Sousa.

You'll even be able to see the joy on the face of Alexander Graham Bell as he realizes he has just transmitted the first telephone message. In fact, you will actually be able to read the headline on the newspaper held by Harry Truman.

The historic beauty of American pewter

Particularly fitting is the fact that this extraordinary gallery of historical art will be crafted in a material which itself is very much a part of our nation's history. Fine American pewter—a metal whose satin-smooth surface and rich, warm sheen have been prized by collectors from the colonial era through our own day.

When these miniature sculptures have been cast, they will be carefully *hand-finished* and *hand-polished*. Moreover, each will include an integral pewter base, bearing the name of the great man or woman it depicts, and be accompanied by a specially written commentary on the life and achievements of its subject.

And to furnish collectors with a means of displaying the sculptures to best advantage, a custom-designed, five-tiered wall rack will also be provided as part of the collection.

Finally, to dramatize the sculptures' extraordinary wealth of detail, a *special magnifier* will be included with the collection.

To be created in limited edition

Because of the importance of the collection and because of the painstaking craftsmanship required to create the sculptures, the Society will limit the edition to just 7,500 sets.

The collection will be produced solely to order on a first-come, first-served basis. Once the limit of 7,500 sets is reached, the edition will close. And after every set has been shipped, the molds will be destroyed, so that the collection can never be offered again.

A meaningful long-term price guarantee

Despite the importance and assured rarity of this historic collection, the issue price for each finely sculptured miniature has been held to just $23.50. Furthermore, this price will be fully guaranteed to each subscriber for every figure in the collection, no matter how high the cost of crafting these superb miniatures may rise during the fifty-month issue period.

A prompt response is essential

In light of the strong interest in high-quality miniature sculptures, and because of the low numerical limit of the edition, it is important that you enter your application promptly. Indeed, it is recommended that the accompanying order form be mailed by May 31, 1980, at the latest. For once the limit of just 7,500 sets has been spoken for, no further announcements of this collection will be issued—and the opportunity to acquire this distinctive and fascinating gallery of fine miniatures will be gone forever.

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ORDER FORM

The National Historical Society presents

THE GREAT AMERICANS

Pewter Sculpture Collection

Must be mailed by May 31, 1980

The National Historical Society
206 Hanover Street
Gettysburg, PA 17325

Please enter my subscription for *The National Historical Society Great Americans Pewter Sculpture Collection*—consisting of 50 original miniature pewter sculptures to be issued at the rate of one a month, beginning in July 1980.

I need send no money now. Instead, I will be billed for the official issue price of just $23.50* per sculpture in advance of each monthly shipment.

**Plus my state sales tax and $1.50 for shipping and handling*

Signature _____
ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss _____
PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

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Trivial Topics: 2080 A.D.

What will be the banter of our 21st-Century clones as they bask near their oceanside homes in Arizona? With a little luck, we'll never know.

What was the original name of the Russian island off the coast of Florida?

How fast could Elizabeth Ray type when she married President Ted Kennedy?

What was the name of the last unmarried male Pope?

When did New York City become our 51st state?

Who was vice president during the Stassen administration?

When was the national capital moved from Washington, D.C., to Montana?

Who was Vice President Mondale's running mate in 1976?

What was money? When did they discontinue making currency under $10?

When did the prime rate last dip below 45 percent?

In what year did the first-class postage rate go over a dollar?

Who was the only president to resign from the White House—*twice*?

What are the chances of finally ratifying the ERA this year?

Who replaced David Eisenhower as vice president in the Nixon administration scandal of 1993?

How long have the Kennedys officially been America's "royal family"?

How much did Elizabeth Taylor weigh when she married Billy Carter?

Of the 150 major baseball teams, which ten began as the Washington Senators?

What is the difference between the Ayatollah from Tehran and the Iacocca from Detroit?

When did members of Congress first begin making a million dollars a year?

When did the *Federal Register* start coming out hourly?

When was the 100th Senate Office Building built and for whom was it named?

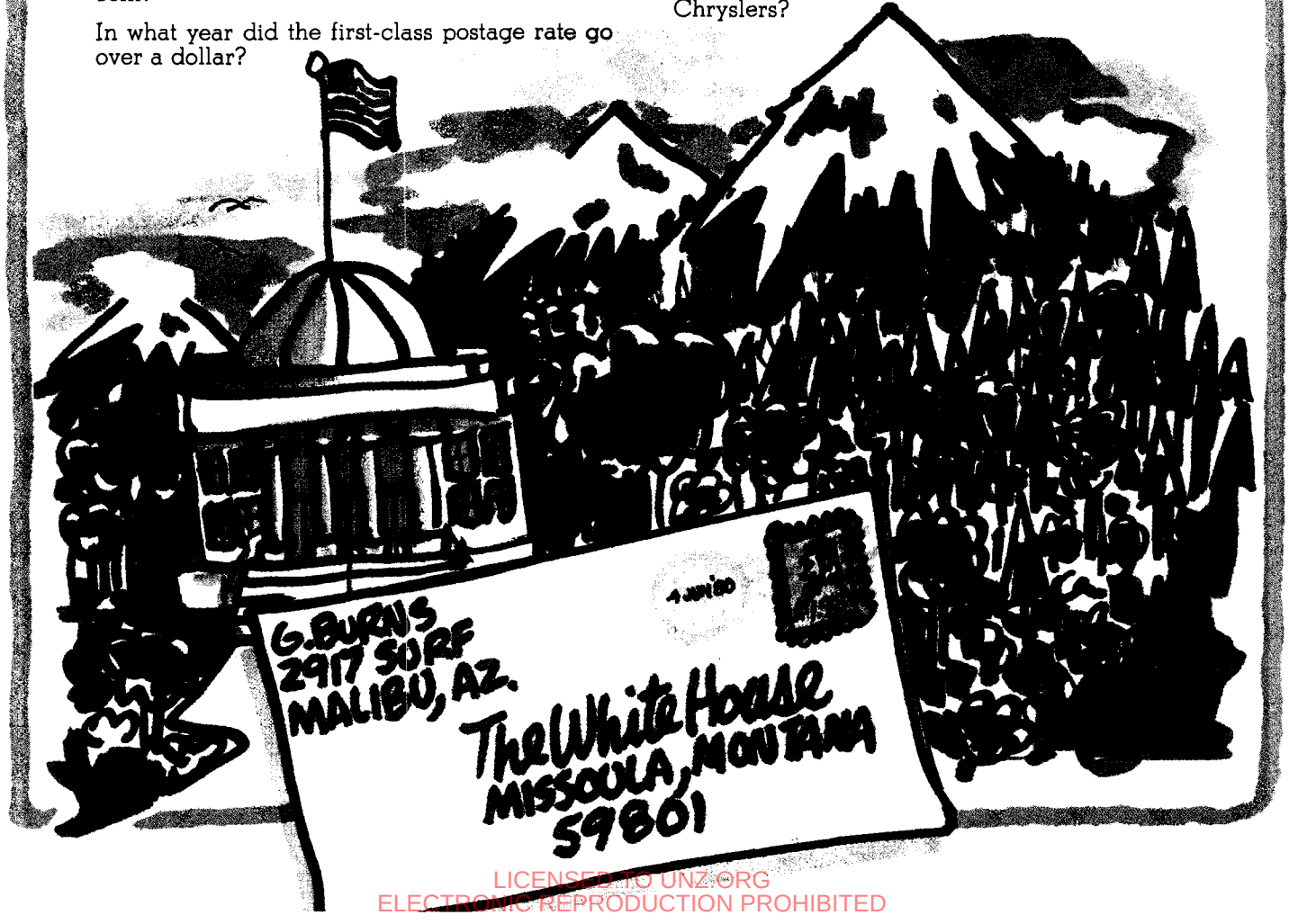
Where was the Panama Canal?

How old is George Burns?

How was Three Mile Canyon formed?

In what year did Arizona become our westernmost state?

Why are the White House lawn carts called Chryslers?



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You don't know me, I realize . . . ADVERTISEMENT

But, I want you to have this before it's too late.

Hello . . . My name is Bud Weckesser. I'm 46 years old and I own a small company in Dunkirk, New York. Our phone number is 716-366-8300.

A number of years ago I lived in an apartment in Kent, Ohio. I had no savings and a beat-up old station wagon that still wasn't paid for.

One night my wife and I were playing cards with some friends. Mary mentioned casually that—on our budget—she was sure she knew 101 ways to fix hamburger. That hurt. So I challenged her. "If you'll type up the recipes," I said, "I'll take out a small ad in the National Enquirer and we'll see if anyone will pay $3.98 for your collection of recipes."

I rented a P.O. Box in Kent and placed a small ad. It was surprisingly cheap.

Several weeks later I stopped by the post office. I walked over to my box. When I looked through the little glass window on the door, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed —full of letters. All of them contained checks for $3.98—and they'd come from all parts of the U.S. and Canada.

The next few days were hectic, to say the least. My wife typed the recipes. I had them duplicated, stapled them together and our crude little book was born. But, every day, orders continued to pour in. And every day we'd bank the money and send out our stapled recipe booklet.

I decided to try another ad. This time I placed a classified ad for some of my beer and wine making recipes in Popular Mechanics. Again, the orders poured in. Over $1,000.00 in just several weeks. And, as our business grew, I corresponded with other people . . .

• A husband-wife team from Santa Barbara put together a booklet about how to "win at card games." It pulled $14,870.00 in just 5 months . . . all cash orders . . . all from a small ad . . . all by mail.

• An Oregon man informed me he had made over $14,000.00 selling his small booklet about getting rid of moles and gophers in your yard. Again . . . all by mail.

• A Maryland man wrote an 8½" × 11" booklet of business advice. So far it's brought him over $140,000.00 . . . all by mail.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

Perhaps you're saying to yourself, "Yes, but this only works for a few lucky people." If that's your thought—and I don't blame you for being skeptical— please try this simple little test. It won't cost you a cent.

1. Go to the library and get some year-old issues of magazines with classified ads—like Popular Mechanics and Sports Afield, etc.

2. Select current issues of the same magazines.

3. Compare the classified ads. Look at the current issue then at the back issue. Note how many of the same classified ads are still running, ONE YEAR LATER. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

Let me give you some more amazing facts about this unique little business:

★ You can start at home . . . in your spare time . . . quietly . . . it won't interfere with your present job.

★ You can take out a test ad for as little as $13.50 in a variety of well-known national magazines.

★ You don't even have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you how to obtain "how-to" booklets at wholesale prices—or below. They're already written, already printed and ready to sell. Even better, you don't have to buy them until you've tested your ad and have the cash orders in hand. In short, you don't tie up any money in stock or supplies of books.

★ You can set your own hours. All you need is a post office nearby.

★ You can deduct up to 33% of the expenses on your home if you set up your office at home.

★ You can travel whenever you wish—or just loaf much of the time. All you need to do is pick up your mail twice a week—or have someone do it for you. You'll open orders, remove the checks (95% of them don't bounce, believe it or not) and bank your receipts.

★ In the afternoon or evening, you can type the labels for the small envelopes you'll use to ship your booklets. Drop them off at the post office and you're done. No bosses, no layoffs, no strikes, no rat race.

I've put all of my instructions—every secret—in a simple Starter Guide. And if you're wondering why I'd share my business with you—especially if it's so profitable—here's why:

The range of topics and ads is almost infinite. I won't be competing with you nor you with me. I've got a whole drawer full of ideas I haven't even tried yet. There's plenty of room for everyone.

I'll show you—

• How and where to get national ads for only $13.50 . . . ads you can run month after month.

• How to obtain FREE ADS—YOU PAY ONLY IF THE AD IS SUCCESSFUL.

• How to start with no money in books or supplies.

• Where to obtain hundreds of pre-printed booklets—at super low wholesale prices.

• How to word your ad—I'll include various sample ads.

• How to set up your office in a spare room or basement.

• I'll also include a giant list of "how-to" topics.

• Plus . . . all the sample ads, forms, lists, addresses, and details you'll need to get started within only 10 days.

If you're still skeptical, let me offer you a most unusual guarantee. I'll send you my Starter Guide to inspect. Keep it for one year. That gives you plenty of time to actually try my materials. If, at the end of one year—or anytime in between—you want your money back, just return what I've sent you. I'll issue you a full refund **within three working days**—no nonsense, no delays. That's our iron-clad guarantee.

Also, please feel free to POSTDATE your check THIRTY days. If you're not satisfied with my materials just send them back within 30 days and I'll return your original UNCASHED CHECK.

To begin, just write the words, **Dollars In Your Mailbox** on a piece of paper. Enclose your check or money order for $12.95 and send it to me, Bud Weckesser, at my address: Green Tree Press, Dept. 124 , 10577 Temple Road, Dunkirk, N.Y. 14048, If you wish First Class Air delivery, please add $1.00.

Or, you may charge it to your Master-Charge or VISA card—be sure to include your account number and expiration date.

For EXTRA FAST SERVICE, call us at 716-366-8300 and give us the credit card information over the phone. You'll receive my materials for one year at absolutely no risk to you. That's our unconditional guarantee.

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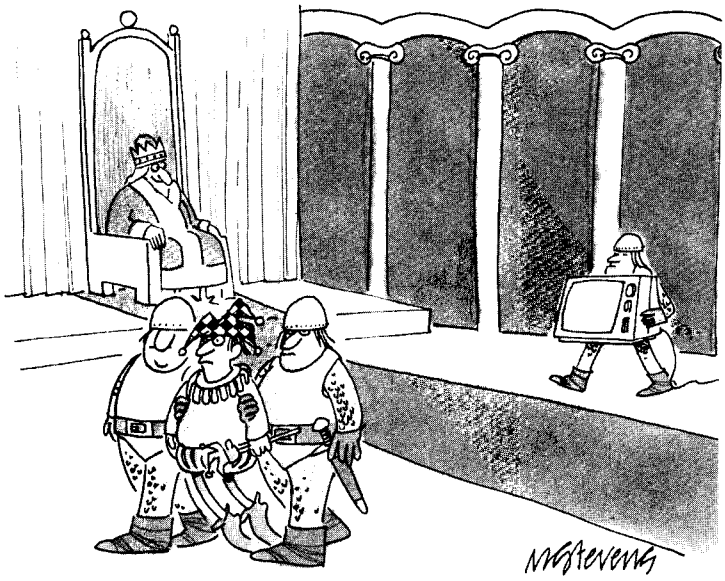
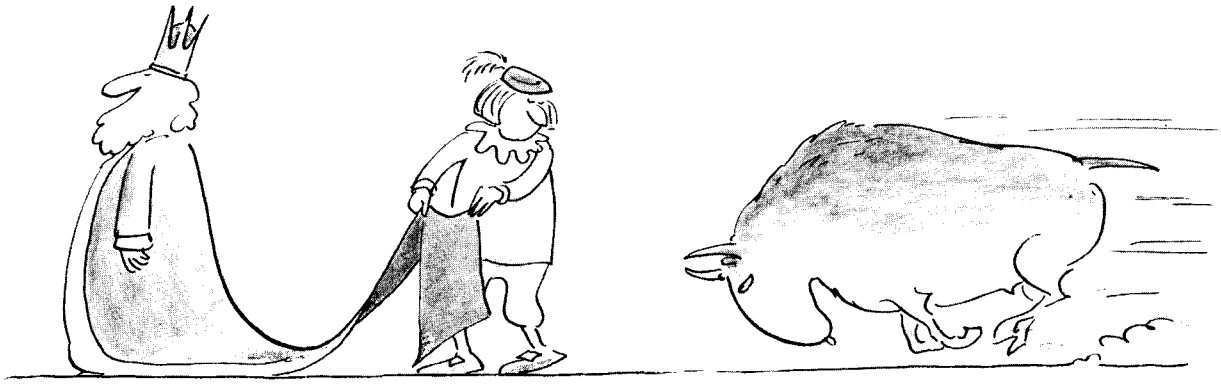
COURTS OF APPEAL

"The border has been overrun. . . .
Armies in frantic retreat. . . . Heavy losses. . . .
Coming up next—weather and sports."





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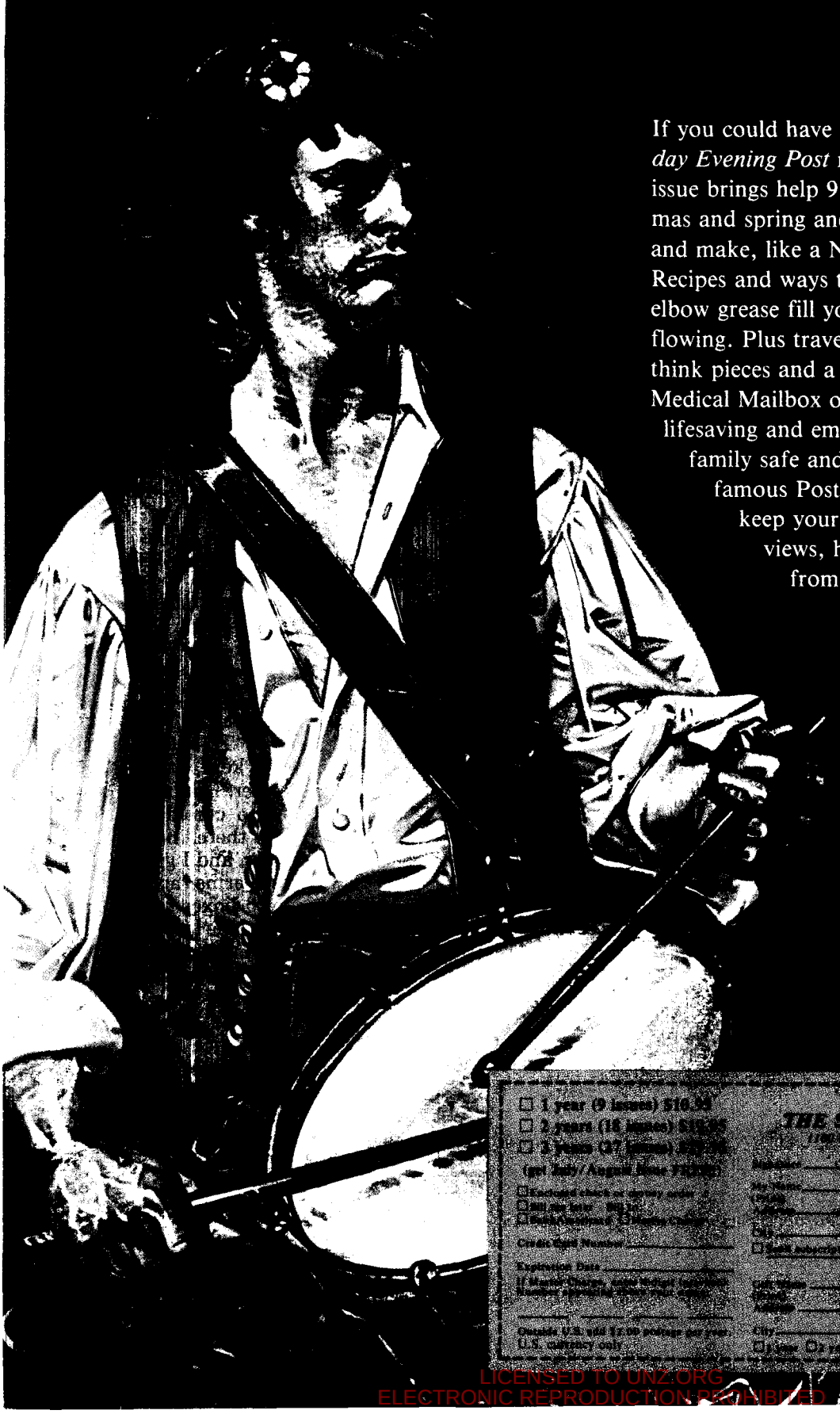
Sound the call!



If you could have only one magazine, *The Saturday Evening Post* might be the one for you. Each issue brings help 9 months of the year, for Christmas and spring and summer and fall, things to do and make, like a Norman Rockwell cover quilt. Recipes and ways to save money and time and elbow grease fill your beautiful copies to overflowing. Plus travel, sports, wonderful stories, think pieces and a lot of down-home goodness. Medical Mailbox offers the latest techniques in lifesaving and emergency medicine to keep your family safe and sound. Plenty of cartoons, the famous Post Scripts and short humor pieces keep your heart high. Celebrity interviews, house and garden repairs, news from home and abroad make *The Saturday Evening Post* the one big bundle of fun and information and good feeling for you. Subscribe. It's a big bargain. It makes the most of your valuable time.

As an added bonus for responding so quickly to the call . . . receive the July/August issue

FREE!

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WILLIE STARGELL: THE PRIDE OF PITTSBURGH

Powerhouse hitting for the Pirates comes naturally for Willie Stargell; it's fielding the pressing demands of fame that keeps him hustling to hit all the bases.

by Hank Nuwer

Willie Stargell dropped like a felled oak into his easy chair at home and wedged his fingertips into his eyes as if to prevent them from falling out. Spring training was only weeks away, and the world champion Pittsburgh Pirate superstar was exhausted from a long winter spent *throwing* pitches instead of *whacking* them with the meat end of his bat. Stargell had moments before walked into his house to find yet another journalist and photographer lying in ambush for him.

The 39-year-old Stargell's day was spent filming a commercial endorsing air conditioning units—a top seller in the Steel City, where black particles the size of coffee grounds otherwise float uninvited through open windows. The ballplayer gives a sidelong look at his attractive wife Dolores and slumps deeper into the gumdrop-green chair, looking older than his Methuselah-like (for a ballplayer) 39 years. The journalist congratulates Stargell on his many accomplishments, and the ballplayer gives a smile as thin as mission soup.

"Look what it's doing to me, though, man," says Stargell in a matter-of-fact voice bearing no sign of complaint. "I just don't have another push left."

As if to explain his exhaustion in a single anecdote, Stargell launches into a brief description of his day spent at an old warehouse-turned-studio. "This guy filming the commercial kept making me do it over and over," mumbles Stargell. " 'Your lip curled too much here, too much there,' he'd tell me. Finally it's over, and I get ready to go. I open my arms, and he piles them high with boxes of uniforms and stuff. When the last package is under my chin and I'm halfway out the door toward my car he says: 'Uh, Willie! Could I have your autograph?' "

Willie's eyes, which have lowered to half mast, instantly flicker wide open, as suddenly the real world is about to surround him. Stargell's nephew rushes in to beg a set of car keys. Son Willie, Jr., 12, voices an unhappy complaint because a problem report card is preventing him from accompanying his parents next week on a promotion in Hawaii. Seven-year-old Kelli, however, is ebullient. The chunky little

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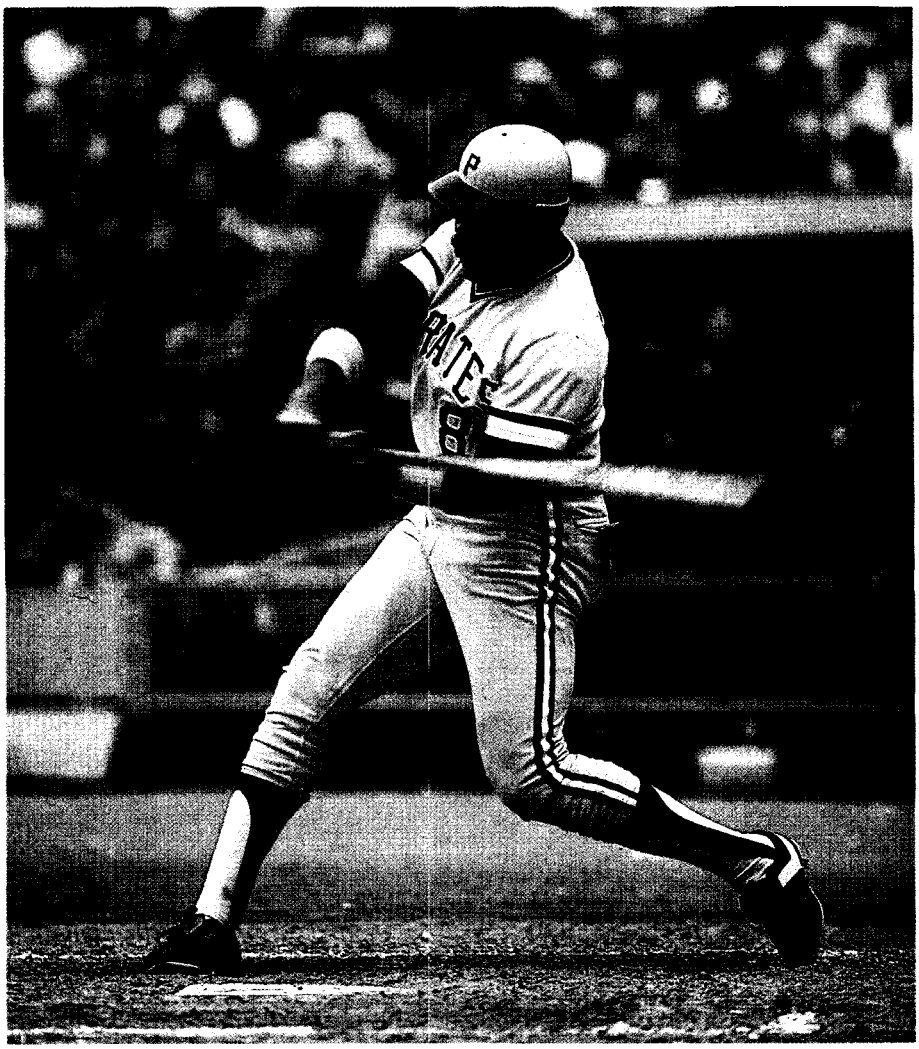

As a boy back in Alameda, Willie would walk along hitting rocks with a stick, predicting that someday he'd be in a stadium. His feeling for baseball hasn't changed—it might be well-practiced play, but it's never work.

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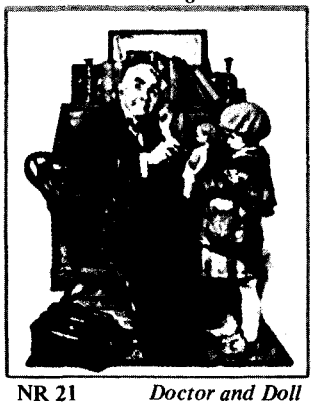

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girl tells her father she's been nominated for class president today.

The ballplayer responds quietly and lovingly to each in turn. His family he can relate to. This brightly decorated living room is an oasis where the mad world outside can be left behind—a world where frenzied people of every stripe demand his time, his signature and his presence just because he magically made 461 cork-center spheres disappear over fences during an awesome 18-year career.

Dolores Stargell is well aware of her husband's exploits, and reminders are everywhere in the form of mausoleum-size trophies, including those commemorating Willie's 1979 Most Valuable Player awards for both regular season National League play and the World Series. She realizes that one day a bust of Willie will repose in baseball's Hall of Fame, and that her man is the most beloved active player in the game. As Garrett Morris of "Saturday Night Live" says, "Baseball's been berry, berry good" to Willie Stargell. This spacious home, the luxury pool in the backyard, a maid scurrying about and the "investment purposes" Rolls-Royce in the garage are luxuries that, without the game, an Okie-born black could scarce have hoped to obtain.

Still, Dolores Stargell says she is far from content as she curls up on a sofa, a ruby red cowgirl hat framing her pretty face. "I don't think people realize what an athlete's wife goes through," she says. "It's demanding, and a lot of times you don't really have a chance to be with him. Some women come up to me and say, 'What's it like to be married to Willie Stargell?' I say to them, 'I don't know; I don't see him as much as you do.' When a ballplayer tries to take advantage of everything that is out there, it's hard on a family.

"Is the fame worth it? I don't know. I hope it's worth it. That's why I put up with it; that's why I cope. I hope it's worth waiting for. In fact, I was feeling so strong about this six years ago that I was going to write a book about how it's not all it's cracked up to be. It's not all fun and glory. The things you want to do, you just can't do.

"It's hard on the kids, too. Wil-

"Willie always was a soft touch," says Mom Stargell. "He'd give away his school lunch money if asked." Now it's his time that he gives, pitching products and raising funds for the Willie Stargell Foundation. His wife Dolores (right) has to grin and bear it. The champ just doesn't steal home often enough. For a superhero, there are always superfans (below) who like a perennial nice guy like Willie.

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lie's away a lot. They get real lonesome at times. A ballplayer's schedule has him here three days and away five. The kids understand during the season, but they were pretty irritated this winter. 'Where's Daddy *now*?' they'd ask. They just don't get a chance to see him too much."

The reason for Willie Stargell's limited time for his family is obvious. An athlete's most productive years coincide with the time period that men in less demanding professions spend their off-work hours cavorting with their kids. For 17 years Willie Stargell was the Pirates' best-kept secret—a hero in his hometown and to his peers on the diamond, but a man given only diluted ink by the powerful New York sports media establishment. Suddenly his play-off and World Series exploits have made him an "overnight" sensation, an elder statesman idolized by the nation's youth and lionized in the press. Unfortunately, Willie's career is now on borrowed time. A big, powerful man whose girth is scarcely contained by the Western leather vests he favors, Stargell is like a showcase locomotive who must one day go on display. Only time and cold stats will tell if that day is tomorrow, next September or two years from now. Like the song says, he's got to get it while he can. Hence his killing pace at the banquet circuit and on the endorsement trail, which would send most lesser men to a hospital bed with nervous exhaustion.

The second reason Willie's family must share a reduced portion of his time is that the ballplayer has a second family who also needs him. That family, of course, is the entire Pirates organization, from bat boys to front office veeps, which glorifies Stargell as a patriarchal father figure.

Buccaneer pitching ace John (Candyman) Candeleria explains Stargell's impact as something much more extensive than the mere presence of Willie's lethal war club at the plate. The Candyman believes that Stargell's leadership inspires younger players and veterans alike to their best performances. "I've been playing with him for seven years," says Candeleria, "and sometimes in the summer I get down and ask myself what I'm doing here. Then I look out at Willie having a good time, jumping up and down in the clubhouse with all this enthusiasm that's incredible, and I forget that I was ever down."

Another positive morale boost attributed solely to Stargell is the practice of handing out gold stars to Pirate family members that are worn by players and coaches on their uniforms and by front office personnel on suit coat lapels. As Willie explains: "The stars started about three years ago—just to ballplayers at that time. I felt that if ballplayers were doing things over and above the call of duty on the field, it would be nice to let them know that we, the other players, appreciate them making the kind of plays you don't read about in the papers or that aren't mentioned on the air." Thus, a sharp relay throw which cuts a man down at third to break a rally or a heads-up offensive play where a runner takes an extra base on a bobble might qualify for star treatment.

Stargell's stars began as a game and then began to be taken seriously by those grown men who are, after all, playing a kid's game for a living. "It's an emotional thing," explains John Candeleria. "If someone does a damn good job he's rewarded. I know it makes me feel good to get one."

The stars were only one factor which helped unify the Pirates during the close '79 pennant race. The practice of calling the organization "The Family" in Pittsburgh has been around since the mid-'50s, but it was Willie who made the public aware of the fact, says Pirates publicity director Joe Safety. "Early this year Willie called me in the press box during a rain delay. The game was delayed about an hour, and Willie's in the dugout with a towel on his neck, and he said to me, 'Why don't we play Sister Sledge's "We Are Family" in the ball park when we start the game again? Why don't you have Art [McKennan, the public address system manager for 33 years] introduce it as the official Pirate clubhouse song?' That's how the whole thing started."

"The Family" syndrome was hungrily embraced by the cham-

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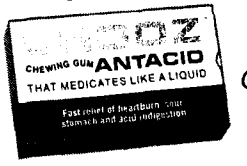

The Only Antacid In Chewing Gum Form

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pionship-conscious Buc fans. All over the city, messages written in three-foot-tall letters were taped to high-rise office windows which said "We Are Family" and "We Love Willie." Joe Safety, a fair-haired man with a West Virginia hills drawl, explains how having a winning team moved the Steel City.

"Our own Pirates world championship and the second consecutive win of the Steelers in the Super Bowl has had an incredible effect on the attitude of the people outside this city about the people in this city. It is a commentary on the power of sports in America that a championship has this impact. Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Hoboken, Buffalo—I have heard jokes unfairly said about these cities interchangeably, and I think sports have helped Pittsburgh escape that bad image."

No one is more aware of the benefit Pittsburgh has received from "The Family" image than Willie Stargell, who chooses to make his home in the city during the off-season while other players scatter for warmer climates. The Pirates are a team rich in nicknames: The Candyman, Mad Dog (Bill Madlock), Hammer (John Milner), Teke (Kent Tekulve)—but only Willie Stargell is beloved enough to be dubbed "Mr. Pittsburgh."

Joe Safety speaks in almost reverential terms when he discusses the Steel City's love affair with its 6'3", 220-pound first baseman. "Pittsburgh is a city where people in the public eye need to prove themselves," says Safety. "It's a tough city to corral, and it's quite a tribute to Willie that he owns this city. In this town you have to prove yourself over and over, and it's difficult to develop a following where you really can do no wrong. Willie doesn't even get booed for striking out in the bottom of the ninth with the bases loaded—he gets a standing ovation. Nobody has ever bridled this city the way he has."

At present, Sports Marketing International president Dan Shedrick is trying to channel Stargell's local appeal into larger commercial waters. Shedrick, a vigorous man in his early 30s, admits that his relationship with Willie is based as much on friendship as it is on business.

"For me it's been satisfying just knowing the guy," claims Shedrick. "It's got nothing to do with his being a star athlete—it's that he's a great human being. Which is also the way I'm trying to present him to the public. What I want to do is to have Willie rub shoulders with as many decision makers from Madison Avenue and the corporate world as possible. Once that is done, I know they will turn on to him the way Pittsburgh has. I think it is very rare that a guy effuses the human qualities he has. Willie is the only guy in baseball that nobody has anything bad to say about."

"Only a capitalist dog could afford $85 for a set of language records. . . . "

Shedrick's campaign to insert Willie into the consciousness of business wheelers and dealers took place in February at a dinner for a national food conglomerate called Borden Foods the evening before the filming of the ill-starred air conditioning commercial. Throughout the evening, Stargell and wife Dolores moved through the waves of corporation execs like professional diplomats, shaking a hand here, throwing gentle jibes there, listening earnestly to those with the power to assist their future financial security.

Stargell's appearance that evening was an eye opener to anyone who might have thought that endorsing products is an easy affair. For two hours after speaking to the Borden group, he then had to stand pen-in-hand before a packed table to autograph $750 worth of Rawlings baseballs for the children of company moguls and guests. Since every child was entitled to take a picture with the guest of honor, Stargell also endured several hundred strobe flashes before he quietly admitted that his head ached.

Not that Willie shuns public contact—which is essential if he hopes to make money from endorsements following his retirement at some future point. Soft-spoken, well-spoken, charismatic, All-American in appearance and black to boot, Stargell is not one of those players whose economic value will cease the last day he wears his yellow and black colors.

Stargell is well aware that a positive public image can assist him in further implementing his personal crusade: the elimination of sickle cell anemia. To this end he has created his own fund-raising organization, the Willie Stargell Foundation, to help fight the dread genetic disease which is prevalent mainly among blacks, although Mediterranean-area Caucasians may contract it. Sickle cell anemia, named for the characteristic curved shape on the ends of infected cells, is an illness which attacks the body's red blood cells. It is extremely painful and debilitating.

Following the World Series triumph last October, Willie went off on his own to launch a 26-city American tour to raise money for the cause. He signed his autograph to anyone who would make a donation of a dollar or more, and in one month had earned in excess of $25,000. The Pittsburgh-based

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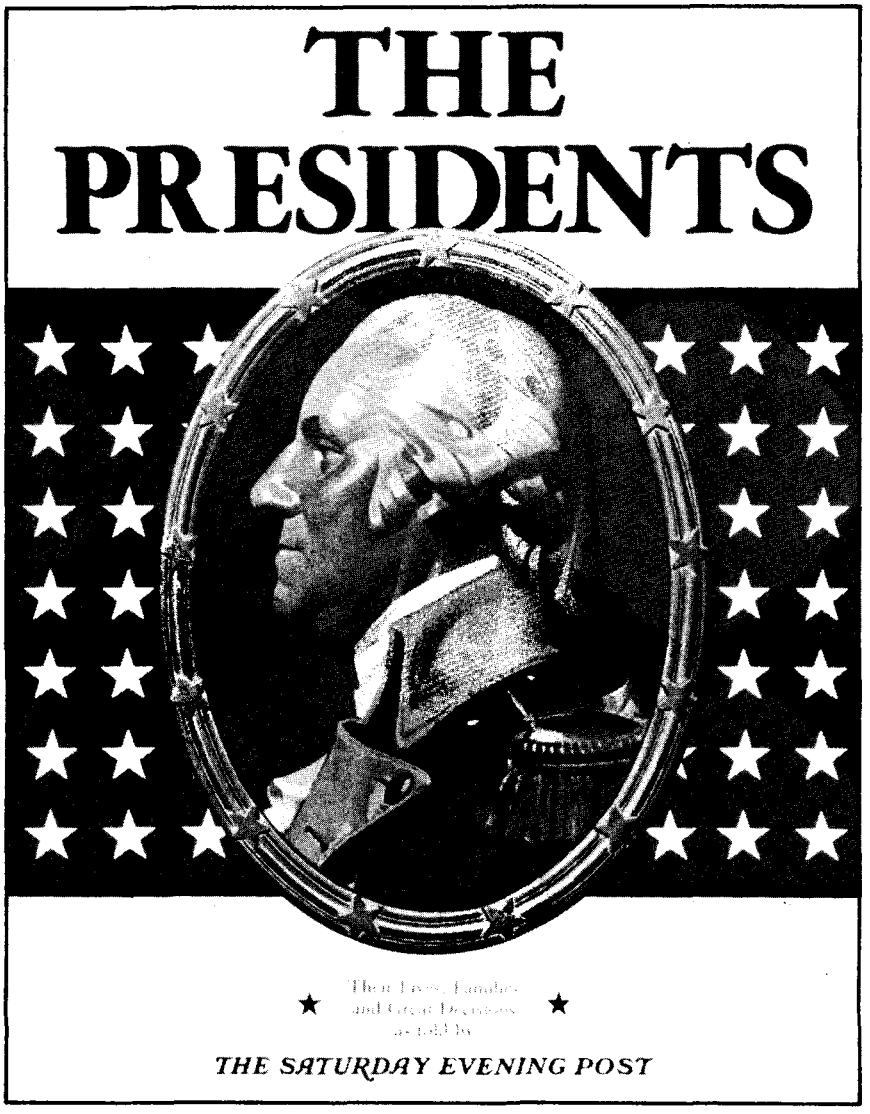

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foundation is also a family affair: Its coordinator is Stargell's younger sister, 28-year-old Sandrus L. Collier.

If there is one thing Willie Stargell is familiar with, it's fighting impossible odds. Back in 1958 while playing baseball for Santa Rosa (California) Community College, he fractured a pelvic bone while sliding and was told he would never play again. To play was to risk reinjuring the bone, which would send him into a wheelchair for life. Four years ago Dolores was rushed into surgery for an aneurysm and blood clot in the brain. When she came out she was an invalid, but Willie's constant encouragement and his perseverance in making her do rehabilitating exercises restored her fully back to health.

Willie's fierce determination became fully apparent in the last World Series championship against the Baltimore Orioles. Down three games to one after blowing two wins at home, Stargell's Pirates came back in championship fashion to capture three straight wins on icy fields more appropriate for dogsledding than baseball. Stargell's own contribution was incredible. Playing despite a fever of 104 degrees, Wallopin' Willie wound up the series with 12 hits, including four two-baggers and three circuit clouts. His seven RBIs included a two-run game-winning smash to right in the seventh and final game in the World Series.

Looking back, Willie insists neither he nor the Pirates had any doubts they would come back after the media had all but erected a championship flag in Baltimore. "To be honest with you," says Stargell, "our feelings were never low because if we had lost a couple games in a row in the middle of August, there would have been little or no attention put upon it. Unfortunately, it was during the World Series, and I think people were counting the days more than we were. We always felt that we had a tomorrow to look forward to.

"It's like walking along the edge of a cliff. You know that if you take one bad step you're liable for a lot of things unpleasant, but if you put down a wire, tree or rope to get across this cliff, you're concentrating on getting across instead of constantly looking down in fear of what's going to happen. I always tell people not to worry about something—it's going to happen quick enough, so why take the time to think about it?

"Our biggest concern last year was just getting an opportunity to play in the World Series and then to allow ourselves to be as efficient as we could. Sure, Baltimore was a great club, but we weren't about to take a back seat to anyone or tuck our tails between our legs. We felt it was essential for us as men, not necessarily as ballplayers, to exhibit the kinds of things you have to show in life, and that's the challenge. Collectively, we had done an awful lot together all year and had gotten to the point where we believed that if we displayed consistency in situations as we had previously during the course of the year, we could take it all."

When asked how he and the Pirates will perform in 1980, Stargell is cautiously optimistic. He goes into a game the way a brain surgeon attacks an operation. Since his whole life has been spent learning the right techniques, he realizes he has an excellent chance of succeeding. Knowing full well, however, that unexpected obstructions can hamper an operation, he refuses to guarantee any outcome.

"Everything this year is literally on paper," says Stargell. "I just pretend that each year is a big stake race where all the horses in the National League get into the starting gate. When those gates open, everybody has the same opportunity to win. It doesn't necessarily mean that the best team is going to break out on top and hold a lead. Sometimes your best horse gets blocked for whatever reason, but if we can run a *consistent* race—well, our chances are just as good as anybody else's.

"We like the attitude of respecting everyone when we take the field, as though every game is an important game. If we do that, when so-called 'big' games come up, we can't tell the difference between what is a big game and what isn't, because we give that all-out energy to every one."

But if Willie is a master at his work, he is also a master of the fine art of playing. Last year in Houston, Willie and Joe Safety convinced hitting coach Bob Skinner and infielder Dale Berra to go with them to a Western store, where Willie proceeded to buy everything in sight. By the time they were finished, the men were late getting to the ball park, so Willie convinced a passing pickup truck driver to give them a ride. Joe Safety still laughs uncontrollably at the image of several million dollars' worth of Stetson-topped baseball players sitting primly propped up in the truck, waving gaily to anyone who noticed them passing by.

This year you can bet that big No. 8 will give his all once more to bring another championship to Pittsburgh. And there's no doubt that Willie Stargell will once more head this class act. After all, in Pittsburgh he's not a student of the game—he's the teacher.

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MEET THE REPUBLICANS' MOST VALUABLE DEMOCRAT

The Democrats suspect their senator from New York of dragging his feet in the party's 1980 presidential race. With a Republican in the White House, Daniel Patrick Moynihan might enter the 1984 contest himself—feet well rested for the event.

by William Barry Furlong

He was a dock hand who dated debutantes. He was a Hell's Kitchen barkeep who became a Savile Row dandy. He was a liberal who was labeled a racist. Now he's involved in the most tantalizing contradiction of all: He's the Republicans' most valuable Democrat.

The reason: Today, at the tree-ripened age of 52, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a United States senator from New York, is the centerpiece in one of the most fascinating ironies of modern politics—he's a Democrat who can satisfy his ambitions only if the Republicans win the presidency in 1980.

"If we don't watch him, he might conceivably help them do it," says one Democrat. "He doesn't have to do much of anything obvious to help them," says the Democrat. "He just has to keep from doing much of anything to help us." And by doing so, prevent New York state from going into the Democratic column in the presidential election of 1980.

Could he do this? Would he do this?

"Possibly," says the worried Democrat. But that is—in justice to Moynihan—a long way from "certainly." Or even "probably." It is just that this Democrat is one of those who believes that Moynihan's devotion to the Democratic party is less than total—that it is "a sometimes thing."

Interestingly, the emphasis of his colleagues and contemporaries leans more to Moynihan's vitality and volatility, not on his stability. He's in his fourth year in the Senate and already it's been the longest he's ever held exactly the same job in his life. ("And maybe it's just about time that he's looking around for something a little different," suggests a Moynihan watcher.)

Up to now, he's lived with the reputation of being something of a gadfly, even a dilettante, repeatedly darting from one job to another—sometimes being a presidential assistant, sometimes being ambassador to India, sometimes teaching at Harvard, sometimes running for president of the city council of New York—without settling into one task long enough to accomplish something lasting. Now some of his friends believe that he's reached those years of maturity in which he must begin to do more than plan and propose, when he must begin to achieve something significant.

With an Irish flair for oratory, Moynihan has been said to use language to call attention not just to his ideas, but also to himself. Says one Senate staff member: "He's a high-wire artist who likes the spotlight."

What can he hope to accomplish? What are his ambitions? What does he want that can be achieved more readily if a Republican is elected president in 1980?

Nothing, *he* says. He just wants to stay in the Senate for four terms or so. But somehow, not everybody believes him.

"I'd say he wants pretty much to be president. And that he's lookin' towards 1984." That's the appraisal of one man who sees the president on virtually every working day and who sees Moyni-

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han slightly less often.

Clearly Moynihan's chances of being elected president in 1984 disappear if a Democrat wins in 1980. Kennedy would run for reelection in 1984. So would Brown. And Carter would be selecting the man to succeed himself—and it's not likely to be Moynihan. (Moynihan has criticized Carter and the people around him quite heavily.)

"But if the Republicans win in 1980, Moynihan has a good shot at it in 1984," says one astute political observer. "Simply because there'll be no Democrat in power for the next four years, and that gives Moynihan a chance to grab attention for himself as a spokesman for the opposition."

The worried Democrat echoed that notion. And extended it. "We won't even give him what he wants second-best. But I think some of those Republicans will."

What does he want second-best?

"To be secretary of state." That's the appraisal of a high official who's long observed the Moynihan maneuvering. "If he can't run the United States, he'd be just as willing to devote himself to the rest of the world." Indeed, there are some Moynihan watchers in the capital who believe he's making a move into "influencing" foreign affairs from his seat in the Senate.

When Moynihan proposed in January 1980 that Carter bring in more foreign policy advisors to augment those he already had, a good many people thought Moynihan had just the names for him. And that these people would be a "shadow staff" Moynihan planned on putting in place in the State department so that he could have a pinky in foreign policy now and could have an experienced staff already in place against the possibility he might one day be taking over as secretary of state.

The idea is limited by reality. Moynihan could not become secretary of state under a Democratic president elected in 1980. Carter would not have him in the job. Neither would Ted Kennedy. Jerry Brown conceivably could consider Moynihan but would eventually be advised not to give him State. "He could never be sure when Pat might tire of State and decide he wanted the job in the Oval Office," says one Washingtonian.

But a Republican might name him, if only as the token Democrat in a Republican administration. Reagan has already signaled his agreement with Moynihan on a number of issues, including a hard line against the Soviets. Naming Moynihan would be important to the Republicans in another way: It would open a Democratic seat in the Senate to possible occupancy by a Republican, and that may become critical if the GOP is close to controlling the Senate for the first time in 25 years. For while another Democrat would fill the vacancy by an immediate appointment (by a Democratic governor of New York), a special election for the seat would likely be held in 1981. And a Republican—a Jack Kemp, perhaps, or a Henry Kissinger—might find that the ideal way to move into the Senate. Then the winner of the special election could run for reelection in 1982—when Moynihan's present term would normally be up—with all the powers and advantages of the incumbent.

There are ironies within the irony for Pat Moynihan. And for Henry Kissinger. For there is an edged feeling between these two prominent men of government, a feeling that is exacerbated by Moynihan's desire to do Kissinger's job (as secretary of state) and the possibility that Kissinger might do Moynihan's job (as senator).

But it is not Kissinger alone who is Moynihan's concern, or his target. Moynihan is considered by some—among them certain staffers of Teddy Kennedy—to be playing some sly little tricks on Ted Kennedy. There was a time when some of those staffers thought that Pat Moynihan was encouraging Ted Kennedy to run for president in 1980. Not only was Moynihan yipping and barking at Jimmy Carter's heels, but some of his agents were taking action in New York state to make it more difficult for Carter to win the primary there this year.

But once Kennedy committed himself to the race, Moynihan began moving away from him. Kennedy pursued. He even went to visit him: "The Kennedys would not condescend to visit *God*, unless there was a vote in it," says one awed and cynical media man. Kennedy's visit with Moynihan resulted in Kennedy leaving empty-handed. He got nothing in the way of an endorsement or a pledge of immediate support. Indeed, stories began appearing in the paper that Moynihan was edgy because some of Kennedy's top aides had been

Like Kissinger, this political leprechaun is the product of an ethnic background, rose from lowly beginnings, became a professor at Harvard and held office in the Nixon White House. But should Kissinger unseat him in the 1982 Senate race, Moynihan's hope for the presidency will be ended.

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anti-Moynihan in the past. Moynihan himself suddenly turned around and began supporting Carter on his foreign policy stands at a time when Kennedy began to criticize him. Eventually it dawned on the Kennedy staffers: Moynihan *did* want Kennedy to run—and *lose*. Because if Kennedy were defeated in 1980—even in the nomination period—the party might turn to a fresh face in 1984—Moynihan's face.

If Kennedy happens to get the nomination and presidency, Moynihan knows that Kennedy would not only seek reelection in 1984 but would put his own man in as successor in 1988 and that Moynihan might not have a genuine chance to get the presidency until 1996. Which is to say never. So if he wants to satisfy that particular ambition—or even the ambition to become secretary of state—he *really* has to drag his feet in New York in 1980. And thus become more valuable to the Republicans.

What manner of man is it who has worked himself into so singular a position in American life? What are the pros and cons of having him as a decisive force? What recommends him—if anything—as a presidential possibility? Or a secretary of state? Or even as a senator?

He is a tall man (6 feet, 4 inches), courtly, often charming, sometimes pretentious, wonderfully Irish in tongue and temperament and very much full of himself. "He likes," says one long-time aquaintance, "to believe that he's the main performer in a world drama, one written, produced and directed by himself." He has wit, insight and an exceptional intelligence—"certainly he's the best thinker in the Senate today," says one observer, "but that isn't saying much." He possesses an extraordinary asset for politics: He talks on the same wave-length as a vast portion of the citizenry and he has the gift of saying exactly what they think.

Just one example was his performance as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations. From the start, he discarded the diplomatic niceties so cherished by the State department and went right to the heart of the matter with great elo-

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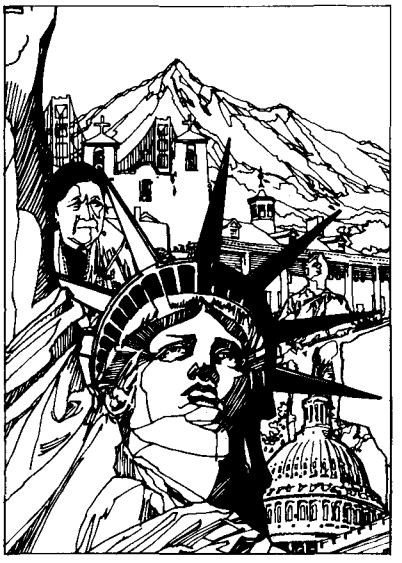

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quence as well as great force. When the diplomats of other nations became unhappy over his bluntness ("an emotional man inclined to invent the most sensational assertions," said Russia's U.N. ambassador Yakov Malik), Moynihan simply pointed out that the U.N. was a place where hypocrisy is not only endemic but preferred. He included the numerous times Third World delegates attacked the United States with viciousness as well as zeal and then privately told the U.S. ambassador that the U.S. should not be so disturbed over the diatribe as to stop economic aid. "For too long," Moynihan commented, "we have been given private assurances that public obscenities were not meant."

He was seldom less than direct in following up on this view. On one occasion, the Cuban delegates to the U.N. Committee on Decolonization called for Puerto Rico to be given its independence and demanded that the U.N. send a delegation to investigate "political oppression" by the U.S. on the island. Moynihan made his opposition to the proposal very clear, and he made the reasons for it just as clear. "The Committee on Decolonization," he said, "consists of 16 police states, four democracies and four in-betweens. We are not to be lectured by police states on the process of electoral democracy." His reaction was so pronounced that a diplomat from a Third World nation asked one of Moynihan's aides, "Is he threatening us?" The aide relayed the question to Moynihan. "Tell him 'yes,' " replied Moynihan. Debate on the Cuban proposal was suspended by an 11-to-9 vote.

On another occasion, the Chilean delegation which came to the U.N. following the fall of the communist dictator Allende was blocked by certain members of the Credentials Committee of the U.N. The reason, said those members of that committee, is that the Chileans were sent by a military government and thus did not represent the "people." Moynihan's response was along these lines: "Well, now, there's an interesting question, and since you've brought it up, we have here a list of 45 military governments and 35 other governments that were installed by military coups, and since you're against governments like that, let's examine all their credentials." The Credentials Committee quickly dropped its objection to the Chilean delegation.

Could it be that Moynihan needs an idea manager for his superior intellect? Although he loves to write as well as to talk, at times his prose almost begs to be misunderstood.

His most famous moment was when the U.N. invited Idi Amin, the infamous president of Uganda, to address the General Assembly and Amin used the platform to call for the extinction of the state of Israel and to demand that America purge itself of "Zionists." At about the same time, some U.N. delegates proposed an amendment to an existing resolution which would have defined Zionism—the historic move to create and support an independent Jewish state in Palestine—as being a form of racism. Moynihan promptly made a speech that repeated a *New York Times* description of Amin as a "racist murderer" and said that despots like to destroy that which threatens them most—i.e., democracies such as Israel.

Kissinger, as secretary of state, not only felt that Moynihan had exceeded his authority in making such a statement, but he was afraid that the strong language of the speech would drive other black African nations into a show of unity and into lining up behind Amin against the United States. Moynihan was quietly given two "suggestions" for ways he could "clarify" his position. He refused them both. His firmness gratified some; the very conservative Manchester (New Hampshire) *Union Leader* applauded his general posture in the U.N. and his "blunt speaking that has upset the cookie pushers in our State department."

Moynihan was and is a strong supporter of Israel, and there are cynics who say that he was even then looking ahead to his election to the Senate, that he was very aware of the strength of the Jewish community in New York elections. Moynihan himself protests that he did not then intend to run for the Senate, and he said on television that it would be "dishonorable to leave this post and run for any office, and I would hope that it would be understood that if I do, the people, the voters to whom I would represent myself in such circumstances, would consider me as having said in advance I am a man of no personal honor to have done so." Having made that clear, he shortly thereafter resigned from the U.N. post and very quickly began preparing for his search for a Senate seat.

To be sure, the quick turnaround by Moynihan was not unprecedented. He often has to amend his most "fundamental" statements with a "clarification" or a reversal of behavior, a fact which gives

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some Republicans hope that he'll be "useful" in the 1980 election. In the U.N.-to-the-Senate about-face, he may have been encouraged by the State department's insistence that he "amend" his statements on Idi Amin.

It is not on U.N. matters alone that Moynihan has spoken out with bile and candor. He has ranged through the years over a great many matters, some of which are reflected in these comments:

On the nature and ambition of Soviet leaders: "No, sir, I do not think them to be mad: I think them to be evil and sane, and they seek to achieve a superiority and they know what they will do with it. They will intimidate the world around them."

On a larger federal government: "We do not need more government in America. . . . We do need more national standards, which is something federalism can produce and would be different from more government. We already have a huge amount of government, and the real task is making it work."

On meeting problems of hunger in the world: "The Third World must feed itself, and this will not be done by suggesting that Americans eat too much."

On the bureaucratic thirst for welfare money: "The fiscal condition of our cities has reached the point that if welfare meant a program to put arsenic in children's milk, most municipal officials would settle for full federal funding."

On the "con" job of communist propaganda: "It is said that if a communist regime were to take over in the Sahara, there would, in time, be a shortage of sand. We shall doubtless, in time, have tested that hypothesis, but we can be fairly confident that to the very end there would be those in the West convinced that the sand had gone to build swimming pools for the rich—in the West."

On the gap between the ideal and the real in American life: "Am I embarrassed to speak for a less-than-perfect democracy? Not one bit. Find me a better one. Do I suppose that there are societies which are free from sin? No, I don't. Do I think that ours is, on balance, incomparably the most hopeful set of human relations the world has? Yes, I do. Have we done obscene things? Yes, we have. How did our people learn about them? They learned about them on television, in the newspapers"—which are rarely allowed to function freely in most of those lands which criticize the United States.

However much the public loves his ideas and his language, Moynihan loves them more. But sometimes he gets so carried away with his ideas—or himself—that he doesn't quite know what will make him look bad in the press.

During the Johnson administration, for example, he drew up a masterful 78-page report on the burdens of the black family experience in America. When parts of it were leaked to the press, he and his ideas were hailed, and the Johnson administration set about transforming his recommendations into reality. Eventually, the whole report was released and there was a more perceptible reaction to it. The items that were emphasized in the media and in Washington chit-chat were the points that Moynihan made about what he saw as the weakening of the black family structure—the illegitimacy he said he perceived, the desertion rate he delineated, the deleterious effects of raising children in a female-dominated household where there is no father figure to help guide the children. To some it sounded as if Moynihan were making a hard-hitting attack on the whole black *persona* at precisely that time when blacks were seeking more pride and higher positions. In a short time, not only blacks but large portions of the liberal community were turning against Moynihan and all his works and all his pomps. Moynihan was indiscriminately described as a "racist"—or worse. The Johnson administration dropped its plans to implement Moynihan's ideas, and Moynihan found it a good time to leave government.

In weighing Pat's pros and cons, one must remember that Moynihan has a certain affection for ethnic drives, including his own. So there is a bit of the blarney in the man. It is not that he is a liar—it is just that he is a little selective in his memory. For instance, he has a standard story of how desperate his youth was, growing up with a drunken father, living in the slums of New York (Hell's Kitchen is his favorite slum) and having to eke out a living shining shoes near Times Square. The story has been recounted time and again; every newspaper and magazine that's ever done a story on the senator has emphasized it—and been wrong all the way.

It is not that it's all a lie; it is all true as far as it goes—but it just doesn't go very far. In fact, Moynihan had a very advantaged life for the American youth of the time; he knew an underprivileged life only a small portion of the time. And even then he was free from the ultimate knowledge of the genuinely underprivileged.

His father, John Moynihan, had a good job all during the bleakest of the Depression years. The family lived in pleasant suburbs of New York City, and Pat spent his summers with his grandparents in the open spaces of the Midwest or with friends and relatives in the resort-like atmosphere of Far Rockaway, New York.

But there were problems in the home. His father, who'd been a newspaperman before he "got rich" in the Depression—loved to hang around with other newspapermen. He drank with them and womanized with them and gambled with them. He fell into deep debt, and, in 1937, when Pat Moynihan was ten years old, his father deserted the family.

In time, the Moynihans had to give up their affluence; they lived for a while on the upper East Side of New York—not the slums—and later in a number of flats on the upper West Side (which were not as "tony" as the East Side location). It is true that the family had to go on welfare for a while. And it is true that Pat had to go out selling Christmas trees—where he, as a pre-teener, first began nipping at the bottle to stay warm on the winter nights at the vacant lot—and for a time he was shipped out to live with an aunt in Louisville to escape the street life in New York. At no time did he know the spirit-stifling reality of life in the slums:

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ADVENTURES OF THE MIND

The Theology of Self-Esteem

BY DR. ROBERT H. SCHULLER

"I feel a restiveness in man," the late Dr. Robert Ardrey wrote, "a dissatisfaction of a universal sort. The average human being, as I judge it, is uneasy. He is like a man who is hungry, gets up at night, opens the refrigerator door and doesn't exactly see what he wants because he doesn't know what he wants. He closes the door and goes back to bed."

Not knowing what we really want, we go through life with a strange inner hunger unsatisfied. It's something like having a holiday without knowing exactly what you want to do, where you want to go or how you want to spend your limited time. When you finally decide, it's too late.

A little boy was given a quarter to spend in any way he chose. Walking through a toy store, the coin burning in his hand, he first fondled a book, then a plastic car, then a bag of balloons. The more he looked and touched, the more confused he became over how to spend his quarter. He just couldn't make up his mind. Finally he bought a whistle. He left the store happily blowing the whistle, thrilling to its music. By the time he was halfway home, he had grown tired of its sound. Finally he broke into tears and cried, "Why did I buy a whistle? I didn't want a whistle after all!" He had spent his money on something he only thought he wanted.

There are many people traveling through life like this. They come mournfully to the end of their lives, unsatisfied, unfulfilled, sadly suspecting that they never found what they really wanted.

What do you want more than anything else in the world? What is the basic, driving force in life? The

About the Author

Dr. Robert Harold Schuller is an ordained minister of the Reformed Church of America. He holds degrees from Hope College, Western Theological Seminary and Azusa Pacific College and is founder and senior pastor of Garden Grove (California) Community Church. An active exponent of positive thinking coupled with the Christian life style, Dr. Schuller has evolved a theology of Possibility Thinking which he brings to millions in his television ministry, the "Hour of Power," founded in 1970. Dr. Schuller is a long-time friend and associate of Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and was spiritual advisor to the late senator Hubert Humphrey. He is also the author of numerous inspirational books including, *Self Love: The Dynamic Force* and *Turn Your Scars into Stars.*

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chances are you don't really know the answers to those all-important questions. Philosophers, psychologists, anthropologists and theologians have probed for many centuries into the nature of man in an attempt to find the answer. Let's take a quick look at some of their conclusions.

The Will to Live?

"Man's basic urge is survival," the anthropologist Jean Pierre Hallet told me. Many will agree. Unless you are mentally ill, you want to survive. The will to live is a fantastically powerful drive, but survival is not in itself the greatest or the only motivating force. Legions of sane people have rationally chosen to risk death to reach goals they valued more highly than life itself. Love of country has stirred millions to march off to war ready and willing to make the supreme sacrifice. Millions of sensible human beings have chosen to die rather than to live in shame.

The Will to Seek Pleasure?

The will to experience pleasure, according to Sigmund Freud, explains the basic deep-seated wants of human beings. Beyond a doubt, the will to have pleasure is a very real and very powerful force behind human behavior. On the other hand, men and women by the millions have been known to forsake physical pleasure in favor of work, love, religion or war. Man craves something much deeper than pleasure. The appetites of the eye, the stomach, the ear and the sex organs can be satisfied, and yet the human spirit hungers for something beyond those immediate satisfactions.

The Will to Wield Power?

The esteemed psychiatrist Alfred Adler suggested that the will to achieve power explains everything. The desire to be in control, the craving to be king, the exhilaration of being able to command—all illustrate clearly man's drive for power. The bloody pages of history offer horrendous evidence that man will kill, cheat, lie and betray his own soul in his pursuit of power.

Yet power does not produce ultimate satisfaction. On the contrary, power often produces enormous anxiety and feelings of insecurity. The man on the top is the man who is shot at, threatened and challenged by those who seek his office. The economic, military, technological and intellectual powers of this country are without equal. Yet all this power fails to command complete respect from other nations. To possess power without respect leads to futility and frustration.

I submit that neither the will to survive, nor the will to experience pleasure nor the will to exercise power is at the root of human motives and actions. To cite any of these forces as the basic urge of man is like mistakenly considering the swirling streams on the surface of a river as the major current in that body of water. While the surface waters of human emotion swirl and distract, in the depths below there lies a powerful primeval urge that is hidden from view and must be discovered before we can accomplish our real goals.

The will to live is a powerful drive, but survival is not the greatest or the only motivating force.

Let us look at some other theories about the basic drives of mankind.

The Will to Find Meaning?

Viktor Frankl detects a deep and powerful undercurrent in human motivational forces when he suggests that the will to find meaning is the ultimate will of man. With perception, he has pointed out that man is able to achieve mental and emotional equilibrium when he sees a meaning in his life experience. This may explain why some people are able to achieve peace of mind in the midst of enormous suffering and frustration. They can see meaning in it all. But deep inside we seek something beyond meaning.

The Will to Create?

Every human being finds satisfaction when he sees the results of his creativity. So some human beings deprive themselves of pleasure, power, even love to pursue a vastly rewarding creative enterprise in some lonely attic. It is obvious that many people suffer from frustration and subsequent anxieties because they are performing a menial task and their latent creative potential finds no means of expression. Indeed, creativity is a strong subsurface current in man. But the craving to be creative is not the basic force we are seeking.

The Will to Feel Self-Esteem?

I suggest that to achieve self-esteem is the ultimate will of man—that what we really want more than anything else in the world is the awareness that we are worthy persons. It is the deepest of all the currents which drives persons onward, forward and upward. All other drives—for pleasure, power, love, meaning, creativity—are symptoms, expressions or attempts to fulfill that primal need for personal dignity. Examine the will to find pleasure, for instance. Ask yourself this question: What's the difference between pleasure and labor? That which is fun for you may be work for someone else.

I have always enjoyed deep-sea fishing. One day in the waters off Catalina I hooked a huge fish. What a struggle until I brought him close enough for the skipper to gaff him. I was exhausted! But I was also exhilarated. Now suppose this was the way I earned my living—day after day. This "work" would have left me tired and exhausted, eager to see the end of the day. Why did I find the experience pleasurable? Because I was able to escape completely from my everyday problems. Work is fun when it is exciting enough or distracting enough to make us forget ourselves completely. At that time I was unhappy with myself for being overweight, so I enjoyed the adventure of escaping from myself. For mil-

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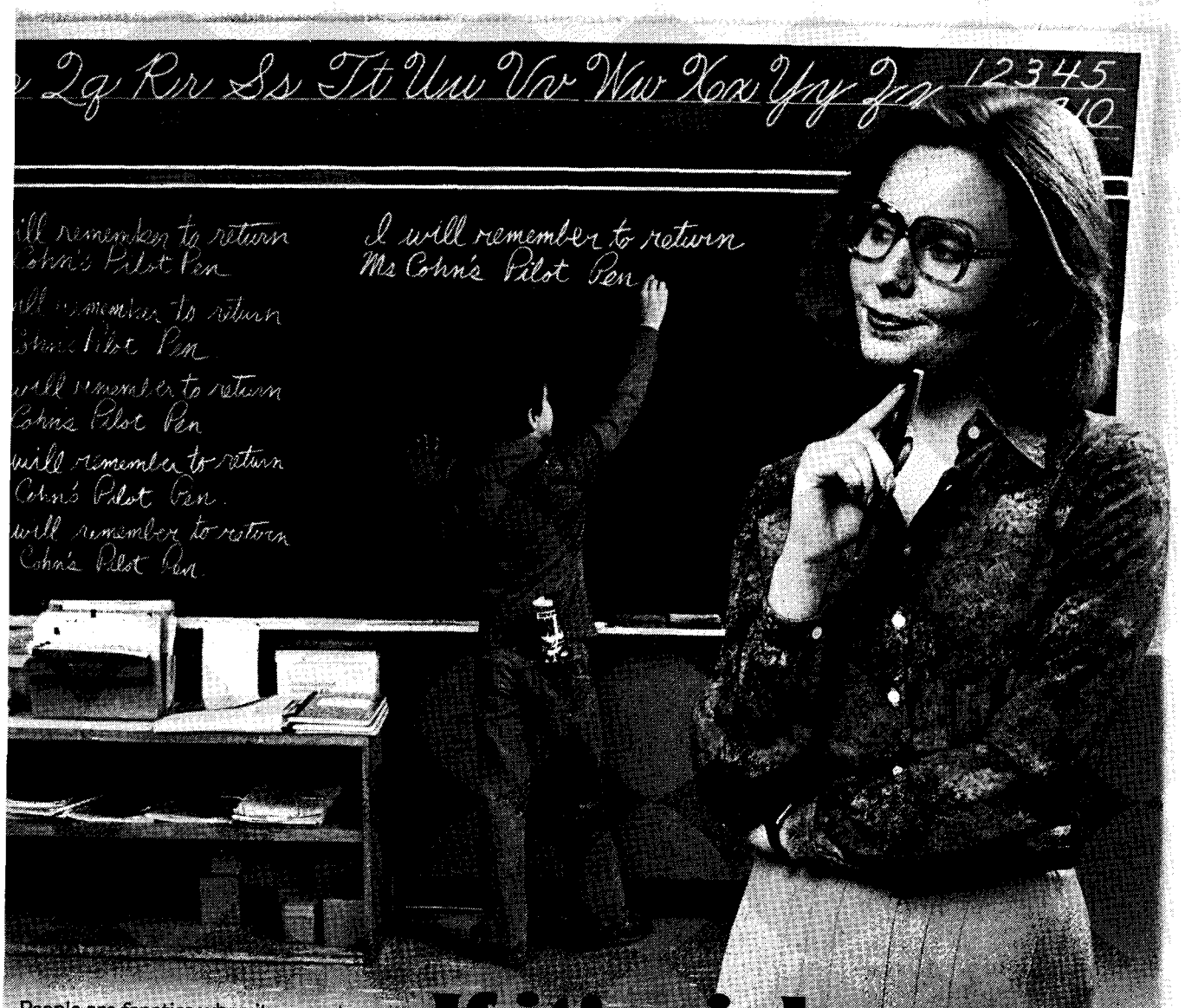

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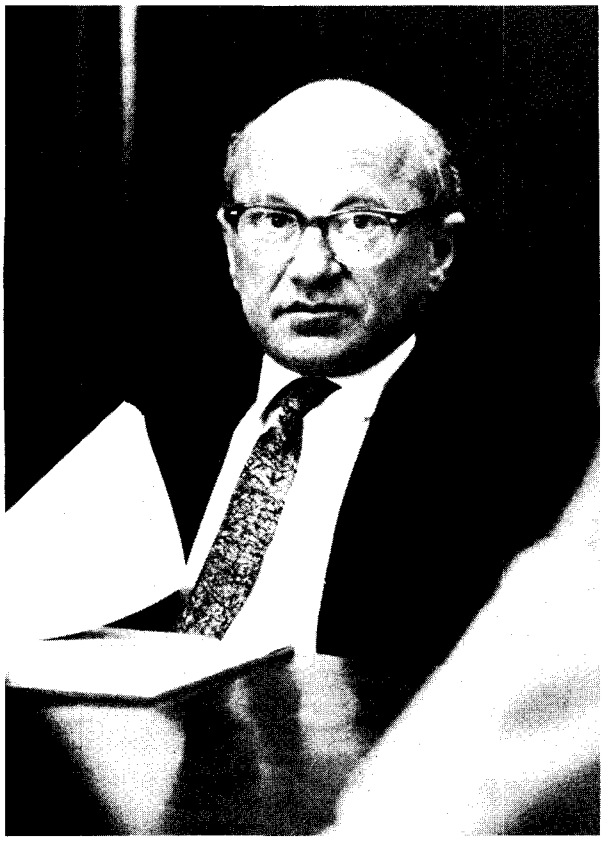
Speaking Out

THE WELFARE STATE: A THREAT TO FREEDOM

Too many people are dependent upon others from cradle to grave. What is needed is an orderly transfer from welfare rolls to payrolls.

by Milton and Rose Friedman

Most of the present welfare programs should never have been enacted. If they had not been, many of the people now dependent on them would have become self-reliant individuals instead of wards of the state. In the short run that might have appeared cruel for some, leaving them no option to low-paying, unattractive work. But in the long run it would have been far more humane. However, given that welfare programs exist, they cannot simply be abolished overnight. We need some way to ease the transition from where we are to where we would like to be, of providing assistance to people now dependent on welfare while at the same time encouraging an orderly transfer of people from welfare rolls to payrolls.



Milton Friedman is a conservative, free-market economist and author of numerous books on money and economic theory. As a professor at the University of Chicago since 1946, he is unofficially the leader of the so-called Chicago school of economic thought.

Such a transitional program has been proposed that could enhance individual responsibility, end the present division of the nation into two classes, reduce both government spending and the present massive bureaucracy, and at the same time assure a safety net for every person in the country so that no one need suffer dire distress. Unfortunately, the enactment of such a program seems a utopian dream at present. Too many vested interests—ideological, political and financial—stand in the way.

Nonetheless, it seems worth outlining the major elements of such a program, not with any expectation that it will be adopted in the near future, but in order to provide a vision of the direction in which we should be moving, a vision that can guide incremental changes.

The program has two essential components: First, reform the present welfare system by replacing the ragbag of specific programs with a single comprehensive program of income supplements in cash—a negative income tax linked to the positive income tax; second, unwind Social Security while meeting present commitments and gradually requiring people to make their own arrangements for their own retirement.

Such a comprehensive reform would do more efficiently and humanely what our present welfare system does so inefficiently and inhumanely. It would provide an assured minimum to all persons in need, regardless of the reasons for their need, while doing as little harm as possible to their character, their independence or their incentive to better their own condition.

The basic idea of a negative income tax is simple, once we penetrate the smoke screen that conceals the essential features of the positive income tax. Under the current positive income tax, you are permitted to receive a certain amount of income without paying any tax. The exact amount depends on the size of your family, your age and on whether you itemize your deductions. This amount is composed of a number of elements—personal exemptions, low-income allowance, standard deduction (which has recently been relabeled the zero bracket amount), the sum corresponding to the general tax credit and, for all we know, still other items that have been added by the Rube Goldberg geniuses who have been having a field day with the personal income tax. To simplify the discussion, let us use

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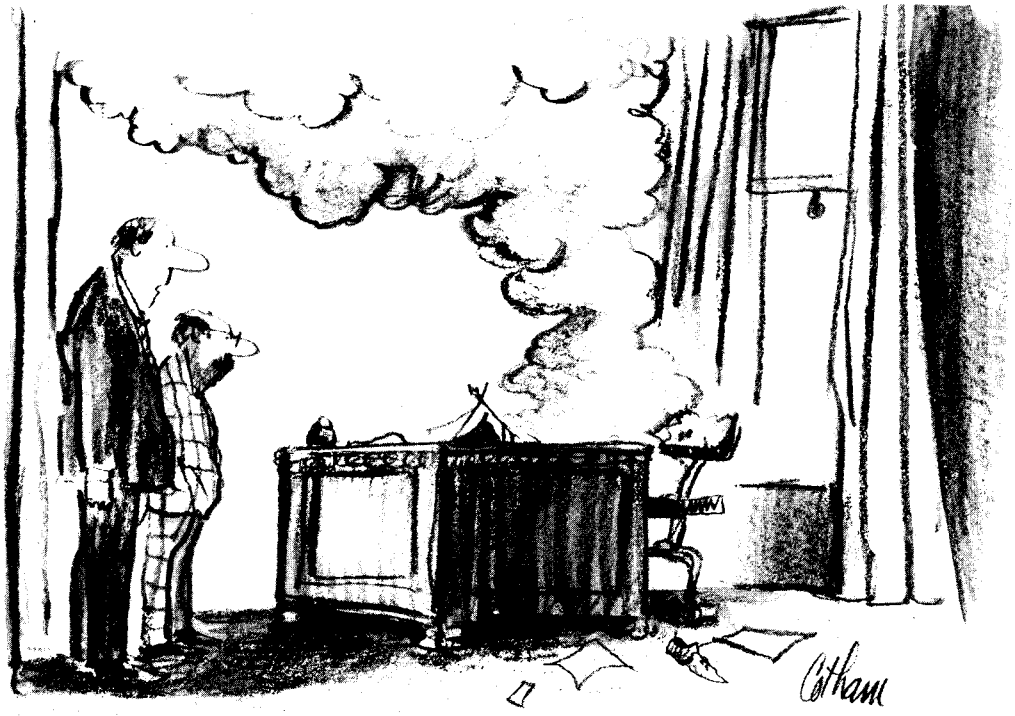

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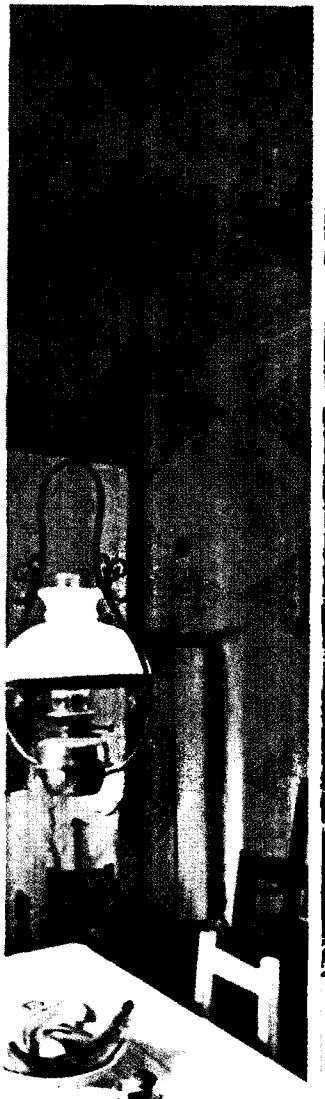

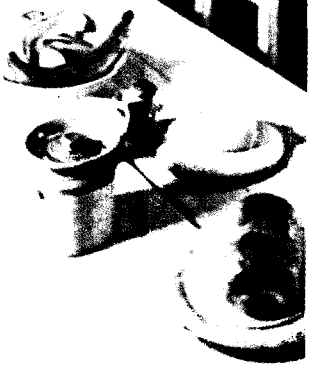

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FROM TRASH TO CASH

One man's trash is another man's gold mine. But the collector should know what he's looking for, or the "gold" may turn out to be genuine 24-carat junk after all.

by Jeffrey Feinman

It must have started in my childhood, when my mother told me I couldn't have that Mickey Mouse watch I wanted for my birthday. Mom was never a very good judge of future value. If she had bought that watch when I was eight years old, for a mere $10, I could have sold it today for at least ten times the price she would have paid.

So I learned my lesson—and began to collect everything in sight just as soon as I was grown up and had extra money to spend for pleasure. And it began to pay off handsomely.

While on a trip to Maine, I happened to stop at a church-sponsored auction. A set of blue bubble Depression glass was offered. The bidding was practically nonexistent. It seemed nobody realized that Depression glass is a collectible. I "stole" that 40-piece place setting for $8—and sold it two days later to a New York City antique dealer for $95. In other words, I made over 1,000 percent on my investment.

I also learned a valuable lesson: *The only way a collector makes a profit on his investment is to sell his collection.*

Time and again people have told me that they have a collection worth thousands—even millions—in genuine ancient whatchamacallits. That's balderdash! A collection is only worth something if someone is willing to pay the price. This truly is the test. Your collection must have a resale value and interest to someone other than you.

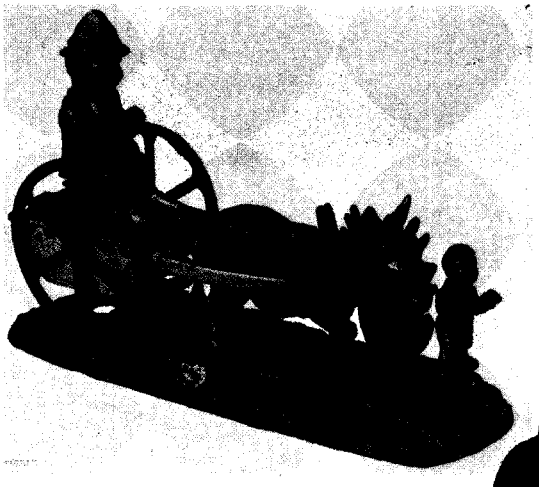
Now let me tell you the next lesson I learned. I was shopping in a local bookstore and happened to see a copy of Marc Chagall's *Illustrations for the Bible* sitting on the shelf like an ordinary book. (I happened to know that this particular book is worth more than $2,000). I asked the clerk if he realized this was a truly valuable book. He smiled and said, "Of course." Then he took the book off the shelf and put it in the special section containing rare, expensive books. I looked on the front page—and saw that the price of the book had been changed from $200 to $2,000.

If I hadn't opened my big mouth and told the clerk he had a valuable book, I could have picked up that Chagall volume for $200.

This, then, is lesson number two: *When you have a special piece of information, keep it to yourself.*

Now for my next lesson. Three years ago, while on a fishing trip with my friends Debbie and Milt Pierce, I noticed a store that advertised "old books." That was something I just couldn't resist.

When I looked in the store, I



"Still" banks of iron, white metal, tin, glass or pottery are not scarce but hard to find in good condition.

Doll collecting has become one of the most popular hobbies in the U.S. Jumeau dolls are quoted at $850 to $1,200.

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noticed a rare first edition of Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi*. It was priced at $45, far below the market value. I remembered then that another friend, Steven Grant, once told me that he would pay as much as $300 for that same book just to complete his collection of first-edition Mark Twains. It was the only book missing from his Twain collection.

I got that book and resold it to Mr. Grant for $90. (I confess that I made a 100 percent profit on my investment. I even told Grant that at the time. He was thoroughly delighted to get the Twain volume—at any price below $300.)

The lesson I learned from this experience: *When you know that someone is actively interested in getting a particular collectible, you have a special advantage. Don't miss your chance.*

The final lesson I am going to relate is perhaps the most important to any serious collector.

It began in Rome, on vacation with George and Barbara Whitfield. Barbara was looking in a little store near the Spanish Steps. She noticed that the store had a wonderful collection of Russian icons.

"These are very much in demand in New York," Barbara told us. "If the price is right, I could make a killing."

The price was right, so Barbara borrowed a few thousand dollars and purchased every icon the store had. She came home to New York carrying a valise packed with Russian icons, more than two dozen of them.

She was amazed to find that the market had dropped out of the icon business, and she could not unload them without taking a big loss.

It was a lesson none of us forgot: *You don't have a real killing in the collectible business unless you are absolutely certain that you will be able to sell what you have bought. A transaction takes both a buyer and a seller.*

Focusing Your Collection

Let's say you've decided to become a collector. You even have some ideas of what you want to collect. Your next step, then, is to narrow down your ideas until you discover *exactly* what you want.

If you're going to be a stamp collector, will you collect all stamps or just those from a certain country—say, the United States? Will you search for stamps printed a hundred years ago or stay with those still being used today? These are just two of the many questions the stamp collector should answer before beginning a collection.

You get the point. You can't just say you're going to collect bottles, for instance. If you do, you'll wind up with a cellar full of glass containers that have no relationship to each other. To make some sense of your collection, as well as to obtain some profit from it, you have to know exactly what you want to collect: the specific type, quality, size, age of your bottles, among other things. Once you know what you want, you'll know what to look for.

Here are some ways you might decide to focus your collection:

Historical period: Items from a certain era, such as Coke bottles from the 1930s and '40s, can form the basis of a collection. Make sure the time period you choose is long enough to give you an adequate supply of objects and short enough to keep your collection manageable.

Similarity and comparison: All nutcrackers crack nuts, but they don't all do it in the same way. So if you decide to collect nutcrackers, try to find as many different kinds as you can. The key here is finding a collection that is basically

Americans of the 18th and 19th centuries used almanacs as guides to everyday life. Although editions printed in 1880-1890 are not rare and prices range from $2 to $10, a 1790 Hagerstown could bring $80.

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similar in one point (i.e., cracking nuts), yet different in many others (structure of nutcracker, method used and so forth). Or you may have a collection of similar objects with only one difference—say, bottles with different types of corks.

Special features: Included in this category might be necklaces or bracelets with a certain type of clasp, plates with butterflies on them or paisley-print quilts. The key here is selecting only those items that have the special feature you've chosen.

Complete set: The item you want to collect (say, U.S. silver dollars) may already be organized in a set. If so, your job is to find and purchase all the items in the set. Coins, magazines, newspapers, limited-edition artworks and first-edition books are some of the items that fall into this category.

Materials: This type of collection is defined by the material of which the objects are made. Copper, gold, silver, brass, steel, jade, ivory, even tin—each one is used to make different types of objects. If you have a special affinity for copper, you may want to build your collection around objects made from it: jewelry, cooking pots or sculpture, for example. The same can be done with all other materials. (Of course, some materials—such as gold or jade—may be prohibitively expensive, but others are generally affordable.)

Once you have focused your collection, the next step is to find out how and where you can obtain the items you want.

This second step in collecting is slightly more difficult. Now you have to go out and find what you want. You will notice I said "find," not "buy." That's because there are a number of ways to pick up items for your collection without having to pay top money for them.

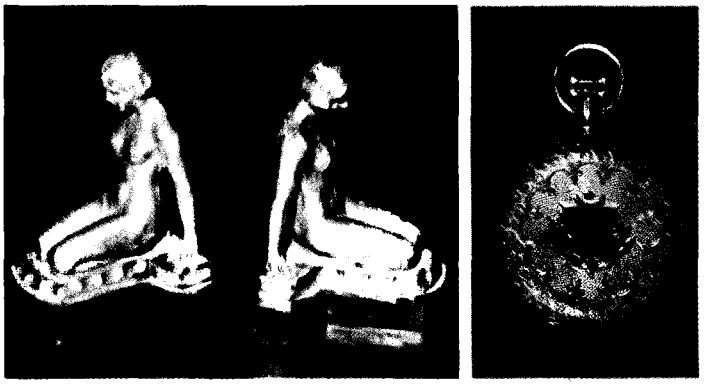
To start, let's look at some sources of free merchandise:

Fields and beaches: These are a valuable source, not only for nature collections (shells, rocks, arrow heads, leaves, flower petals), but

---

If you had only saved that Marvel Mystery comic book of the early '30s, and not dog-eared the pages, today you could be marveling at the bid price of at least $2,000.

The term "prints charming" applies to the work of those famous lithographers, Currier and Ives. Their most cherished print today,* Life of A Hunter—A Tight Fix, *lists at $8,850.



Art Deco of the 1920-1944 period featured simple "modern" lines and the use of much glass, steel and chrome. The female nude bookends are bronzed white metal with lead bases ($40-$50). Gold watch prices are influenced by motif and, today, fluctuate with the price of the metal.

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also for small items that people may easily drop (coins, cans and bottles, keys).

Garbage dumps: Almost anything and everything can be found here, but it's best to search only for common items. In other words, you probably won't find dinosaur bones, gold jewelry and Rembrandt paintings in trash heaps.

Attics, cellars and garages: These are a very rich source for collections, especially if they haven't been cleaned out in some time. Neighbors and friends may let you have some or all of the items you want in exchange for doing the cleaning.

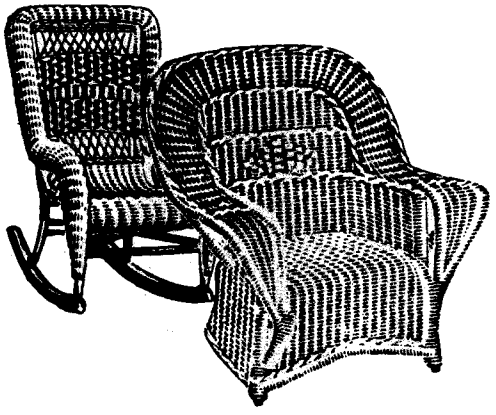
Letters: You can often obtain free items simply by writing away for them. Autographs, postage stamps (writing to a foreign country will automatically bring you a foreign stamp) and free booklets are just some of the things you can collect through the mail. (For example, I've built a huge collection of foreign stamps by asking my banker to save them for me.)

Your own house: Your own possessions may already form a previously unnoticed collection. Or you may own valuable items you can exchange for what you want.

Flea markets: Many dealers and sellers will barter if they like your merchandise. This can save you some cash.

Secondhand shops: If you can get a job in one of these, the owner may be willing to pay you in merchandise rather than money.

Condemned buildings: Many might already have been stripped of anything valuable, but it's always good to take a look just in case something you want was left behind. In case of possible legal restrictions, check with the owner and/or police before entering the building.



Wicker porch furniture became the one and only high style for country living during the 1910-1920 era. Today, handcrafted chairs and couches could auction for as much as $800.

Household sales: This source is not exactly free, but many times you can find what you want for next to nothing. Since most people are selling their possessions just to get rid of them, they're likely to agree to any price you name.

At the expensive end of the market spectrum, of course, are the dealers, auctions and large private collectors. After you have established your collection, you may find it helpful or necessary to go to these more expensive sources. But in many cases you should be able to start your collection for little or nothing.

There are two basic sources of information on your field of interest: verbal and written. Both are prone to inaccuracies; but if you have many sources, you can check them against each other and come up with a fairly good idea of how and what to collect.

Verbal sources include owners of items you would like to collect, dealers, museum curators and other museum personnel, sponsors of auctions and exhibitions and sometimes even store clerks, flea market operators and owners of secondhand shops.

When asking anyone about an item you're interested in, keep two things in mind:

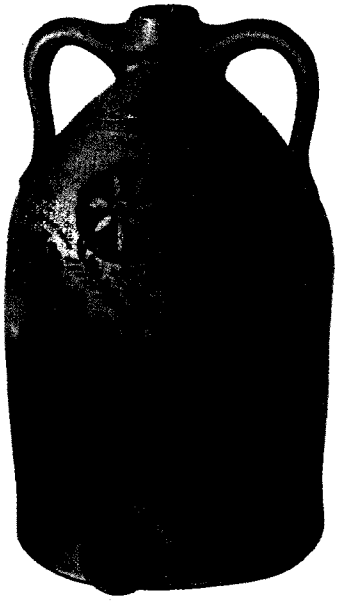
The speaker probably has at least some personal interest in the object. You must carefully weigh the information you receive, particularly if you are planning to buy the object from the person you're speaking with. Any seller aims to get the best possible price, and some sellers don't mind misrepresenting their merchandise in order to increase their profits. So be cautious and get the facts from more than one dealer or expert. Often, just a little bit of time could save a lot of money.

The more questions you ask, the more information you'll receive. Ask questions designed to generate information, rather than questions that require only a yes or no answer. A question like "Is it valuable?" is not as helpful as "How valuable is it?"

You should also have a large store of written information at your disposal. Check your local library for sources on your subject of interest. Visit dealers and ask for their recommendations on reference books. Check area bookstores for their collections on collections. Don't neglect the extensive, well-researched information

Continued on page 89

Common pottery, stoneware jugs, jars and crocks are found in most antique shops today. But it's names like Bennington, Dedham and Delft that dare carry price tags of up to $1,750.



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JEEVES TAKES CHARGE

Although the prolific pen of P.G. Wodehouse is stilled forever, his subtle wit and charming style remain immortal. This delightful story, first printed in 1916, introduced the redoubtable Jeeves to a captivated American readership.

by P.G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by Phil Smith

I know lots of people think I'm much too dependent on my man Jeeves. My Aunt Agatha, who can make herself more offensive on any given subject than any other woman of her weight and age in the country, has even gone so far as to call him my keeper. Well, it's quite true that I leave most of the thinking to him; but what I say is: Why not? I'm a fearful chump—ask anybody—whereas Jeeves, if he cared to take a whirl at it, could be prime minister or something tomorrow. The man's a genius. Absolutely! From the collar upward he stands alone. I gave up trying to run my own affairs within a week of his coming to me. That was about half a dozen years ago, directly after the rather rummy business with Lady Florence Craye, my Uncle Willoughby's book and Edwin, the boy scout.

The thing really began when I got back to Easeby, my uncle's place in Shropshire. I was spending a week or so there, as I generally did in the summer, for the old boy liked to have me round and, being down in his will for a substantial chunk of the right stuff, I always obliged him; and I had had to break my visit to come back to London to get a new valet. I had found Meadowes, the fellow I had taken to Easeby with me, sneaking my silk socks, a thing no chap of spirit could stick at any price. It transpiring, moreover, that he had looted a lot of other things here and there about the place, I was reluctantly compelled to hand the misguided blighter the mitten and go to London to ask the registry office, or whatever you call those places that deal in valets and things, to scare up another specimen for my approval. They sent me Jeeves.

I shall always remember the morning he came. It so happened that the night before I had been present at a rather cheery little supper with a few of the lads, and I was feeling pretty rocky. On top of this I was trying to read a book Florence Craye had given me. She had been one of the house party at Easeby, and two or three days before I left we had got engaged and all that sort of thing. I was due back at the end of the week, and I knew she would expect me to have finished the book by then; and, being in love and so on, I didn't want to disappoint her. You see, she was particularly keen on boosting me up a bit nearer her own plane of intellect. She was a girl with a wonderful profile, but steeped to the gills in serious purpose—one of those devilish brainy girls.

Well, I can't give you a better idea of the way things stood than by telling you that the book she'd given me to read was called *Types of Ethical Theory*, and that when I opened it at random I struck a page beginning:

"The postulate or common understanding involved in speech is certainly coextensive, in the obligation it carries, with the social organism of which language is the instrument, and the ends of which it is an effort to subserve."

All perfectly true, no doubt; but not the sort of thing to spring on a chap with a morning head.

I was doing my best to skim through this bright little volume when the bell rang. I crawled off the sofa and opened the door. A thinnish kind of darkish sort of respectful Johnnie stood without.

"I was sent by the agency, sir," he said. "I was given to understand that you required a valet."

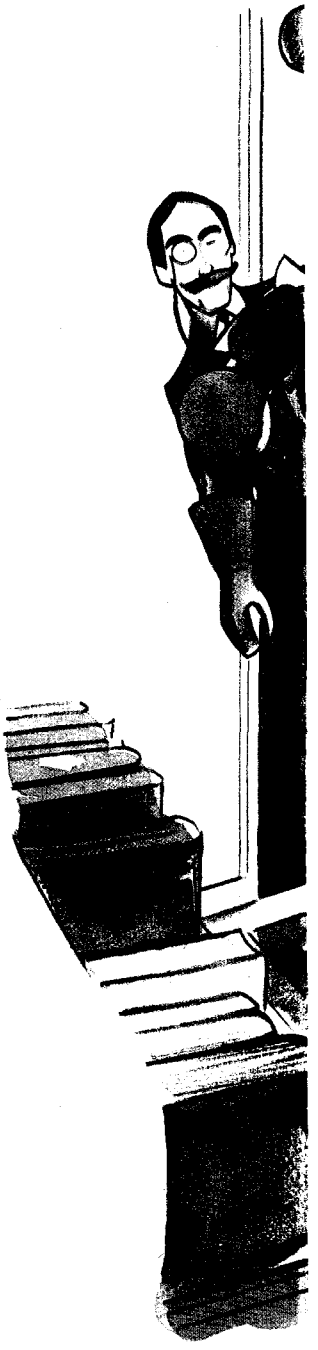
I'd have preferred an undertaker; but I told him to stagger in, and he floated noiselessly through the doorway like a healing zephyr. That impressed me from the start. Meadowes had had flat feet and used to clump. This fellow didn't seem to have any feet at all. He just streamed in. He had a grave, sympathetic face as if he, too, knew what it was to sup with the lads; and there was a look in his eyes, as we stood there giving each other the mutual north-to-south, that seemed to say: "Courage, Cuthbert! Chump though you be, have no fear; for I will look after you!"

"Excuse me, sir," he said gently.

Then he seemed to flicker and wasn't there any longer. I heard him moving about in the kitchen, and presently he came back with a glass in his hand.

"If you would drink this, sir," he said with a kind of bedside manner, rather like the royal doctor shooting the bracer into the sick prince. "It is a little preparation of my own invention. It is the dark meat-sauce that gives it its color. The raw egg makes it nutritious. The red pepper gives it its bite. Gentlemen have told me they have found it extremely invigorating after a late evening."

I would have clutched at anything that looked like a life line that morning. I swallowed the stuff. For a moment I felt as if somebody had touched off a



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bomb inside the old bean and was strolling down my throat with a lighted torch, and then everything suddenly seemed to get all right. The sun shone in through the window; birds twittered in the treetops; and, generally speaking, hope dawned once more.

"You're engaged!" I said as soon as I could say anything.

I perceived clearly that this lad was one of the World's Workers, the sort of chap no home should be without.

"Thank you, sir. My name is Jeeves."

"You can start in at once?"

"Immediately, sir."

"Because I'm due down at Easeby in Shropshire the day after tomorrow."

"Very good, sir."

It wasn't till four that he toddled out with the parcel and put it on the table. I was hiding behind a suit of armor.

"Are you good at evening ties, Jeeves?"

"My evening ties have generally given satisfaction."

"Because I'm rather particular about my evening ties just now."

"Very good, sir." He looked past me at the mantelpiece. "That is an excellent likeness of Lady Florence Craye, sir. It is two years since I saw her ladyship. I was at one time in Lord Worplesdon's employment. I tendered my resignation because I could not see eye to eye with his lordship in his desire to dine in dress trousers, a flannel shirt and a shooting coat."

He couldn't tell me anything I didn't know about the old boy's eccentricity. This Lord Worplesdon was Florence's father. He was the old buster who, a few years later, came down to breakfast one morning, lifted the first cover he saw, said, "Eggs! Eggs! Eggs! Damn all eggs!" in an overwrought sort of voice, and instantly legged it for France, never to return to the bosom of the family. This, mind you, being a bit of luck for the bosom of the family, for old Worplesdon had the worst temper in the Midland Counties.

I had known the family ever since I was a kid, and from boyhood up he had put the fear of death into me. Time, the great healer, could never remove from my memory the occasion when he found me—then a bright stripling of 15—smoking one of his big special cigars in the stables. He got after me with a hunting crop just at the moment when I was beginning to realize that what I wanted most on earth was solitude and repose, and chased me more than a mile across difficult country. If there was a flaw, so to speak, in the pure joy of being engaged to Florence, it was the fact that she rather took after her father, and one was never certain when she might erupt. She had a wonderful profile, though.

"Lady Florence and I are engaged, Jeeves," I said.

"Indeed, sir?"

You know, there was a kind of rummy something about his manner. Perfectly all right and all that, but not what you'd call chirpy. It somehow gave me the impression that he wasn't keen on Florence. Well, of course, it wasn't my business. I supposed that while he had been valeting Old Worplesdon she must have trodden on his toes in some way. Florence was a dear girl and, seen sideways, most awfully good-looking; but if she had a fault it was a tendency to be a bit imperious with the domestic staff. I've seen her reduce a butler to a spot of grease with about three words and a look. She was rather apt, I may mention, to work that look on me. It was one of those blasting gazes that makes you feel as if you hadn't shaved that morning.

At this point in the proceedings there was another ring at the front door. Jeeves shimmered out and came back with a telegram. I opened it. It ran:

"Return immediately! Extremely urgent! Catch first train."

Florence.

"Rum!" I said.

"Sir?"

"Oh, nothing!"

It shows how little I knew Jeeves in those days that I didn't go a bit deeper into the matter with him. Nowadays I would never dream of reading a rummy communication without asking him what he thought of it.

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And this one was devilish odd. What I mean is, Florence knew I was going back to Easeby the day after tomorrow, anyway; so why the hurry call? Something must have happened, of course; but I couldn't see what on earth it could be.

"Jeeves," I said, "we shall be going down to Easeby this afternoon. Can you make it?"

"Certainly, sir."

"You can get your packing done, and all that?"

"Without any difficulty, sir. Which suit will you wear for the journey?"

"This one."

I had on a rather sprightly young check that morning, to which I was a good deal attached; I fancied it, in fact, more than a little. It was perhaps rather sudden till you got used to it, but, nevertheless, an extremely sound effort, which many a chap at the club and elsewhere had admired unrestrainedly.

"Very good, sir."

Again there was that kind of rummy something in his manner. It was the way he said it, don't you know. He didn't like the suit. I pulled myself together to assert myself. You see, somehow or other I had one of those—what do you call them?—presentiments. Something seemed to tell me that, unless I was jolly careful and nipped this lad in the bud, he would be starting to boss me. He had the aspect of a distinctly resolute blighter.

Well, I wasn't going to have any of that sort of thing, by Jove! I'd seen so many cases of chaps who had become perfect slaves to their valets. I remember poor old Aubrey Fothergill telling me—with absolute tears in his eyes, poor chap!—one night at the club, that he had been compelled to give up a pair of brown shoes which he was convinced were extraordinarily hot stuff, simply because Meekyn, his man, disapproved of them. You have to keep these fellows in their place, don't you know. You have to work the good old iron-hand-in-the-velvet-glove wheeze. If you give them a what's-its-name, they take a thingummy.

"Don't you like this suit, Jeeves?" I said coldly.

"Oh, yes, sir!"

"Well, what don't you like about it?"

"It is a very nice suit, sir."

"Well, what's wrong with it? Out with it, dash it!"

"If I might make the suggestion, sir, a simple brown or blue, with a hint of some quiet twill——"

"What absolute rot!"

"Very good, sir."

"Perfectly blithering, my dear man!"

"As you say, sir."

I felt as if I had stepped on the place where the last stair ought to have been, but wasn't. I felt defiant, if you know what I mean, and there didn't seem anything to defy.

"All right, then," I said.

"Yes, sir."

And then he went away to collect his kit, while I started in again on *Types of Ethical Theory* and took a stab at a chapter headed "Idiopsychological Ethics."

Most of the way down in the train that afternoon I was wondering what could be up at the other end. I simply couldn't see what could have happened. Easeby, you see, wasn't one of those country houses you read about in the society novels, where young girls are lured on to play baccarat and then skinned to the bone of their jewelry, and so on. The house party I had left had consisted entirely of law-abiding chappies like myself.

Besides, my uncle wouldn't have let anything of that kind go on in his house. He was a rather stiff, precise sort of old boy, who liked a quiet life. He was just finishing a history of the family or something, which he had been working on for the last year, and didn't stir much from the library. He was rather a good instance of what they say about its being a good scheme for a chap to sow his wild oats. I'd been told that in his youth Uncle Willoughby had been a bit of a rounder. You would never have thought it to look at him now.

Well, as I say, I couldn't think what the trouble could be; so I opened *Types of Ethical Theory* and sank into the dreamless.

When I got to the house, Oakshott, the butler, told me that Florence was in her room, watching her maid pack. Apparently there was a dance on at a house about 20 miles away that night, and she was motoring over with some of the Easeby lot and would be away some nights. Oakshott said she had told him to tell her the moment I arrived; so I trickled into the smoking room and waited, and presently in she came. A glance showed me that she was perturbed, and even peeved. Her eyes had a goggly look and, altogether, she appeared considerably pipped.

"Darling!" I said, and attempted the good old embrace; but she side-stepped like a bantam weight.

"Don't!"

"What's the matter?"

"Everything's the matter! Bertie, you remember asking me, when you left, to make myself pleasant to your uncle?"

"Yes."

The idea being, of course, that as I was more or less dependent on Uncle Willoughby I couldn't very well marry without his approval. And, though I knew he wouldn't have any objection to Florence, having known her father since they were at Oxford together, I

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hadn't wanted to take any chances; so I had told her to make an effort to fascinate the old boy.

"You told me it would please him particularly if I asked him to read me some of his history of the family."

"Wasn't he pleased?"

"He was delighted. He finished writing the thing yesterday afternoon and read me nearly all of it last night. I have never had such a shock in my life! The book is an outrage. It is impossible. It is horrible!"

"But—dash it!—the family weren't so bad as all that."

"It is not a history of the family at all. Your uncle has written his reminiscences! He calls them *Recollections of a Long Life.*"

I began to understand. As I say, Uncle Willoughby had been somewhat on the tabasco side as a young man, and it began to look as if he might have turned out something pretty fruity as if he had started recollecting his long life.

"If half of what he has written is true," said Florence, "your uncle's youth must have been perfectly appalling! The moment he began to read he plunged straight into a most scandalous story of how he and my father were thrown out of a music hall in 1887!"

"Why?"

"I decline to tell you why!"

It must have been something pretty bad. It took a lot to make them chuck people out of music halls in 1887.

"Your uncle specifically states that father had drunk a quart and a half of champagne before beginning the evening," she went on. "The book is full of stories like that. There is a dreadful one about Lord Emsworth."

"Lord Emsworth! Not the one we know? Not the one at Blandings?" A most respectful old Johnnie, don't you know. Doesn't do a thing nowadays but dig in the garden with a spud.

"The very same! That is what makes the book so unspeakable. It is full of stories about people one knows who are the essence of propriety today, but who seem to have behaved, when they were in London in the '80s, in a manner that would not have been tolerated in the fo'castle of a whaler! Your uncle seems to remember everything disgraceful that happened to anybody when he was in his early 20s. There is a story about Sir Stanley Gervase-Gervase, at Rosherville Gardens, which is ghastly in its perfection of detail. It seems that Sir Stanley—but I can't tell you!"

"Have a dash!"

"No!"

"Oh, well; I shouldn't worry. No publisher will print the book if it's so bad as all that."

"On the contrary, your uncle told me that all negotiations are settled with Riggs & Ballinger, and he's sending off the manuscript tomorrow for immediate publication. They make a special thing of that sort of book. They published Lady Carnaby's *Memories of Eighty Interesting Years.*"

"I read 'em!"

"Well, then, when I tell you that Lady Carnaby's *Memories* are simply not to be compared with your uncle's *Recollections*, you will understand my state of mind. And father appears in nearly every story in the book! I am horrified at the things he did when he was a young man!"

"What's to be done?"

"The manuscript must be intercepted before it reaches Riggs & Ballinger, and destroyed!"

I sat up.

This sounded rather sporting.

"How are you going to do it?" I inquired.

"How can I do it? Didn't I tell you the parcel goes off tomorrow? I am going to the Murgatroyds' dance tonight and shall not be back till Monday. You must do it! That is why I telegraphed to you."

"What!"

She gave me the look.

"Do you mean to say you refuse to help me, Bertie?"

"No; but——I say!"

"It's quite simple."

"But even if I——What I mean is——Of course anything I can do——but——if you know what I mean——"

"You say you want to marry me, Bertie?"

"Yes, of course; but still——"

For a moment she looked exactly like her old father.

"What's to be done?"
"The manuscript must be intercepted before it reaches Riggs & Ballinger, and destroyed!"

"I will never marry you if those *Recollections* are published."

"But, Florence, old thing!"

"I mean it!"

"Be reasonable, dear heart!"

"You may look on it as a test, Bertie. If you have the resource and courage to carry this thing through, I will take it as evidence that you are not the vapid and shiftless person most people think you. If you fail I shall know that your Aunt Agatha was right when she called you a spineless invertebrate and advised me strongly not to marry you. It will be perfectly simple for you to intercept the manuscript, Bertie. It requires only a little resolution."

"But suppose Uncle Willoughby catches me at it? He'd cut me off with a bob!"

"If you care more for your uncle's money than for me——"

"No, no! Rather not!"

"Very well, then. The parcel containing the manuscript will, of course, be placed on the hall table tomorrow for Oakshott to take to the village with the letters. All you have to do is to take it away and destroy it. Then your uncle will think it has been lost in the post."

It sounded thin to me.

"Hasn't he got a copy of it?"

"No; it has not been typed. He is sending the manuscript just as he wrote it."

"But he could write it over again."

"As if he would have the energy!"

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"But——"

"If you are going to do nothing but make absurd objections, Bertie——"

"I was only pointing things out, don't you know."

"Well, don't! Once and for all, will you do me this quite simple act of kindness?"

The way she put it gave me an idea.

"Why not get Edwin to do it? Keep it in the family, kind of, don't you know! Besides, it would be a boon to the kid."

A jolly bright idea it seemed to me. Edwin was her young brother, who was spending his holidays at Easeby. He was a ferret-faced kid, whom I had disliked since birth. As a matter of fact, talking of recollections and memories, it was young blighted Edwin who, nine years before, had led his father to where I was smoking his cigar and caused all the unpleasantness. He was 14 now and had just joined the Boy Scouts. He was one of those thorough kids and took his responsibilities pretty seriously. He was always in a sort of fever because he was dropping behind schedule with his daily acts of kindness. However hard he tried, he'd fall behind; and then you would find him prowling about the house, setting such a clip to try to catch up with himself that Easeby was rapidly becoming a perfect hell for man and beast.

The idea didn't seem to strike Florence.

"I shall do nothing of the kind, Bertie! I wonder you can't appreciate the compliment I am paying you—trusting you like this."

"Oh, I see that all right; but what I mean is, Edwin would do it so much better than I would. Those boy scouts are up to all sorts of dodges. They spoor, don't you know, and take cover and creep about and what not."

"Bertie, will you or will you not do this perfectly trivial thing for me? If not, say so now and let us end this farce of pretending that you care a snap of the fingers for me."

"Dear old soul, I love you devotedly!"

"Then, will you or will you not——"

"Oh, all right!" I said. "All right! All right! All right!"

And then I tottered forth to think it over. I met Jeeves in the passage just outside.

"I beg your pardon, sir. I was endeavoring to find you."

"What's the matter?"

"I felt that I should tell you, sir, that somebody has been putting black polish on our brown walking shoes."

"What! Who? Why?"

"I could not say, sir."

"Can anything be done with them?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Damn!"

"Very good, sir."

I've often wondered since then how these murderer fellows manage to keep in shape while they're contemplating their next effort. I had a much simpler sort of job on hand, and the thought of it rattled me to such an extent in the night watches that I was a perfect wreck next day. Dark circles under the eyes—I give you my word! I had to call on Jeeves to rally round with one of those lifesavers of his.

From breakfast on I felt like a bag snatcher at a railroad station. I had to hang about, waiting for the parcel to be put on the hall table, and it wasn't put. Uncle Willoughby was a fixture in the library, adding the finishing touches to the great work, I supposed; and the more I thought the thing over, the less I liked it. The chances against my pulling it off seemed about three to two, and the thought of what would happen if I didn't gave me cold shivers down the spine. Uncle Willoughby was a pretty mild sort of old boy, as a rule, but I've known him to cut up rough; and, by Jove! he was scheduled to extend himself if he caught me trying to get away with his life work.

It wasn't till nearly four that he toddled out of the library with the parcel under his arm, put it on the table and toddled off again. I was hiding a bit to the southeast at the moment, behind a suit of armor. I bounded out and legged it for the table. Then I nipped upstairs to hide the swag. I charged in like a mustang of the prairie and nearly stubbed my toe on young blighted Edwin, the boy scout. He was standing at the chest of drawers, confound him! messing about with my ties.

"Hello!" he said.

"What are you doing here?"

"I'm tidying your room. It's my last Saturday's act of kindness."

"Last Saturday's!"

"I'm five days behind. I was six till last night, but I polished your shoes!"

"Was it you——"

"Yes. Did you see them? I just happened to think of it. I was in here, looking round. Mr. Berkeley had this room while you were away. He left this morning. I thought perhaps he might have left something in it that I could have sent on. I've often done acts of kindness that way."

"You must be a comfort to one and all!"

It became more and more apparent to me that this infernal kid must somehow be turned out eftsoons or right speedily. I had hidden the parcel behind my back and I didn't think he had seen it; but I wanted to get at that chest of drawers quick, before anyone else came along.

"I shouldn't bother about tidying the room," I said.

"I like tidying it. It's not a bit of trouble—really!"

"But it's quite tidy now."

"Not so tidy as I shall make it."

This was getting perfectly rotten! I didn't want to murder the kid, and yet there didn't seem any other way of shifting him. I pressed down the mental accelerator. The old bean throbbed fiercely. I got an idea.

"There's something much kinder than that which you could do," I said. "You

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see that box of cigars? Take it down to the smoking room and snip off the ends for me. That would save me no end of trouble. Stagger along, laddie!"

He seemed a bit doubtful; but he staggered. I shoved the parcel into a drawer, locked it, trousered the key and felt better. I might be a chump, but—dash it!—I could outgeneral a mere kid with a face like a ferret! I went downstairs again. Just as I was passing the smoking-room door, out curvetted Edwin. It seemed to me that if he wanted to do a real act of kindness he would commit suicide.

"I'm snipping them," he said.

"Snip on! Snip on!"

"Do you like them snipped much, or only a bit?"

"Medium."

"All right. I'll be getting on, then."

"I should."

And we parted.

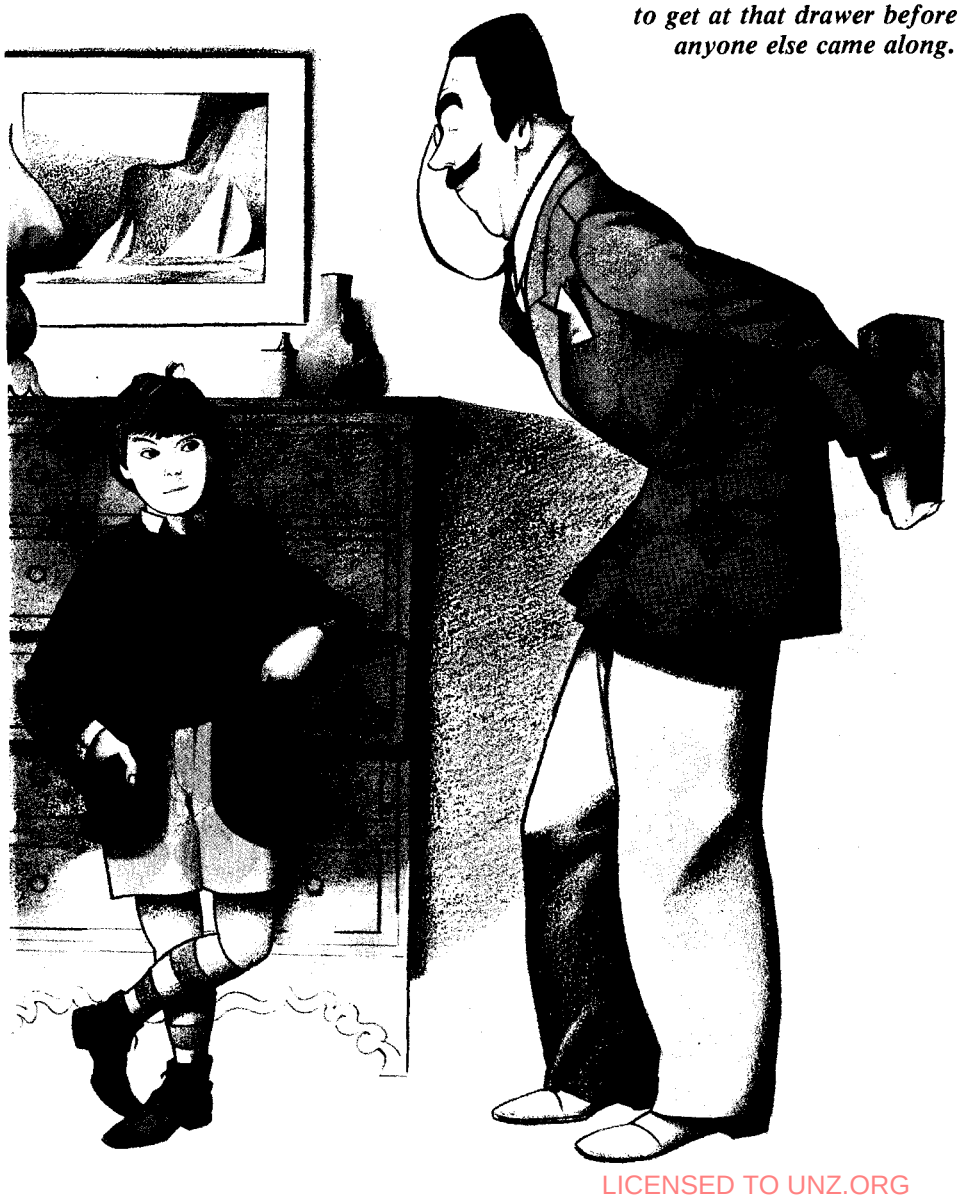
Fellows who know all about that sort of thing—detectives, and so on—will tell you that the most difficult thing in the world is to get rid of the body. I remember, as a kid, having to learn by heart a poem about a chap by the name of Eugene Aram, who had the deuce of a job in this respect. All I can recall of the actual poetry is the bit that goes:

Tum-tum, tum-tum, tum-
tumty-tum!
I slew him, tum-tum-tum!

But I recollect that the poor blighter spent much of his valuable time dumping the corpse into ponds and burying it, and what not, only to have it pop out at him again. It was about an hour after I had shoved the parcel into the drawer when I realized that I had let myself in for just the same sort of thing.

Florence had talked in an airy sort of way about destroying the manuscript; but, when one came down to it, how the deuce can a chap destroy a great chunky mass of paper in somebody else's house in the middle of summer? I couldn't ask to have a fire in my bedroom, with the thermometer in the 80s. And if I didn't burn the thing, how else could I get rid of it? Fellows on the battlefield eat dispatches to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy, but it would have taken me a year to eat Uncle Willoughby's *Recollections*, besides ruining my digestion completely.

I had hidden the parcel behind my back. I didn't think he had seen it, but I wanted to get at that drawer before anyone else came along.



I'm bound to say the problem absolutely baffled me. The only thing seemed to be to leave the parcel in the drawer and hope for the best.

I don't know whether you have ever experienced it, but it's a dashed unpleasant thing having a crime on one's conscience. Toward the end of the day the mere sight of the drawer began to depress me. I found myself getting all on edge; and once, when Uncle Willoughby trickled silently into the smoking room when I was alone there and spoke to me before I knew he was there, I broke the record for the sitting high jump.

I was wondering all the time when Uncle Willoughby would sit up and take notice. I didn't think he would have time to suspect anything had gone wrong till Saturday morning, when he would be expecting, of course, to get the acknowledgment of the manuscript from the publishers.

But early on Friday evening he came out of the library as I was passing and asked me to stop in. He was looking considerably narked.

"Bertie," he said—he always spoke in a precise sort of pompous kind of way—"an extremely disturbing thing has happened."

Read the conclusion of "Jeeves Takes Charge" in the July/August issue.

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MAKING YOUR PICTURES CLICK

Want to graduate from the "point and hope" school of photography? Put aside the automatic that does everything for you but smile, and pick up a 35mm. You'll catch on in a flash.

by Forest Belt

Early in the life of every amateur photographer there comes a time when he or she proudly graduates from snapshot photography to more complicated work with a 35mm. That's when the shock sets in: There are enough control knobs on the average 35mm to send a novice scurrying back to "Ready, aim, shoot"—and the finished photo pops out the bottom of the camera. But the key word here is *control.* To do any creative photography, you must learn to exercise creative control over the key elements that affect the finished product. Professional skill is not required, but you need to acquaint yourself with the knobs and the dials and the techniques that go with them.

ASA

Besides labeling a knob on your camera, the letters ASA refer to a film's sensitivity to light. Among the vast array of black-and-white and color film for 35mm cameras, you find a variety of film sensitivities.

The film's ASA number appears on the box, on an information sheet packed inside and on the film cassette itself. Typical ASA numbers are 25, 64, 100, 200 and 400. The higher the number, the more sensitive the film; that is, the less light is needed to bring about a "good" exposure.

But don't worry much about the technicalities of ASA. Mainly, there are only two occasions the ASA numbers will concern you.

The first comes when you buy film. Consider the light in which you expect to shoot it. ASA 25 and ASA 64 are for bright, sunny outdoor situations. ASA 100 and ASA 200 suit gloomy, dark days (although pictures taken under overcast skies are seldom very colorful).

ASA 200 and ASA 400 can be useful indoors, where light may be relatively dim. *However:* Most color films are balanced for outdoor light; under incandescent lighting, "daylight" film produces red-orange photos. Indoors, let only light from a window or doorway fall on the subject. Or put a blue correcting filter on the lens. Or use electronic flash as the only lighting source for whatever you're photographing. Or use blue flash bulbs. Any of these tricks will help you avoid red-orange miscoloring.

Secondly: When you insert a

Photography is a snap when the subject is still. But you can preserve those fleeting moments by exercising a little shutter control and learning to pan—it's simple once you get the hang of it. The next time your child whizzes by on his bike or skates, follow him with your camera as you would with your eyes. At the moment exhilaration bursts full upon his face, snap the shutter release and capture a memory.

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fresh roll of film, you must turn the ASA knob on the camera to the same ASA number as the number on the film. This programs the exposure-metering system in the camera (if your camera has one), whether it is automatic or manual, for the film sensitivity. If you leave the ASA setting wrong, you can expect over- or under-exposed photographs.

Focusing for Sharpness

On 35mm cameras, a *focus ring* forms part of the lens barrel or housing. Generally, it is the ring nearest the front, the one marked in feet or in meters. It also usually has a rough surface so that you can find it easily with your fingers while looking through the viewfinder. The markings represent distance from the camera to the *point of critical focus* (usually the main subject).

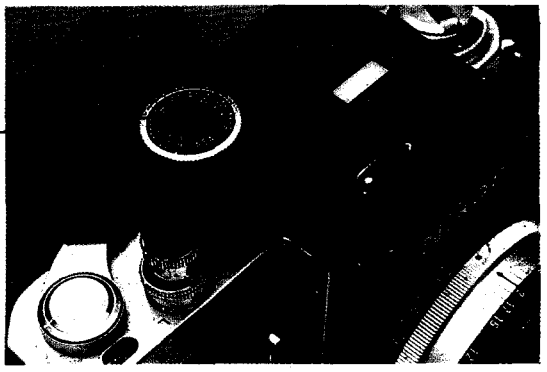
Single-lens reflex (SLR) cameras let you view right through the lens. You see what the lens itself is "seeing." This allows you to inspect focus directly.

Turn the focus ring until the main object in your photograph is as sharp as possible. With practice, your eye learns to distinguish between the fuzziness that signifies "out of focus" and the sharp edges that are characteristic of "in focus."

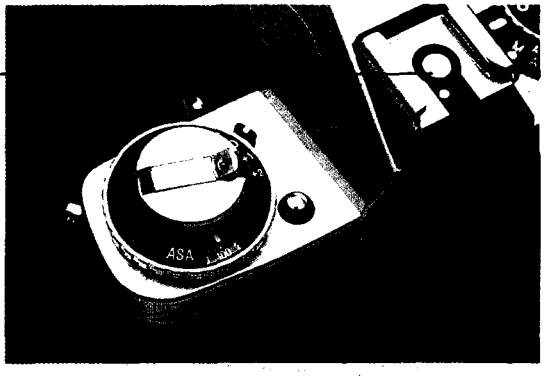
To help set sharp focus precisely, you will find a split-image focus circle in the viewfinder of many SLR cameras. Aim the camera to place the circle along one edge of the subject image. Then twist the focus ring until the two halves of the image blend into one continuous image. This aligns the lens optics for critical focus at exactly the distance from camera to subject. If you or the subject change position, you must refocus.

Some 35mm cameras have another kind of focus-finder, called a *microprism*. It "breaks up" the subject image when the focus ring is set wrong. The bits of image blend together smoothly when the subject is in focus.

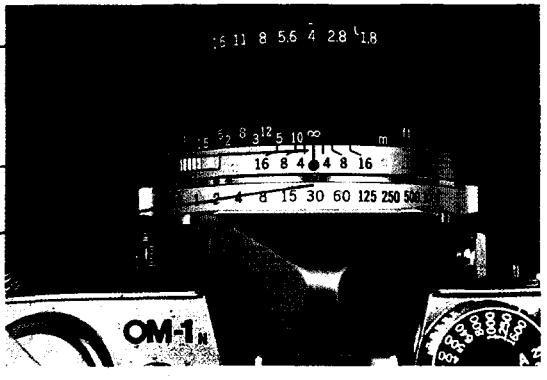
A different style of 35mm camera is called a range-finder (RF). Its



It is important to know that when focusing on a subject, the depth of field —the zone in acceptably sharp focus in front and in back of the subject— varies enormously depending on the size of the aperture, the subject's distance from the camera and the focal length of the lens. A limited depth of field results in a blurry background and foreground, whereas a greater depth of field results in overall sharpness.



To synchronize an electronic flash unit with the shutter, most cameras have two places for connecting flashes: a hot-shoe outlet for mounting a flash directly on top of the prism and another outlet for a cord on the front of the camera. By fitting the flash unit into the shoe, you establish the electrical connection between flash and camera. With the cord connection, you can use a remote flash for either direct or reflected illumination.



To avoid overexposure and underexposure, it is important to understand shutter speed and aperture. The aperture controls the size of the opening in the lens that admits light; shutter speed determines the length of time that the shutter will stay open to let light pass through. On shutter-priority automatic cameras, the camera adjusts the aperture; on aperture-priority automatics, the opposite is true—it's the shutter speed you can forget.

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viewing window does not show the scene through the main lens as does an SLR camera. Nonetheless, a split-image arrangement in the viewfinder does let you determine precisely the focus distance (range) from camera to subject.

Study the effects of focusing. Point your camera at an object 5 feet away and turn the focus ring for a sharp, solid image. Then aim at something 30 feet away. The focus image alters until you reset the focus ring for the new distance.

Depth of Field

The next step in making a creative shot is understanding depth of field. It's something that can make the difference between so-so pictures and those that create a "mood." Those soft, romantic pictures with the background blurred and only the faces or profiles in focus are brought about by manipulating the depth of field. It's not as complicated as it sounds.

You probably know what's meant by "field of vision." Looking through a binocular or telescope (or an SLR camera), you are confined to a certain *width* and *height* of view. All else is visually blocked. What you see comprises your field of vision through those particular optics.

The *depth* of your field of vision, from near you to far away, through the same optics, is also limited. Objects very close to the lens show up as out of focus. So do objects beyond a certain distance. Between those two range limits, however, objects remain acceptably sharp. These in-focus objects are said to be *within* the depth of field for that lens. You might find it easier to think of depth of field as being the "depth of acceptable sharpness."

You can change the depth of field achieved by a particular lens. Depth of field varies with *aperture* —an opening inside the lens through which light (the scene) passes. You control the size of the aperture by turning the *f/stop ring* on the lens barrel. This collar is marked with numbers like 1.4, 2.8, 4, 5.6, 11 and so on.

F/stop numbers do not relate to depth of field directly, but conversely. As you turn the f/stop ring to higher numbers, you *decrease* the lens aperture (or make the opening smaller). But at the same time, depth of field *increases*.

For example, depth of field at an f/11 setting is greater than at f/4, but the aperture is smaller. The absolutely deepest field of sharp focus in any lens occurs at its smallest aperture—which is the highest number on the f/stop ring.

There is a handicap when working with the aperture ring: Changes you make in depth of field can be seen only in the finished picture with most cameras. However, several 35mm cameras incorporate a *depth-of-field preview* button or lever. Depress it while looking through the viewfinder and you can watch the sharpness improve as you manipulate the aperture.

Previewing closes down the aperture to whatever setting you have chosen on the f/stop ring. Since smaller apertures let through less light, the viewfinder image darkens. Sometimes, in poor light, you can barely detect the depth-of-field changes.

Something else affects depth of field. Remember "point of critical focus?" Well, the farther away critical focus is from your camera, the deeper becomes the field of acceptable focus. Two extremes illustrate this phenomenon.

With the normal lens, focus your camera on an object about 5 feet away. Without altering focus, look through the lens at objects 6, 20 and 30 feet away. (This will not work with range-finder cameras.) The object 6 feet away is in focus, but those at 20 and 30 feet likely are not. Depth of field is very shallow when critical focus is that near the camera.

Next, refocus on the object 20 feet away. The 6-foot object goes fuzzy, but the other two become acceptably focused. What's more, objects *beyond* 30 feet appear in focus. Depth of field has increased, just because you shifted the point of critical focus outward.

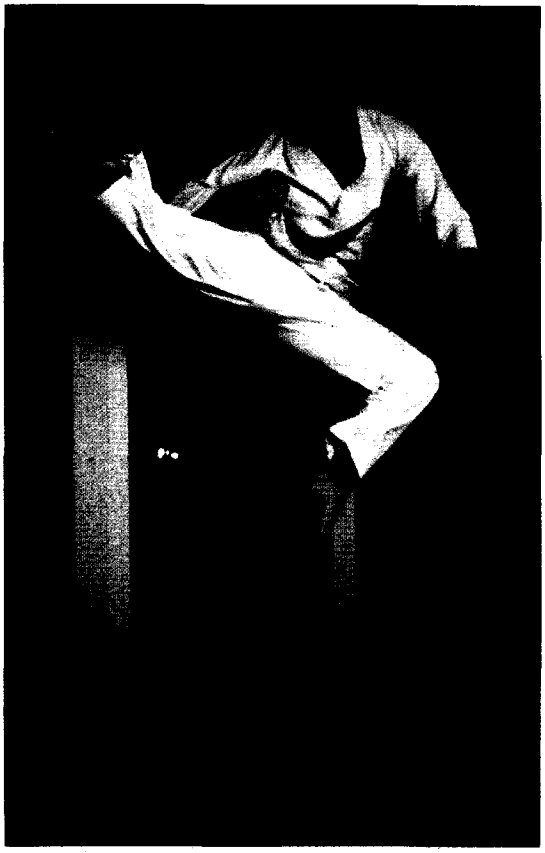
Conversely, depth of field shrinks as critical focus is moved nearer the camera. Close-up work demands a very small aperture setting, f/22 or better, to achieve all the depth of field possible. At best, however, depth of field is limited severely inches from the camera.

You can also arrange *selective focus*. You adjust critical focus for a desired subject, and then open the aperture wide. The resulting shallow depth of field throws everything but the subject far out of focus. Attention thus concentrates on the subject.

Coping with Motion

Photographs of activity generate more interest than do static, immobile shots. Where you set the shutter dial of your camera determines how activity appears in your picture.

The shutter dial is marked in an approximate times-2 progression:



One of the greatest challenges in photography is to freeze a dynamic movement, such as this karate kick. With the fast shutter speeds on today's 35mm cameras (a 1/1000 setting will produce a sharp image), stopping action is not a problem—the trick is in the timing and preparation.

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1, 2, 4, 8, 15, 30, 60, 125, 250, 500, 1000 and sometimes 2000. Actually, these numerals stand for fractions. They indicate how long, in fractions of a second, the shutter remains open—1 means one second, 2 is half a second, 4 is one-fourth of a second, and so on.

When you press the shutter release, the shutter opens. The lens optics focus the scene on the film for the length of time indicated by the knob. Then the shutter closes. This is known as *exposure time.*

Suppose you want to "freeze" action in your photograph. The shutter must stay open only an instant. Imagine a baseball tossed between two players. Photographed at 1/500 second, the ball would look as if it were hanging in midair. The distance it moves through the air in the 1/500-second exposure is virtually unnoticeable.

But suppose you want to *show* motion of the ball. Change to a 1/30 or 1/60 shutter time. The tossed ball has time to move *visibly* while the shutter is open. It appears in the photo as a blur.

Think about a race car breezing past your camera at 150 mph. Shoot it at 1/1000 second, and the picture ends up looking as if the car

Continued on page 128

A photograph conveys mood, from startling the eye to tugging the heartstrings. To take effective mood pictures, train your eyes to see the world as the camera does: identifying the basic elements that make up a photographic image—shapes, lines, patterns, textures—and analyzing how each affects perception of a picture.

In a sense, every photograph is a time exposure. By slowing your shutter speed to 1/8 second, however, to record a moving subject, the result can be striking. A speeding car will appear on film only as the bright traces of its headlights; a majorette will be produced in multiple images. When planning a time exposure, try to balance still and moving elements, paying special attention to the patterns that will be created by light-colored moving subjects. By firing an electronic flash during the exposure, your subject will be sharp and well-exposed in one spot and soft and streaked in others. A tripod and cable release are essential.

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A FOOL AND HIS MONEY CARD

There's nothing like a first-time tête-à-tête with a computerized bank machine for drawing interest.

by Maynard Good Stoddard

Illustrated by Marcus Hamilton

I looked forward to our bank's installation of its MoniBudger machine with all the enthusiasm of a kitchen aide at a nudist colony approaching the frozen food locker.

I'm never comfortable in a bank as it is. To cash a check, I have to find a point of interest on the ceiling—otherwise I give the impression of having filched it from a blind widow's mailbox. And I'm always leaving my change in the coin dispenser. When the teller calls across the lobby, "Mister Stoddard, you've left your change in the coin dispenser again!", rather than make that long walk back, I wave my hand to indicate it's a tip. I estimate the money I have tipped the tellers would buy a hind quarter of beef—at today's prices.

The bank *did* have the courtesy to send out warning literature in advance. The MoniBudger machine would be activated only by a personal bank card and my very own secret Memory Code. By punching a series of buttons and answering its questions, this R2D2U2 contraption would then cough up cash, switch money from savings to checking (or vice versa, presumably, should checking ever attain a permissible status), pay bills and I don't know what all. Nor did I care. I had already decided it wasn't for me.

Fortunately, it was I who brought in the mail the day our MoniBudger cards arrived. One for me, one for spouse, as the bank chose to label my wife. Even more fortunately, I managed to cut up spouse's before spouse saw it, burying the pieces in the backyard. Having a knack for understanding such apparatuses, I shuddered to

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think what spouse and it between them might do to our already borderline financial condition.

My own card I retained for one reason only. In basic black with raised gold lettering, it *was* impressive. And as you might have surmised by now, when it comes to making an impression, I need all the help I can get. The bank people were also going to mail our secret Memory Code, which I hoped to intercept. I know I should have told them to save their postage, as I would be using the card only to impress people, but my natural curiosity wouldn't let me do it.

So the Memory Code arrived, along with these instructions:

1. Memorize your code number.
2. Keep your code in a safe place, separate from your MoniBudger card.
3. *Never* carry your code with your MoniBudger card.

All well and good for the person planning to use his card. But as I wasn't, I took but a cursory glance at the number before filing it away under "Secret Memory Codes Never Used."

Then it happened. My planet got caught coming out of the wrong house, or however it is astrologers phrase it, and I found myself in town for an investment club meeting without the extra 50 bucks to

Continued on page 84

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THE MORMONS: HEALTHY IN BODY AND SOUL

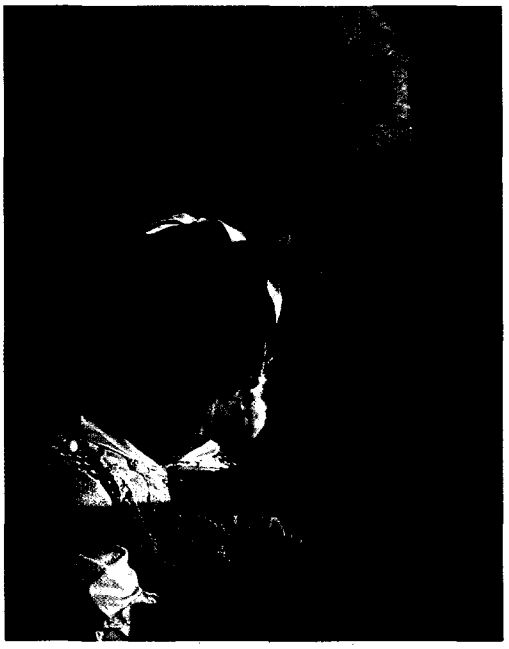
Why do the Mormons have a significantly lower cancer rate and fewer heart attacks and debilitating diseases than other Americans? Could it be that family stability, physical fitness, abstinence, hard work and self-reliance are not outmoded virtues after all?

by Chris Jones and Gary Benson

They don't drink, and they don't smoke. They give ten percent of their incomes to their church. With no paid ministry, they commit most of their spare time to church service. They believe in Jesus Christ, living prophets, life after death, life before birth and the scriptures. To parents, family life is a top priority, and marriage in one of the church's 17 temples is a primary goal.

They are a people apart and yet their church continues to attract converts at the rate of one every three minutes despite growing apathy toward organized religion throughout the world.

Who are they? Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, known more commonly as the "Mormons." And as their ranks approach the 5 million mark, adherents to this unique religion are observing the 150th anniversary of their church.



Time together as a family is an important part of the Mormon life, with their beliefs that true religion's first sphere of activity is the home and that no other success can compensate for family failure.

The April anniversary will close a pair of decades in which the Mormons, once cloaked in myth and regarded with suspicion, have earned a position of prominence on the American religious scene. Their church has been widely recognized as one of the fastest-growing and most energetic religious groups in the world.

Widespread missionary efforts, an array of uniquely effective church programs and determined defense of the traditional family unit have all increased Mormon visibility during recent years. But many owe their acquaintance with Mormonism and its doctrines to the example of prominent church members who have captured the public eye.

When Chinese Deputy Premier Teng Hsiao-Ping made his celebrated visit to the United States last year, he told his hosts that there were two American attractions he felt he must see. First, he said, he hoped to visit Disneyland. The second request? To meet Donny and Marie Osmond and hear them sing. Later, as the pair of bright-eyed entertainers did a live number for Teng, the deputy premier was visibly moved.

The Chinese leader, like countless other Osmond fans worldwide, was won over not only by the duo's vocal talent but also by their uniquely wholesome image, a characteristic the Osmonds attribute to the influence of the Mormon church on their lives. Donny discusses his feelings candidly. "Perhaps one of the principles of the church that makes us a little different from our peers in the entertainment world is the fact that we believe in a living prophet of God and modern revelation. It's the wisdom and teachings of our prophet Spencer W. Kimball mixed with the fundamental principles of our beliefs that bring about the family solidarity we enjoy."

The Mormon church began with only six members in 1830 under the leadership of Joseph Smith, the first Mormon prophet, who solemnly confessed to his family that Jesus Christ and God, the Father, had appeared to him in answer to a prayer when he was 14 years old. Later, heavenly messengers restored the authority, he said, to reorganize the original church of Jesus Christ which they said had been taken from the earth with the martyrdom of the original 12 apostles. Mormons teach that an additional heavenly messenger, who had lived as a prophet on the ancient American continent, revealed to Smith the hiding place of a sacred record engraved on metal plates. Through the power of God, they say, Smith translated the plates from an ancient language to English and published a religious history of the American continent. It was called the "Book of Mormon," after one of the prophets who wrote it. The book is accepted by church members as scripture,

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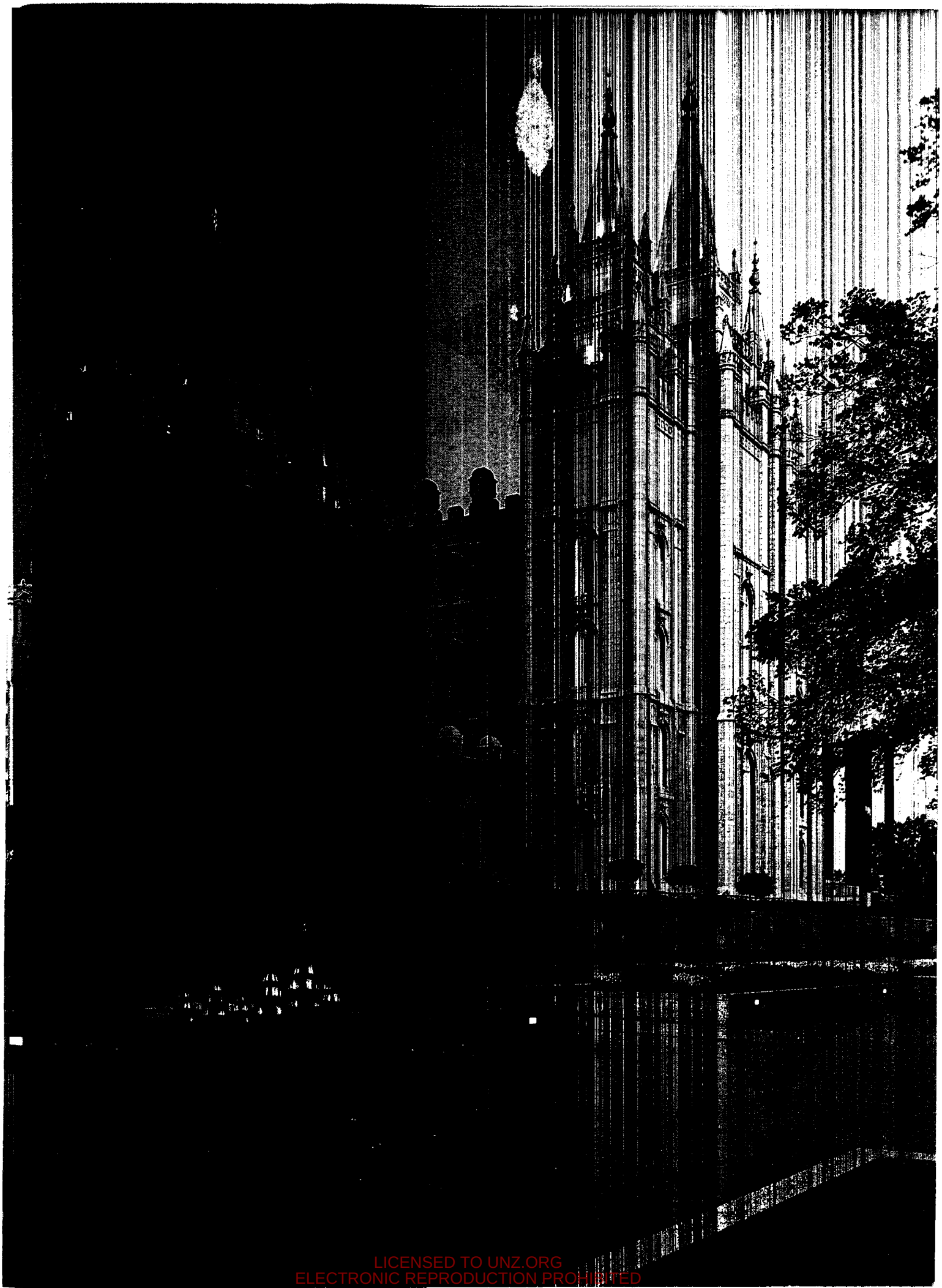

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along with the Bible, and accounts for the popular designation of "Mormon."

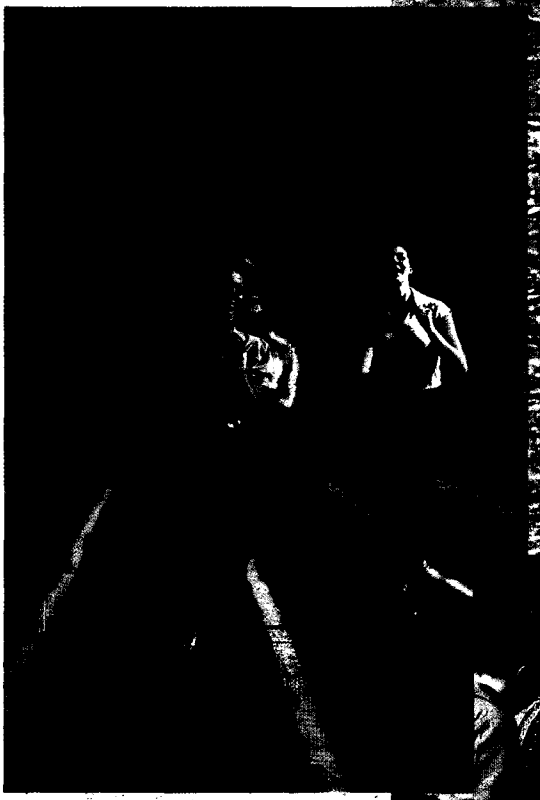
Whether the teachings come from their Book of Mormon or through a living prophet, members of this church have a lot to say about the value of families. The Osmonds and most other Mormons will readily quote one particular teaching from a modern prophet that is indicative of the high priority the church places on family living. "No success," said the late church president David O. McKay, "can compensate for failure in the home."

Harmon Killebrew, the Minnesota Twins baseball great and another well-known Mormon, subscribes to that philosophy. "The responsibility of parenthood is awesome," he explains. "There is nothing more challenging and rewarding than helping a youngster mold his life into that of a mature adult. After all, my baseball career is behind me, but I'll always be the father of my children. And if I fail with my family, nothing else matters."

The Osmonds and Killebrews alike join thousands of other church members each week in holding what Mormons call "Family Home Evenings." These are weekly evenings of devotion to family togetherness, studying religious principles, discussing family needs or perhaps going out for a round of ice cream cones together. More than 900,000 copies of a helpful lesson manual are printed each year as a resource guide to parents, providing simple lesson outlines designed to help families learn more about ways to foster love and harmony in the home environment.

"Of course, we're not so presumptuous as to think Mormons are the only people who have warm, happy teaching moments together," explains Mormon church spokesman Jerry Cahill. "But unless families make a conscientious effort to plan for weekly time together, uninterrupted by work, school and other pursuits, the average family has a hard time experiencing those special moments." Cahill says the effectiveness of the program lies not only in the content of the home evening but also in its consistency. "In a fast-paced world in which family relationships are undermined by hectic schedules and nights are monopolized by the television set, a weekly time together gives parents and children the chance to build relationships that strengthen family ties."

Sea gulls at Great Salt Lake look to the land their ancestors miraculously saved from a plague of swarming locusts which once threatened the Mormons' life-sustaining crops.



Mormons are taught that the first principle of the gospel is faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. By making Him the center of their lives and their religion, every activity becomes a dedicated effort—even athletic competition.

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The Mormons take care of their own. With their emphasis on the time-honored attributes of independence, church programs for personal and family preparedness help people in need support themselves.

Each family is encouraged by the church to develop a balanced life style built on a foundation of self-sufficient living through the "Family Preparedness Program," which includes home production and storage of food. The same program emphasizes physical development and fitness, literacy and education, career development, financial and resource management and social-emotional growth along with the traditional spiritual development.

Throughout its history, leaders of the church have emphasized the importance of hard work and self-reliance, principles that another famous Mormon says are responsible for the success of his business endeavors. Hotel magnate J. Williard Marriott, who herded sheep as a boy and now directs a business empire of hotels, restaurants and catering services, describes the Mormon philosophy. "Members are expected to be self-reliant," he explains. "If, for some reason, they cannot take care of their own needs, they should turn to their families. The church organization is the third line of defense, you might say, through its Welfare Services Program."

Marriott says the purpose of the Mormon plan was outlined by another prominent Mormon prophet, Heber J. Grant, who said it was designed to "do away with the curse of idleness, abolish the evils of a dole and establish independence, industry, thrift and self-respect once more among the Mormon people.

"The aim of the church," he said, "is to help the people help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as the ruling principle of the lives of our church membership."

As a result of the church Welfare Services program, few members have a need to draw from government-supported public welfare, and the Mormons have gained a reputation for caring for their own. In 1979, some 111,000 people were assisted with cash or commodities through the program, and most received assignments on church welfare production projects or other church-related work details in return. A network of storehouses, strategically located where

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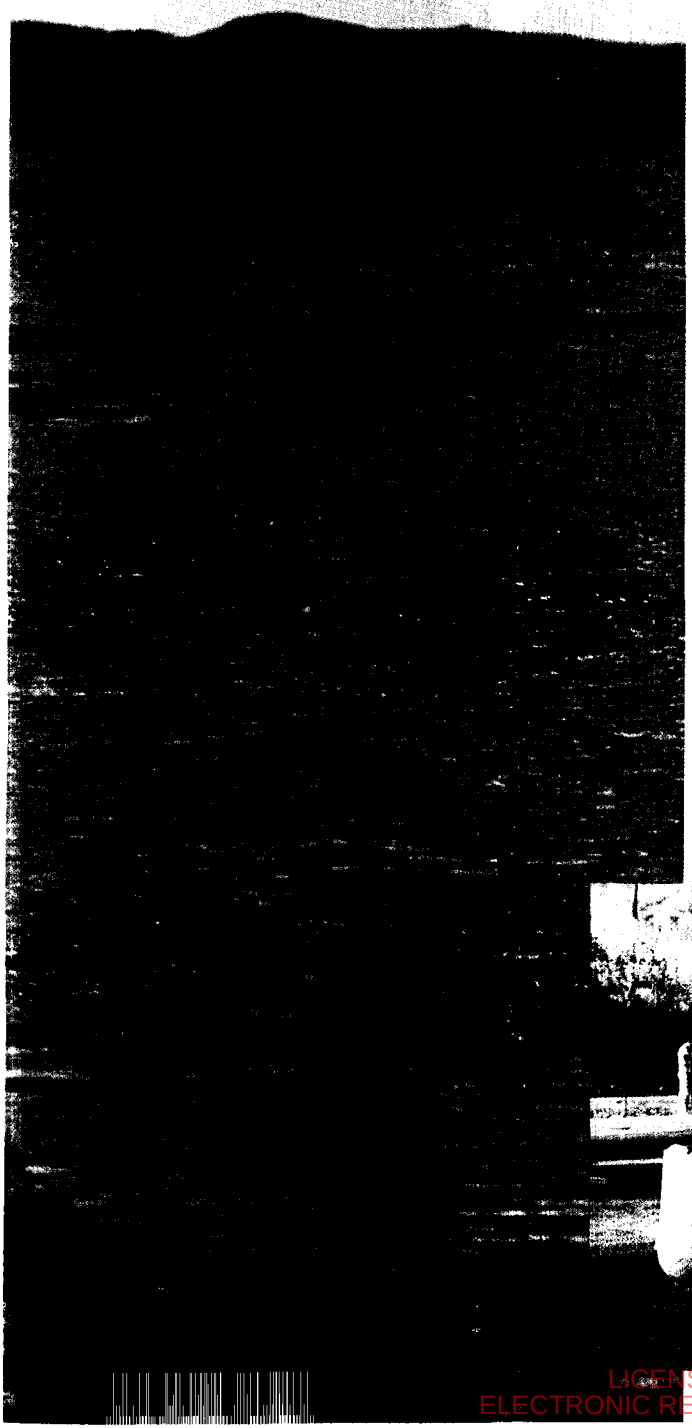

Genealogical research has assumed a major role in Mormonism. Today, for a nominal fee, the Mormon library supplies data requested from around the world.

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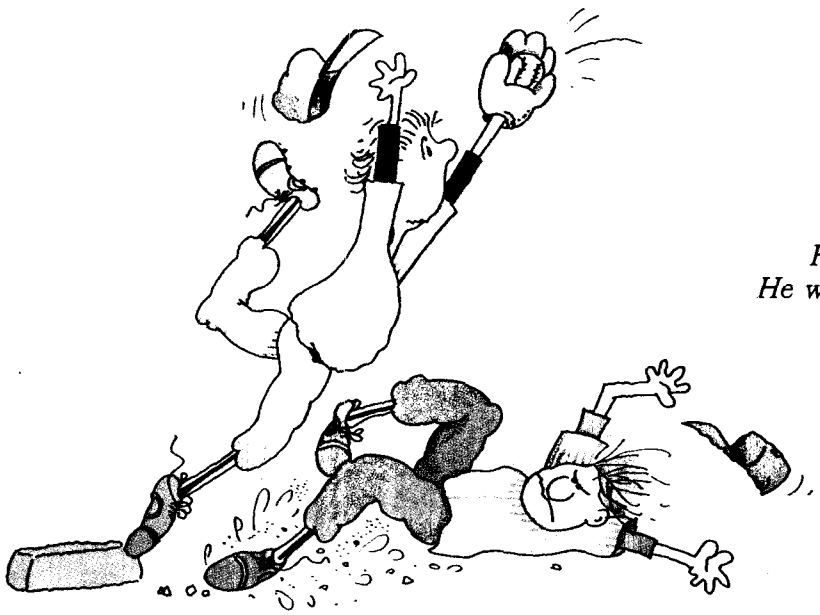


WILLIE

He was a loser until the day
He won the game with a triple play.

by Walt Kemp

Illustrated by Peter Brunke

Let me tell you 'bout a guy I knew,
a guy named Wilson Hill.
All through school, we called him "Willie"
(no one ever called him "Bill").
Willie's mother called him "Wilson"—or
her "precious little boy."
If he'd had two heads, he'd still have been
his mommy's pride and joy.

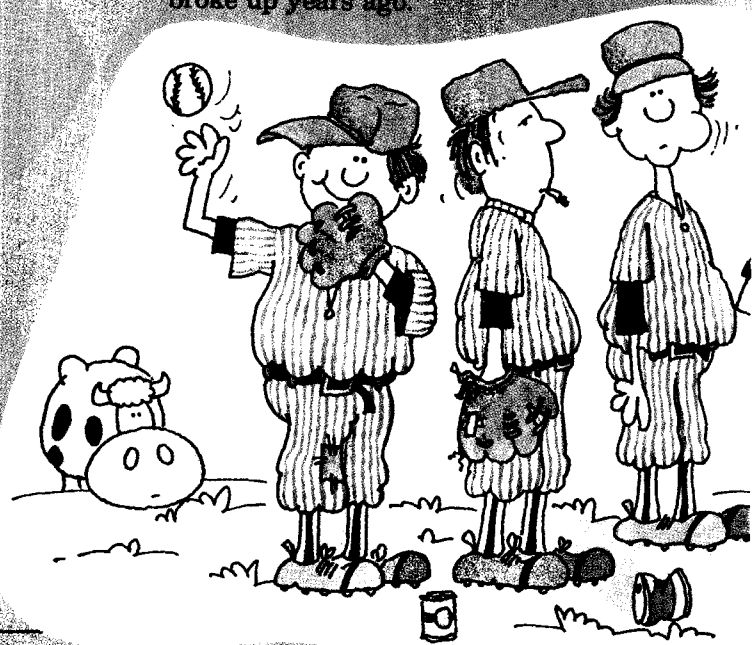
Me and Willie, we weren't buddies—but
we got along O.K.
He was more or less a loner,
never had too much to say.
Willie lacked coordination,
he was always kinda dumb.
Heck, he couldn't put his pants on while
he chewed a wad of gum.

You should know, I guess, that baseball's
always been my favorite game.
(I like girls and beer and baseball—all
'bout equally the same.)
Willie tried out for the baseball team
(the team was semipro),
But the coach said, "You got problems.
You can't hit or field or throw."

I will say this much for Willie,
he would seldom gripe or cry.
He may not have had much talent but,
by gosh, he'd always try.
If he couldn't be a player 'cause he'd
drawn life's shortest straw,
Then he'd be the best darn water boy
in northwest Arkansas.

If you've never been to Arkansas, then,
friend, take my advice:
Go there now—you'll find a life style
you can't buy at any price.
Years ago, I met a girl there,
we were happy for awhile—
'Til she met a Texas peddler and he
marched her down the aisle.

That's another story, one I'll save
for later in the day.
This one here's about old Willie—who
became my protégé.
Understanding Willie's lot in life
means you have got to know
Just a bit about our baseball team—which
broke up years ago.



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We lived mostly near Green Forest,
that's in northwest Arkansas.
It's a law-and-order county
(mostly order, little law).
We had gals you'd never dream of—in
the wildest kind of dream—
And they turned out every Monday night
to watch the baseball team.

Now, we called ourselves the Pea Ridge
Bunch (for reasons no one knew).
We had red-and-white striped uniforms,
our caps and shoes were blue.
We had lots of fun, but when we won,
it came as a surprise.
(We were lousy baseball players—and
we only had nine guys.)

Well, our player-coach was Ding Dong Bell,
old Ding Dong also pitched.
Charlie Morgan was our catcher
(sometimes he and Ding Dong switched).
And the rest of us hung kinda loose,
we moved around a lot.
Me, I kinda favored right field
'cause it had a shady spot.

Being water boy made Willie feel
important to the team.
Ding Dong told us, "Don't disturb him.
Let's just let poor Willie dream."
Later on, I noticed Willie eyeing
someone in the crowd,
And I knew that our young water boy
had found himself a cloud.

She was blonde and she was well-endowed,
she wore a miniskirt—
But she never looked at Willie and
I knew how Willie hurt.
Running clear across my psyche is a
long and ugly scar
That I got when once I loved a girl—but
loved her from afar.

Maybe Willie'd never touch her,
he might never know her name,
But that didn't make no difference—Willie
loved her just the same.
I have often thought how sad it is
when love is incomplete,
And an honest love must journey down
a well-worn, one-way street.

What the heck, this ain't no love poem—I
don't write that kinda mush.
As a little kid, the love scenes always
made me squirm and blush.
I'm the kinda guy who likes to ease on
down life's fun-filled way,
Loving all the girls I meet and living
day to day to day.

Well, the year that Willie joined us,
we became a baseball team.
All the pieces went together,
we were slick as heavy cream.
Each man knew he'd see his name up in
the Pea Ridge Hall of Fame
If we beat the Springdale Cougars
in the season's final game.

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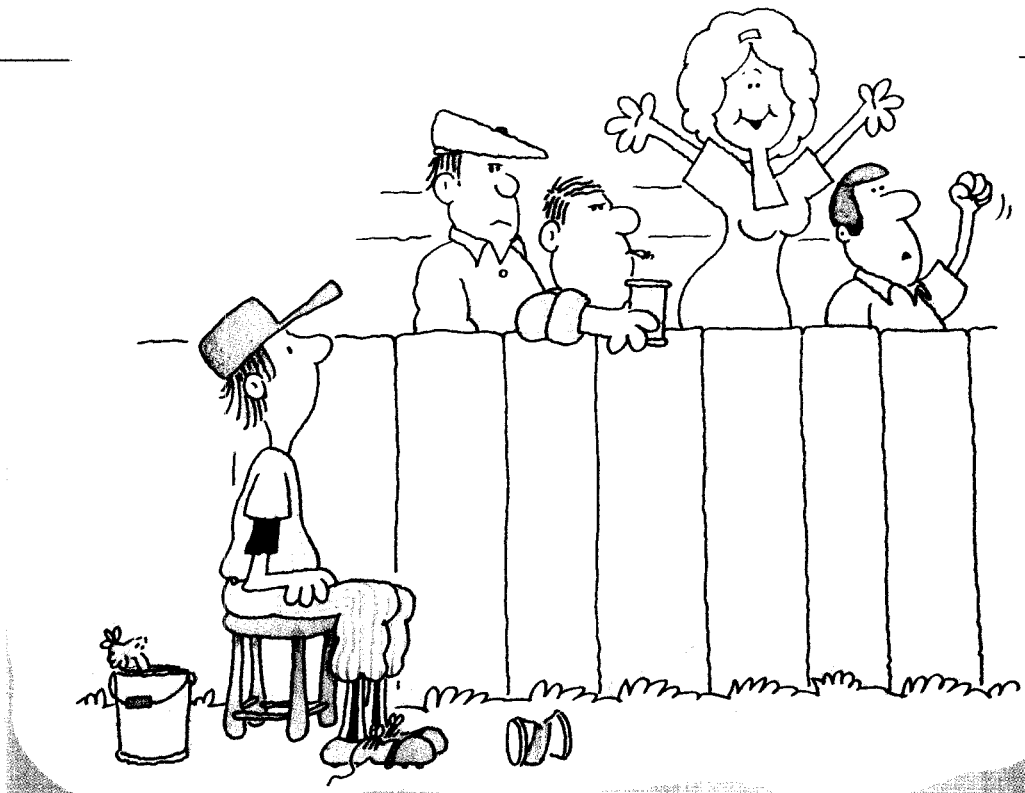

They were tough, them no-good Cougars,
they were big and they were mean.
Ding Dong told us that the Cougars were
"a well-oiled speed machine."
They could hit the ball, they fielded
well, and more than once I heard
That they'd whip the Pea Ridge Bunch
unless a miracle occurred.

I won't bore you with a blow-by-blow
description of the game.
Our opponents took an early lead—which
we then overcame.
In the top half of the ninth, old Ding
Dong swung with all his might,
And he knocked the ball to kingdom
come—it sailed clean out of sight.

Thanks to Ding Dong's timely homer,
we were now one run ahead,
But our next three batters struck out
and I figured we were dead.
When you're up against the Springdale boys,
a one-run lead ain't much.
We'd had one-run leads a dozen times—and
blown 'em in the clutch.

I was playing second base that day
(I played it like a pro!).
If we kept it all together, we had
just three outs to go.
But the Cougar at the plate now was a
brute named Al McGee
Who could hit the ball from Springdale
all the way to Tennessee.

Ding Dong tried to pitch him low and
wide—but Al swung anyway,
And he ripped one deep to right
field—where I always used to play.
Our right fielder threw it in to me
(his name was "Stubby" Case),
But it reached me just as Al was sliding
into second base.

I felt long, sharp spikes tear through the
skin, I dropped the slippery ball.
Al McGee was safe at second (I could hear
the umpire's call).
Blood was pouring from an ugly gash,
my left leg felt like jelly.
By the time I hobbled to the bench,
my knee'd begun to swell.

Ding Dong knew I couldn't play any
more—but who would take my place?
He said, "Willie, get a glove on 'cause
you're playing second base!"
All at once, the old team spirit was
replaced by fear and doubt—
We had Willie playing second,
there was still nobody out.

Well, the pressure got to Ding Dong and
he walked the next two men.
Now a well-hit fly would score two runs,
we'd lose the game—again.
And the next man up was Elrod Hughes,
a clod who had no style,
But that mean guy could hit the ball at
least a country mile.

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Ding Dong fooled him twice with sliders,
man, he really pulled the string.
But his next pitch was a fast ball and
I saw old Elrod swing.
I had visions of the baseball ending up
in outer space—
It was rising like a rocket, heading
straight for second base.

When old Elrod swung, the runners ran—no
need for them to wait.
If the ball went past the infield, two big
runs would cross the plate.
For an instant, I forgot my leg;
I felt no blood, no pain—
As another noble effort headed
down another drain.

Willie leaped as high as he could leap,
my heart began to race,
But he caught the ball and came back
down—with his foot on second base.
Then he tagged the first-base runner,
a baboon named "Horseface" Day.
In a flash, our Willie'd made an
unassisted triple play.

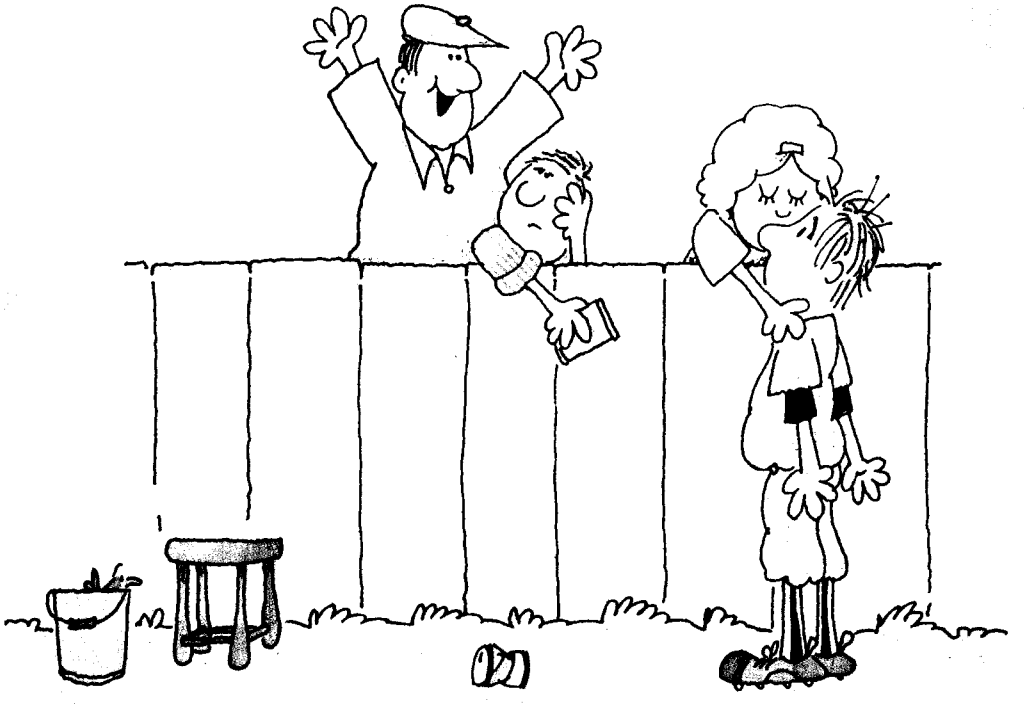
After snagging Elrod's hot line drive,
old Willie used his head.
When his foot touched second base,
the man off second base was dead.
All that Willie had to do was slap
the ball on Horseface Day
To complete that gem of gems—an
unassisted triple play!

Only Willie knew what he had done,
he tossed his glove aside,
And he trotted toward the sidelines—with
a grin a half-mile wide.
Six or seven seconds passed before I
heard the umpire shout,
"This here baseball game is
over—because everybody's out!"

Well, as near as I can recollect,
what happened next is this:
Willie's well-endowed young lady
gave him one enormous kiss.
Willie'd never know more happiness
than Willie knew that day.
As he cried, she kissed him gently—then
she turned and walked away.

Willie never saw her after that,
he never played again.
He had reached a goal that's seldom
reached by most courageous men.
For a moment, Willie owned the
world—before it slipped away.
But don't feel sad 'cause that's more
than most of us can say.

Willie still lives down in Arkansas,
he works for Ding Dong Bell.
(Ding Dong owns a pizzeria near the
Razorback Motel.)
There are kids in town who've grown up
since that bright October day
When a kid named Willie made an
unassisted triple play.



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PELLA: OASIS IN THE 20th CENTURY

The ambiance says Europe. The architecture says Holland. But the sign at the town limits of this little Dutch oasis in Iowa says, "Pella."

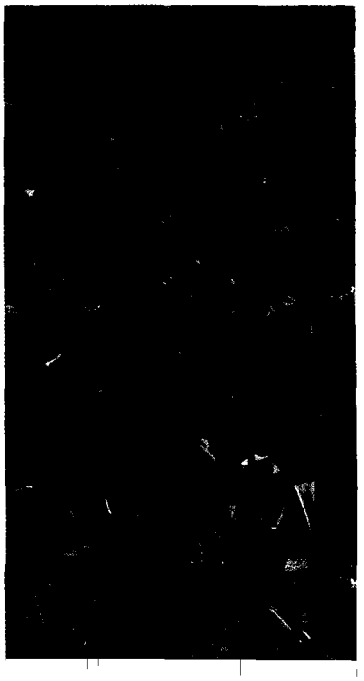
by Berton Roueché

Photography by Ken Vandevoort

Pella (pop. 7,800) sits islanded in the gently rolling cornfields and pastures of Marion County, in south-central Iowa, some 40 miles southeast of Des Moines. As one approaches it (as I did) on the backwater highway from the south, it has the look of any prairie town—a cloud of leafy green billowing up across the open farmlands, a sudden thrust of grain elevators, of power-plant chimneys, of a water tower. The familiar continues—a Hy-Vee Food Store, an A & W fast-food drive-in, the Dutch Mill Motel, Don's Skelly Service, a Budweiser tavern with a window sign: "Mixed Drinks." There is a right-angle turn. Highway 163 becomes Main Street—becomes every other small-town Main Street: a long, long street of small clapboard houses, most of them white, with sidewalks and shade trees and porch swings and a letter carrier trudging along with his bag. But then the scene abruptly changes. A vista appears on the left. It opens, widens, becomes a park-like square: a good four acres of spreading maples and formal plantations of ornamental crabapple trees and flower beds and wagon-spoke walks and slatted green benches and a lily pond with a sculptured fountain.

I slowed my car and looked. At one end of the square, lifting up from a spacious stylobate reached by two broad flights of shallow steps, were two great white columns surmounted by an elaboration of bells and rearing heraldic lions and a glittering golden crown. I followed the creep of traffic around the square. The business buildings that faced the square were narrow and brick-built, most of them two floors, with stores on the street and apartments above. Many of them had stair-stepped gable roofs or balustraded roofs or mansard roofs or steeply pitched roofs finished with curved red tiles, and the facades of all but two or three of them were bright with intricate designs—painted, sculptured masonry or glazed ceramic tile. I found a parking slot near the soaring columns and got out. The sound of a carillon filled the air. I recognized the stately lilt of Offenbach's "Barcarolle." It seemed to come from the top of the columns. I stood and listened and stared. "I know what you mean," Dennis Friend, the former news editor of the Pella weekly *Chronicle*, told me later that day. "I know exactly. I was a newcomer here myself—from Omaha. I remember the day I arrived to take that job. My wife and I drove around the square. We looked at each other, and drove around again. And Konni shook her head and said, "This isn't Iowa. This is Europe.' "

Pella is not Europe, but it is, in certain conspicuous respects, European. It had its origin in the religious ferment that troubled mid-19th-century Holland, and it still strongly reflects its roots. It was founded by a young dissenting minister of the authoritarian Dutch Reformed Church named Henry Peter Scholte and some 100 like-minded followers in 1847, and until well within living memory it was almost entirely Dutch. It is now merely predominantly (about 90 percent) Dutch. All the leading families of Pella are of Dutch ancestry, and many of them bear the names of the earliest settlers—Kuyper, Vande Voort, Vermeer, Gaass, De Vries, Van Gorp, Dingeman, Lautenbach, Leydens, Roorda, Van Zee, Bogaards. The Pella telephone directory lists several Smiths and four Joneses. There are, in contrast, 51 Vermeers (or VerMeers), 49 Van Zees and 45 Van Wyks.



The Dutchness of Pella is the natural legacy of its several vigorous founding families. The town itself, however, was (and to a large extent remains) the almost single-handed achievement of Henry Peter Scholte. Dominie (as he seems always to have been called) Scholte—born in Amsterdam in 1805, a graduate of the University of Leyden and the recipient of a comfortable mercantile fortune—created Pella. It was he who chose Iowa as its site and it was Scholte who bought, for cash, the land upon which Pella was built, parceling it out at reason-

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Berton Roueché is a well-known and popular writer of medical mysteries—the mystery to us is why he spent three weeks in Pella researching this article in March instead of May. His work is excerpted here from his original article which appeared recently in New Yorker *magazine.*

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able prices to his followers. It was he who plotted Pella and (recalling the ancient Palestinian city of Christian refuge) gave it its name. It was he who designed the central square as Garden Square and contributed the land for another square of similar size, West Market (now a park with a picnic shelter). It was he who named the streets of Pella. The original east-and-west streets honored the republican ideals of the time (Liberty, Independence, Union) and the standard American heroes (Columbus, Washington, Franklin). The principal north-and-south streets were less conventionally named. They designated what he conceived to be the ten stages through which a Christian must pass to redemption: Entrance, Inquiry, Perseverance, Reformation, Gratitude, Experience, Patience, Confidence, Expectation and Accomplishment. (These names were changed by a self-conscious city council shortly before the First World War to conform to a more American tradition: Reformation Avenue, for example, became Main Street and Gratitude became Broadway. Nevertheless, the old names have not completely vanished from the scene. They are perpetuated at the Pella Country club, where they serve, not inappropriately, as the names of the holes of its nine-hole golf course—all of them but Accomplishment.) It was Scholte who brought a post office to Pella, and he served as its first postmaster. He was a founder and the first editor of the town's first newspaper, the *Gazette*. He was, of course, the first pastor of the first church in Pella. It was he whose gift of land (a city block for a campus, and two farms to provide endowment) established, in 1853, the still functioning and flourishing Central College of the Reformed Church in America. And on September 17, 1847, less than a month after he and his followers arrived in Pella, Scholte gathered his flock together on the site of the projected Garden Square, where (as he recalled some years later in his memoirs) "we made our first declaration to become citizens [of the United States], so as to identify ourselves as soon as possible with the land of our adoption." It was a declaration and an identification (proclaimed in Dutch by a company of men in wooden shoes, red shirts and black velvet jackets) that would seem to have forecast the future of Pella: a rejection of Holland and ardent retention of everything Dutch.

Pella, in the first year or two of its settlement, was a straggle of log shanties and cave-like huts roofed over with prairie-grass sod. Its Yankee Iowan neighbors called it Strawtown. The first permanent dwelling to be built in Pella was built for Scholte and his wife and three children, and it was built for permanency. Today, it occupies much of the block just north of the square. It is a handsome house, a freehand copy of a plantation house that Scholte had seen and admired in Missouri—a long, rambling white clapboard affair with galleries and bow windows and fanlights and much jigsaw ornamentation—and it is still by far the most imposing place in Pella.

Scholte's house is now the home of his great-granddaughter. Her name is Leonora Gaass Hettinga. Mrs. Hettinga is around 60, a tall, attractive woman of disciplined poise and posture. I had tea with her one afternoon in her sunny Victorian parlor. "Oh, no," she told me. "I was born in the old Gaass house, but I've lived here most of my life. And, of course, I'm the last person who will ever live here. We've given the house to Pella—to the Historical Society. They plan to preserve it as a museum, and in many ways it *is* a museum. Almost everything you see here goes back to Dominie Scholte's time. You may have noticed that

Thousands of tulips bloom in the gardens, the parks and along Pella's streets each spring. To insure large blossoms and brilliant color, new bulbs are planted each year.

The burgemeester declares the streets are dirty and must be cleaned, so the townsfolk turn out in Dutch costume to scrub the streets. This cheerful ritual takes place each afternoon during Pella's annual Tulip Time celebration.

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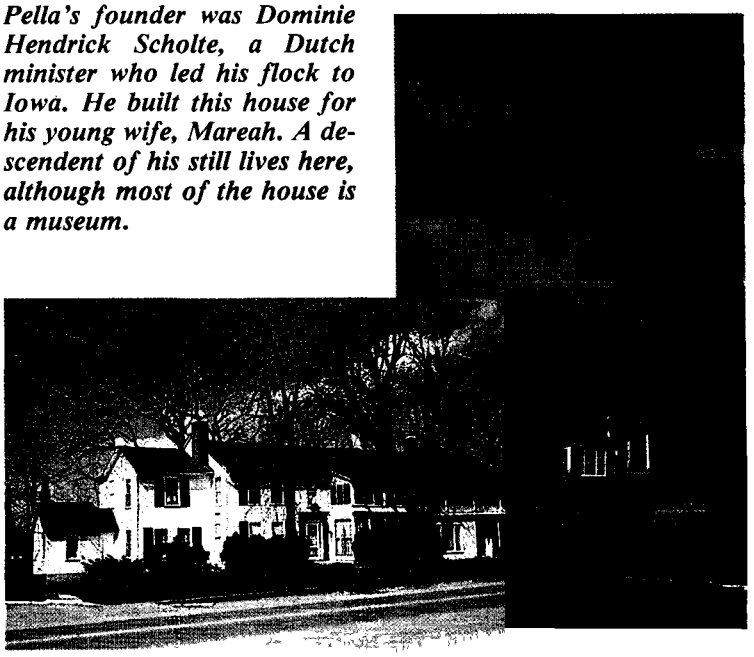
big iron chest near the window. Dominie Scholte brought his fortune to America in that chest, and it later served as the safe of the old Pella National Bank. The work of renovation has already started here. Martha Lautenbach, of the Society, and a couple of workmen are busy in the east wing right now. And Martha plans to furnish part of it from her family's collection of antiques. The arrangement is that I have this wing for the rest of my life. I couldn't ask for anything more. I love this house. It's such a beautiful house. An architect once told me that it could only have been built by a poet. I'm not sure I know what he meant, but Dominie Scholte did have taste, and he certainly built his house to last. The foundations are stone and four feet thick. We made some changes in the plumbing a few years ago, and the workmen broke three jackhammers trying to get through to the cellar. And the clapboard siding is walnut—solid black walnut. It's probably worth a fortune just as lumber. But there is sadness here, too. Dominie Scholte's young wife—lovely little Mareah Krantz—was never happy here. She was so young—only 26 when they left Holland—and she had been raised very gently and very elegantly in France. She was never cut out to be a pioneer. She may have traveled in a covered wagon, but she was wearing a blue silk dress that had been made for her in Paris and a bonnet trimmed with flowers and lace. And she was attended by her personal maid, little Dirkie. There's a family story about their arrival here. They had all been traveling for days from the Mississippi River port at Keokuk. The wagon train came up from the Skunk River ford and stopped in this empty prairie. Dominie Scholte helped Mareah down from her seat. She looked around. 'But, Dominie,' she said, 'where is Pella?' 'My dear,' he told her, 'we are in the center of it.' I'm sure she tried to make the best of her lot. She had her children and her servants and her square piano and her beautiful Paris clothes and her 23-room house. I've always admired her reaction when they opened the barrels of lovely old delft ware they had brought from Holland—and found almost everything smashed to smithereens. She simply gathered up the broken pieces and used them to pave a little garden walk. It's sunken away and vanished now, but I found a pretty little blue-and-white piece in the lawn one day when I was a young girl. Mareah lived here for 44 years. She died in 1892, at the age of 72, and she is buried beside Dominie Scholte in the family plot at Oakwood Cemetery. But her last words were, 'I'm dying a stranger in a strange land.' "

The immediate past president of the Pella Historical Society is a recently retired teacher of theatre arts and communications at Central College named Maurice Birdsall. Birdsall is a plump little man, and he lives alone with a little Boston bull named Doonie in a cluttered little house (circa 1853) on what was once Reformation Avenue, about four blocks from the square. I called on him one morning. "Well," he said, settling down in a throne-like chair in front of a smoldering fireplace fire. "I'll put it this way. I'm not a native, and with a name like mine—I mean, what could be more *English* than Birdsall!—I'm not even Dutch. But I am a Pellan: I've lived in Pella for more than 40 years—since 1938—and I love it. I came here as a teacher, of course. Which was a most fortunate thing. I mean, I could never have made it as a businessman. This is a Dutch town, and in those days, before the Second World War, it was even Dutchier. I knew a couple—I won't mention their names, except to say they weren't Dutch—who came here from somewhere and opened a little business on the square. And the second day they were open a man came in—he was Dutch, of course—and advised them to sell out before they went broke. It was good advice, and they took it and left. Those were the days when if a Dutch boy or girl had a date with a boy or girl who wasn't Dutch it was a disgrace. It's different now. But there are still a lot of families who would feel real shame at a mixed marriage. Especially to a Catholic. Catholics—because of all those years of Spanish domination of Holland—are beyond the pale. As for the Dutch churches—the Reformed and the Christian Reformed—they seem to build a new one every year. I think there must be 16 churches in town now. The congregations are constantly outgrowing the capacity of the buildings. I was raised a Methodist. But I like the Dutch. They're a very fine people. They have every virtue. Take that saying 'Dutch treat.' People think that that means the Dutch are stingy. Actually, they are extremely generous. They're just not showoffs. They frown on check-grabbing. I love Dutch culture—Dutch antiques especially. As you can see, I'm a collector.

"Let me tell you about some of my nice things. I won't go into the furniture; it speaks for itself. But this little silver box. It's not a lady's compact, although I'll understand if you think it is. Actually, it's a Sunday peppermint box. In the old days here, all the way into the 1940s, the Sunday services were very long—an hour of prayer and a two-hour sermon. The ladies carried those little boxes of peppermint drops for the children if they began to get restless. I have another little box——Oh dear. Now, where did I put it? Well, no matter. It's a lovely little box the ladies carried for themselves. It held cotton soaked in cologne that they could sniff and revive themselves if they began to feel



Pella's founder was Dominie Hendrick Scholte, a Dutch minister who led his flock to Iowa. He built this house for his young wife, Mareah. A descendent of his still lives here, although most of the house is a museum.

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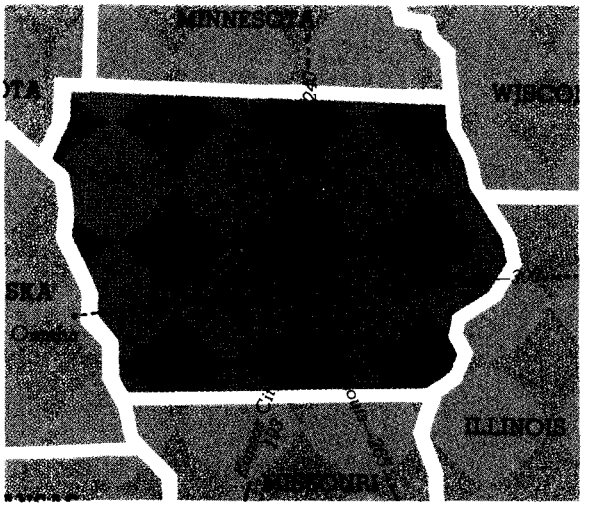
faint. Of course, the ladies were expected to sit quietly in their pews all through the service. The men had a masculine privilege. They could stand up and stretch."

Birdsall heaved on the arms of his chair and stood up. But it wasn't to stretch. He stepped to the fireplace. "My real collection," he said, "is my delft. This mantel, for example—it's faced in delft tile. Ah, I see you're surprised. You didn't know that delft could be *brown* and white. It can be many colors, although blue and white is, perhaps, the classic combination. Brown and white may have been the original delft. I know it was very popular circa 1660. They also made a beautiful polychrome. I'm afraid the best of my collection is on loan to the Historical Society Museum. That's just east of the square on Franklin Street—next door to the Wyatt Earp House. Oh yes—we claim Wyatt Earp. He spent his boyhood here. But no matter. I'll put it this way. Delft is my passion. I wonder if you know that it wasn't even called delft until around the 1890s. It began, of course, simply as chinoiserie—an imitation of Chinese porcelain. That would have been in the early 17th century. Delft was merely the name of the town where the best of it was made. This is interesting: Delft was originally a brewing center, but something happened and the breweries went broke, and to save themselves the owners turned to making this heavy glazed ware. There were 17 factories there by the end of the 17th century. Then there was a shift in taste, and Meissen ware, or some call it Dresden, came into fashion. The Delft factories were out of business for many years. My delft is all old delft. Modern delft is entirely different. The color is no longer cooked into the clay. Some of it is very pretty. But I prefer my early delft. I wish I could tell you the value of my collection, but I dare not. I would't want to

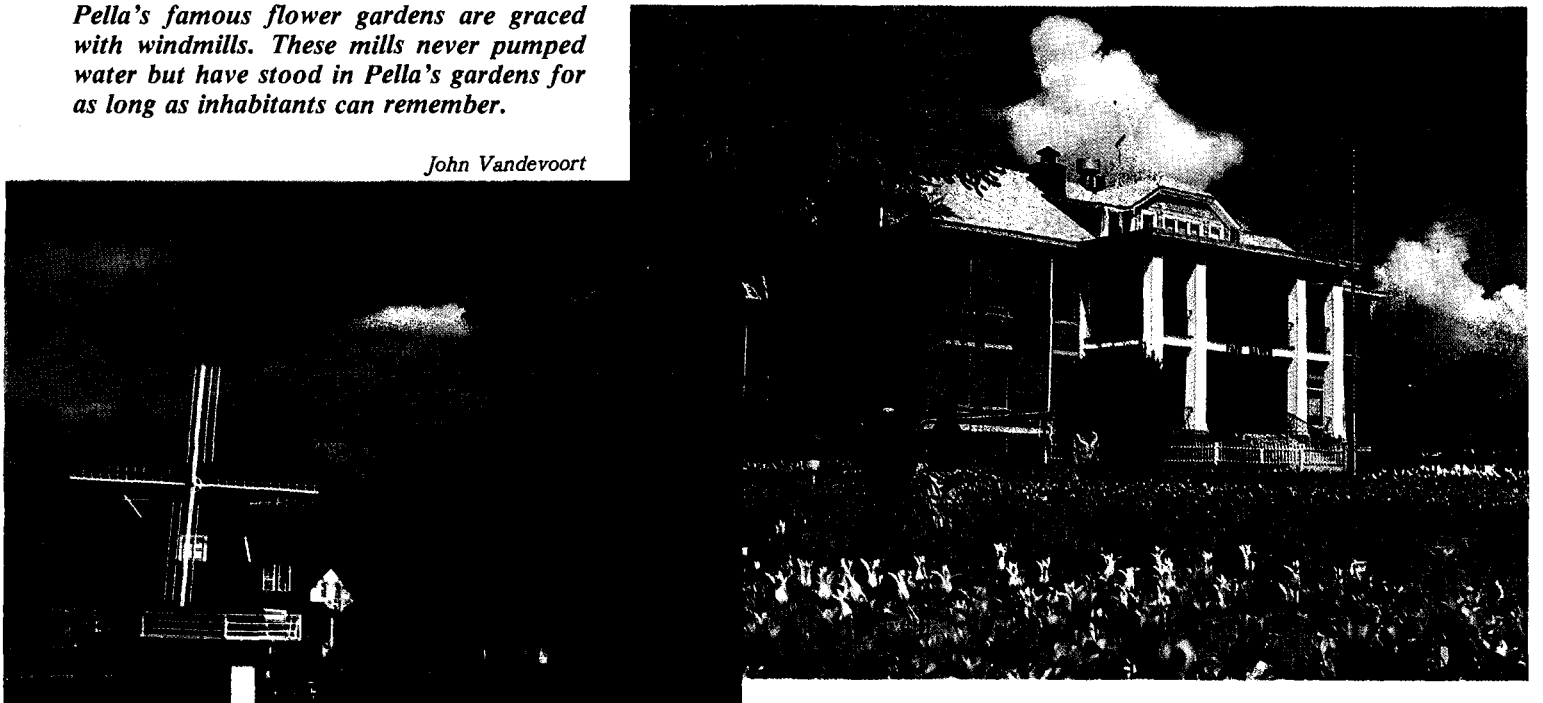


All Roads Point to the Pella Tulip Festival

Things to do on May 8, 9 and 10 at the 45th annual Tulip Time Festival: Visit the Fair Haven Formal Tulip Gardens, first planted from 25,000 bulbs donated by Holland to the good people of Pella for raising $100,000 for the war-torn Dutch after WWII; then join in on a traditional street-scrubbing, first initiated in the Old Country to assure an immaculate surface for the Queen's feet; get fitted for wooden shoes (surprisingly comfortable); watch weavers, spinners and other craftsmen at the Pella Historical Village; and brunch on *snijboonties* (Dutch green beans), *wrwten soep* (pea soup) and the renowned Pella bologna, made from a secret recipe.

Pella's famous flower gardens are graced with windmills. These mills never pumped water but have stood in Pella's gardens for as long as inhabitants can remember.

John Vandevoort



Known by Pellans for many years as "The Old Folks' Home," this proud old structure boasts some of the finest tulip beds to be found anywhere—and who takes care of them? The proud old folks, of course!

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tempt some vandal. Although, of course, there isn't much of that here in Pella. This isn't Des Moines. My only hope is that I can keep my collection intact and leave it to our museum. But you know about pensions in these days of inflation. And Doonie and I have to eat."

Birdsall is not the only Pellan with a passion for delft. Delft of every kind—old delft, new delft, even imitation delft—is everywhere in Pella, and it appears in every form. Every home has its plates or pots or cups or bowls or trays or vases or pitchers or salt and pepper shakers or flower holders or figurines, or at least a decorative tile or two. The fronts of many of the buildings around the square are decorated with delft-tile panels, and so are many stores and offices and professional waiting rooms, and delft of every quality is sold in a dozen shops and stores.

I lodged in Pella at the Dutch Mill Motel on the southern outskirts of town. I was comfortable there in a second-floor room (whose furnishings included both the usual Gideon Bible and a copy of "Reach Out: An Illustrated Edition of the Living New Testament, paraphrased by Ken Taylor, additional text by Harold Myra") with a view across the highway of one of Pella's many large and pleasant parks. But the Dutch Mill Motel has not cafe or coffee shop, and I took all my meals in town. I always had breakfast, and usually lunch, at the Central Park Cafe. The Central Park Cafe is agreeably Dutch in appearance (delft-blue façade, shuttered casement windows, much decorative delft tiling inside and out, and delft-blue booths and chairs) and also in much of its cuisine ("Our Speciality, Dutchman's Delight: Imported Holland Cheese Drizzled Over Hot Pella Bologna"), and its staff includes some of the prettiest, smilingest, most scatterbrained waitresses I have ever known: "Oh, gee, I'm sorry, I thought you said scrambled."

The Central Park Cafe opens at five o'clock in the morning and closes at ten at night, and Loren Vande Lune, the owner, seems himself to work that 17-hour day. I often saw him there in the late afternoon; he was usually there at lunch; he was always around in the morning. I see him in memory—a vaguely troubled-looking man of around 40, thickly sideburned, heavily mustached—standing thoughtfully at the kitchen door, pacing the aisles between the booths and the tables, sitting with a group of coffee drinkers at a big, round table in the rear of the room. He sometimes sat down in my booth and sipped a cup of black coffee. One morning he joined me for breakfast.

"I don't know how much you know about Pella. Some towns have their high-class people and their low-class people, and the two don't ever get together. Pella is different. The well-to-do people here are humble people. The Bible group I belong to meets at the home of a millionaire. He and his wife are just plain people, and they have a nice, plain home. They like nice things. I mean, they like good food, and they have their cars and their private plane. But they don't show off. You wouldn't know he had a dime, to look at him, and his wife does all her own housework. And their kids work. I've had a lot of rich kids in here working waitress, even cooking. This is a democratic town—real Dutch democracy. Take that big table back there—those men sitting there drinking coffee. They're all kinds. They're businessmen and professional men and farmers and clerks and guys that work with their hands. Everybody here knows everybody else. And nobody tries to grab the check. They toss a coin to see who pays. The Bible says thou shall not gamble. I suppose you could call what they do gambling. But I look at it another way." He took a sip of his coffee. "I consider it a scientific method of determining who will commit an act of charity." Vande Lune looked at me, a smile formed, he broke into a throaty rumble. It was the only time I ever heard him laugh.

"No, I'm sorry," Leonard Gosselink told me. Gosselink, another of Pella's many fourth-generation Pellans, owns and operates Gosselink's Book Shop, a few doors down from In't Veld Bologna, on the Main Street side of the square. "We don't carry secular books anymore. You might try Ken's Photo and Hobbycraft on Union Street. And, of course, there's the Carnegie-Viersen Public Library just across the square. Our book business now is all in the Christian category—Christian living, marriage and family, personal testimonials, devotional and inspirational and Bible study. It's the same with records. We specialize in Christian contemporary music—what

In the center of Pella stands the Tulip Tower, its classic lines seeming to proclaim this is no ordinary town. Across the top is emblazoned the motto of Holland's William of Orange: "je Maintiendrai"—"I shall endure." Wooden shoes are still made in Pella during the annual Tulip Time Festival.

John Vandevoort

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they call Christian rock and roll. 'Let's Just Praise the Lord,' by Bill and Gloria Gaither, is very big. And so is B.J. Thomas's 'Happy Man.' Oh, you're welcome. Drop in any time. And God bless you."

I dined my first night in Pella (on the recommendation of Dennis Friend of the *Chronicle*) at a restaurant called the Strawtown Inn, and I ate there every night thereafter. Its name recalls the sod-roofed shanties of pioneer Pella, but the name is only a name. Strawtown is a thoroughly urban restaurant, and a good one. It is situated on the western edge of town, three or four blocks from the square, and is housed in a tall, narrow, red brick building (circa 1855) built in the attractively functional mid-19th-century row-house style—an English basement, two full upper floors, and a dormer-windowed attic. The attic at Strawtown is the bar. The two floors below, reached by a ladder-steep stairway, constitute the restaurant proper, and the basement is a tavern (stone walls, exposed beams) called De Kelder (or cellar), which offers a chophouse menu of steak, ribs and fried chicken, with a salad bar. Drinks are available, but most De Kelder customers drink the house (jug) wine or beer. As everywhere else in Pella, Coors and Budweiser are as popular as Heineken. The Strawtown is a formal restaurant (14-foot ceilings, white tablecloths and napkins, candlelight, fresh flowers, reservations required), and its three rooms together seat only a little more than a hundred persons. I had my first dinner at Strawtown at a front window table on the second floor in a delft-blue-and-white room, and I ordered from a delft-blue-and-white menu of heavy glazed stock. The listings were all in Dutch, but with English translations. There were 15 entrees, among them *gevulde karbonade* (stuffed pork chop), *ossenhaas* (Cornish hen stuffed with mushrooms), *Hollandse rollade* (Dutch spiced beef) and *Hollandse gebakken kip* (Dutch baked chicken with paprika). I had the chicken. My meal began with an appetizer of tiny meatballs in a spicy Indonesian sauce. Then came a cream-of-cauliflower soup. Then the chicken, served with a dressing of rice cooked with mushrooms and onions. With the chicken I had a half bottle of a non-vintage red Burgundy. There was a choice of apple bread or hard rolls. Then a salad of Bibb lettuce and tomatoes, with an oil-and-vinegar dressing. My dessert was *Hollandse kus*: vanilla ice cream with Dutch Advokaat liqueur. The coffee brought me back to earth. It was the standard watery cafe coffee of motel America.

"Well, the proper name—the Dutch name—is Tulpen Toren," Lloyd Vander Streek, the president of the Pella Park Commission, told me. We were standing at the foot of the double-columned monument that dominates the south end of the square. The carillon cleared its lofty throat. The melting opening chords of Schumann's "Traumerei" chimed gently down around us. Vander Streek raised his voice. "But everybody just calls it the Tulip Tower. It was designed by an architect named John Lautenbach. He did the original design in 1940, and this is a reconstruction built in 1968. It was a gift to Pella from Mr. and Mrs. Peter H. Kuyper, Stu's parents. You may have heard of Lautenbach. He was born and raised here, but he moved out East and made quite a reputation in New York. He came back here in the early '50s and built himself a

Continued on page 98

The Frisian name "Roorda" is ubiquitous in Pella, and this sprightly great-grandmother was born into the clan at the turn of the century. Here, she teaches her great-grandson Joshua TerLouw a little something about roots. Known and loved as "Grandma Trudy" by the town folks, she devotes mornings to volunteering at the Pella Community Hospital and lunch hours to helping senior citizens, who are less able than she, to partake of "congregate meals" downtown on the square.

Her afternoons are spent cheering the sick at the nursing home, attending a church circle meeting or teaching the town's granddaughters how to sew, knit and crochet. She once made the costume for the Pella town crier.

As do countless other busy senior citizens in Pella, Grandma Trudy takes her volunteer role in the Tulip Festival seriously. The high point of her life comes during three exciting days each spring when, as a tour guide, she teaches Dutch lore to thousands of visitors in the Pella Historical Museum. For the visitors, she prays for good weather each May—in Dutch.

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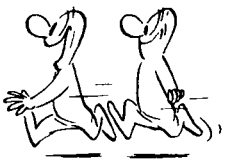
POST SCRIPTS



A Second Opinion

A tourist, stepping too close to the edge of a cliff in the park, lost his footing and plunged over the side, clawing and scratching to save himself. After he went out of sight and just before he fell into space, he encountered a shrubby bush which he grabbed with both hands, breaking his fall. In desperation he called, "Is there anyone up there?"

"Yes, there is," said a calm voice.

"Can you help me? Can you help me?" the tourist pleaded.

"Yes, I probably can," the calm voice replied. "What is your problem?"

"I fell over the cliff and am dangling in space holding to a bush that is about to uproot. Please help me."

"I'll try," said the voice from the top of the cliff. "Do you believe?"

"Yes, yes, I believe."

"Do you have faith?"

"Yes, yes. I have strong faith."

"Well, in that case," the calm voice replied, "simply let loose of the bush and everything will turn out fine."

There was a tense pause, then the tourist yelled, "Is there anyone else up there?"

—James L. Creasy

Collect Call

During a recent blow on the Gulf of Mexico, the Coast Guard at St. Petersburg received a frantic call from a small cruiser in distress some ten miles offshore. The caller obviously had no nautical experience and had just rented the cruiser for a short trip. Now he was in trouble and panicky.

"My motor is dead and I'm drifting out!" he shouted.

"What is your position?" asked the sailor on the station phone.

"I'm vice president of a phone company," he answered.

—E.J. Lalley

Forced Feeding

A young minister who was assigned to his first church, a small rural parish, waited anxiously to greet his parishioners. The appointed hour came but no one arrived. The minister waited and waited and was just about to leave when a farmer in overalls showed up. The minister greeted him warmly but said, "I think you are the only one coming. Perhaps we should cancel the service. What do you think?"

The farmer replied, "Well, preacher, I look at it like this. When I go out to feed my cows, if only one shows up, I still feed her."

Encouraged, the young minister got up and delivered his first sermon. And what a sermon—it lasted for two hours and covered every book of the Bible. Finally, he finished and greeted the farmer at the door.

"Tell me, what did you think of my sermon?" asked the minister.

"Well, preacher," replied the farmer, "I look at it like this. If I go out to feed my cows, and only one cow shows up, I don't feed her the whole cotton-pickin' load!"

—Chester D. Kleinot

Tipped Off

Two scientists working in the same laboratory got into an argument that came perilously close to name-calling. Words piled upon words until finally the two squared off at each other in a threatening stance.

"I dare you, doctor," challenged one, "to go ahead and say what you have on the tip of your tongue."

"Very well, I will," retorted the other learned gentleman, a twinkle in his eye. "Epidermis."

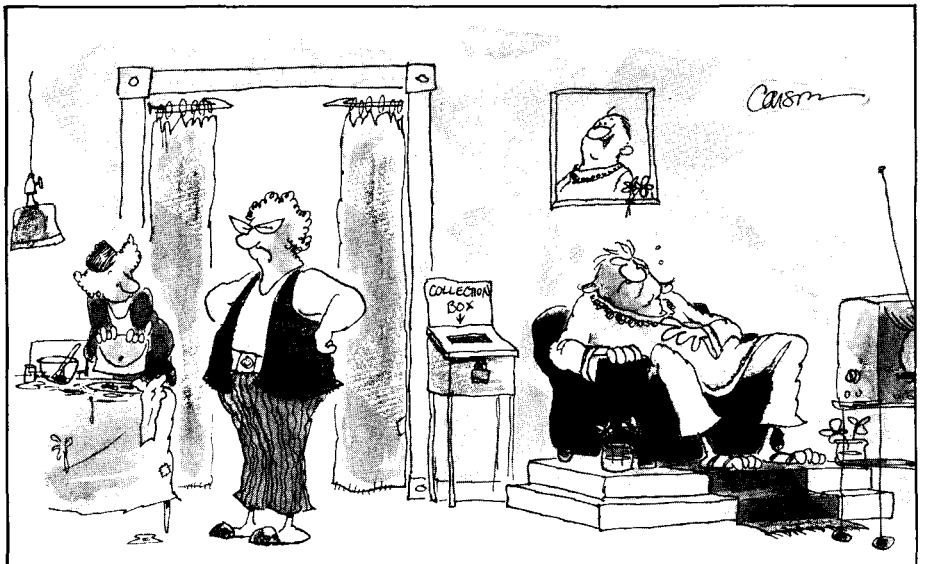
—Walt Streightiff

Up—and Away!

An ironworker was nonchalantly walking the beams of a skyscraper high above the street while noisy pneumatic hammers shook the whole structure. When he came down, an onlooker tapped his shoulder. "I was amazed at your calmness up there. How did you happen to go to work on a job like this?"

"Well," said the other, "I used to drive a school bus, but my nerves gave out."

—Henry E. Leabo



"Three weeks ago Ralph declared himself 'perfect spiritual master,' but I say, I never knew anyone perfect who still got indigestion."

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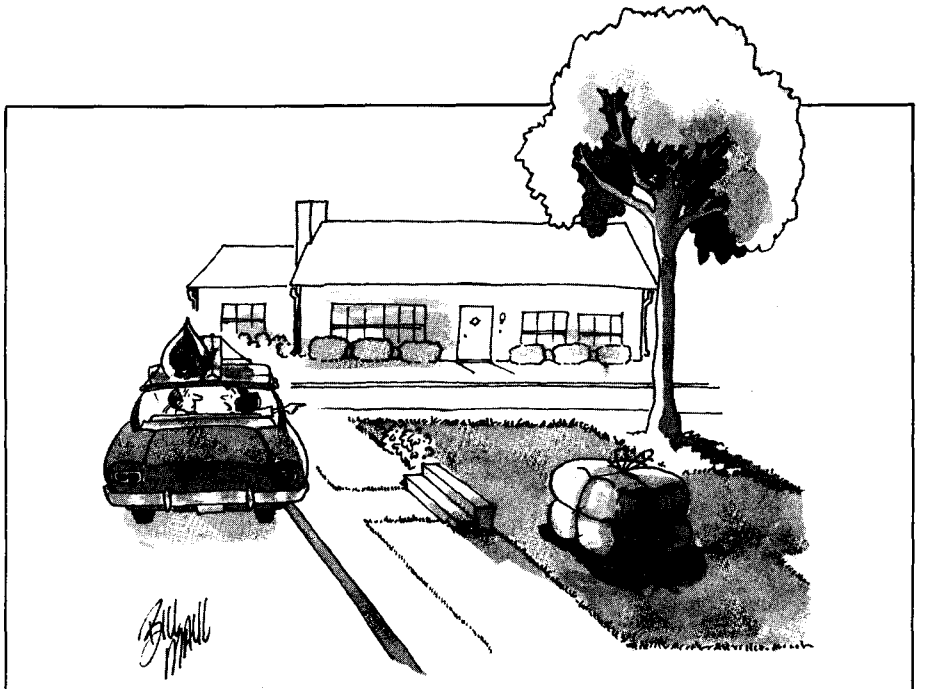


"See! I told you I left the trash compactor running!"

Rough Delivery

An expectant mother was rushed to the hospital, but didn't quite make it in time. The baby was born on the lawn in front of the maternity wing.

When the woman's husband received the hospital bill, he protested indignantly about one item: "Delivery room fee—$50."

"I understand," soothed the hospital administrator.. "I'll send you a revised bill."

The offending item was cut out, and in its place was: "Greens fee—$50."

—Anne Dirkman

Stalled Stalks

A Washington-based friend was proudly showing me his vegetable garden. He goes in for the exotic, and among the many varieties of foreign plants in the garden are Jerusalem artichokes, Chinese cabbages, Mexican peppers and Russian squash.

"What's that plant growing over by the fence?" I asked.

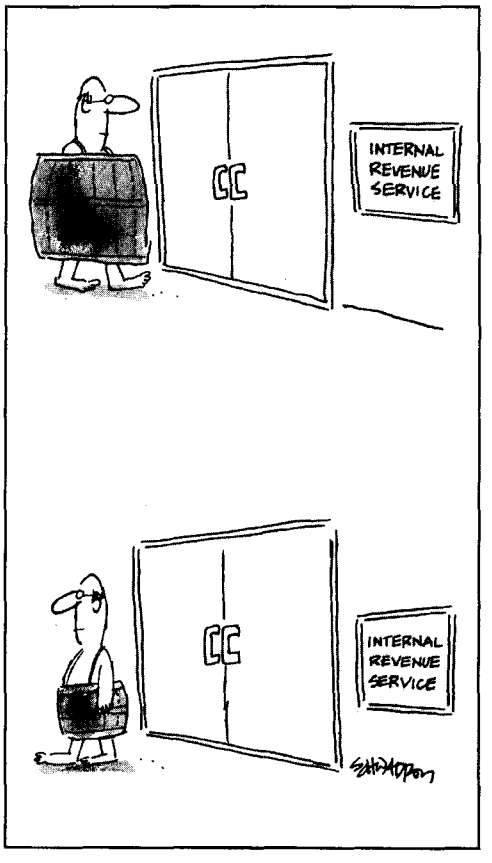
"Oh, that one," he said. "That's one of those perennials. It comes up every year, but so far it hasn't yielded much fruit. It's what's known as a Mideast peas stalk."

—William H. Walton

Eastern Proverb

Asked how he could possibly justify his claim that oil spills actually *help* wildlife, the oil company stockholder from Brooklyn replied with conviction: "The oily boid catches the woim!"

—Abe Isgur



A Fine Reply

A man forced to take a day off from work to appear in court in answer to a minor traffic summons grew increasingly restless as he waited hour after hour for his case to come up. When his name was finally called, late in the afternoon, he stood before the judge, only to hear that court would be adjourned and that he would have to return the next day.

"What for?" he snapped at the judge.

His Honor, irked by a tedious day and the sharp query, roared back, "Twenty dollars—contempt of court. That's why!" Then, noticing that the man was checking his wallet, the judge relented. "That's all right. You don't have to pay the fine right now."

Snapped the young man, "I'm just seeing if I have enough to say two more words."

—Henry E. Leabo

Double Take

The police department of a small town hired a man to collect coins from the parking meters. The first morning the chief of police gave the coin collector a key to the meters and sent him on his way. That evening, the man failed to return to headquarters. Nor did he show up the following morning. In fact, a week went by before he strolled in and casually greeted the chief.

"I suppose," the chief exploded, "that you came back to collect your wages."

The man looked surprised. "You mean I get paid, too?"

—Lane Olinghouse

Dubious Diagnosis

Whenever pains beset me
(Although I'm not erratic)
My doctor always tells me
It's just "psychosomatic!"

Then let this be my epitaph—
"Her doctor was a whiz,
She isn't really dead at all
She only *thinks* she is!"

—Grayce Shapiro

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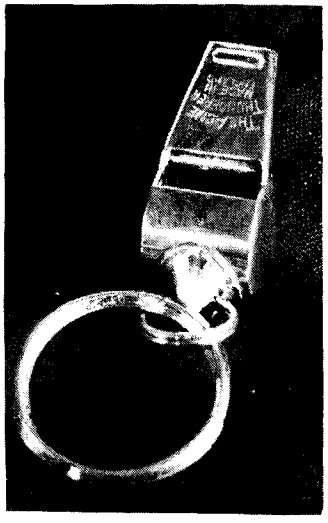
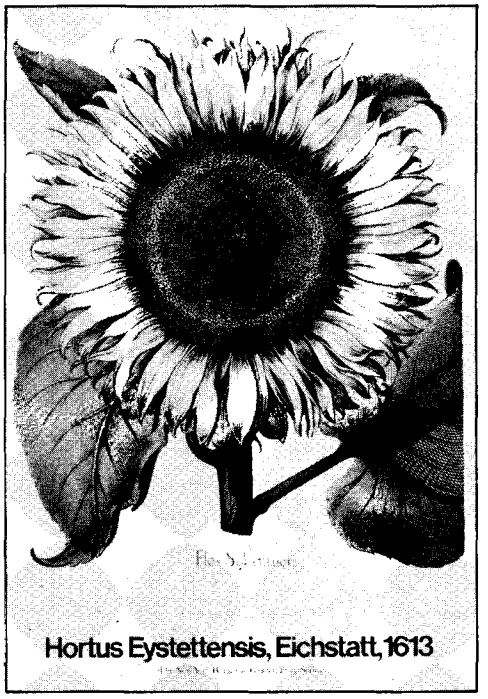
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful. If you want to recommend a product based on your experience with it, write us at the address below.

WHISTLE BLOWING



The human whistle no longer suffices to penetrate the din of modern existence. For help in this limiting circumstance, you can turn to the Thunderer whistle, a polished brass beauty made in England. Its shrill call restores your ability to reach the kids down the block or to hail cabbies. Not to mention that whistle blowing is satisfying activity. If you don't believe it, go someplace where you are alone and blow as hard as you can until you're out of breath. It's cheap therapy. The Thunderer comes on a matching brass keyring for $4.75 postpaid. (A-22)



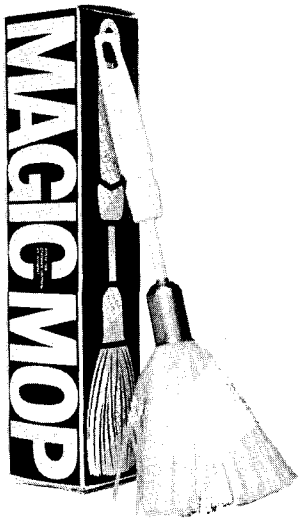
Hortus Eystettensis, Eichstatt, 1613

BOTANICAL BEAUTY

The New York Botanical Garden faithfully reproduced the giant sunflower from an illustration found in their rare book collection. You will see this 24″ by 36″ color poster at prices anywhere up to $100 at art shops and frame shops, depending on how expensively it has been framed. We can have the New York Botanical Garden people send you the very same poster for $8.00 postpaid, and you can have it mounted or framed as you see fit. (A-25)

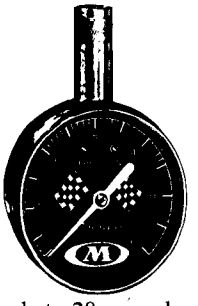
MAGIC MOP

The technology developed to cope with oil spills has also provided a way to take the oil and grease out of the food we serve. Oil Mop, Inc. is a New Orleans company with a patented process for making polypropylene fibers that attract oil like a magnet and reject water. All you do is brush this Magic Mop over any fried or broiled food and it picks up the surface grease. Stir Magic Mop through sauces, soups, gravies and stews, rinsing it out under hot water between passes, and you can remove 98% of the oil and grease in the liquid (the figure comes from laboratory test results). Hospitals use Magic Mops to prepare meals for people with conditions where it is advisable to minimize fat intake. We think the Magic Mop is a most helpful and healthful addition to any kitchen. $4.50 each postpaid. (A-53)



SIMPLE WAY TO SAVE GAS

Underinflated tires increase the rolling resistance of an automobile. This means more energy is required to move the car, so it travels less distance per gallon of gas. This simple mechanical truth is relevant today as never before, as we all struggle to cope with tighter gasoline supply. But the importance of tire inflation does not end there: safety, handling, and tire life all ride on maintaining proper tire pressures. (American drivers are notoriously inattentive to their tires. It is not unusual to find tire pressures on a sedan ranging, say, from



22 pounds to 28 pounds where the specifications call for 24 pounds per tire. Such variation will cause uneven braking and steering, excessive heat build-up, reduced traction and shorter tread life.) A Bureau of Standards study shows that the *average* error in automatic service station air pumps is 4 pounds. Furthermore, for accuracy, tire pressure should be measured *cold*, before you even travel to a service station. The most practical solution in these circumstances is for every driver to carry a reliable gauge with which to check tire inflation. Used regularly, the gauge will return its price many times over in longer tire life and increased gas mileage. Tools for Living has located a very accurate, sturdy gauge that fits nicely in glove compartment or tool chest and that is extremely simple to use. Each gauge is $9.75 postpaid. It registers 0 to 60 pounds in 1-pound gradations, with easy-to-read white-on-black registration. The gauge comes in a rugged steel casing. The dial is 2″ in diameter. (A-60)

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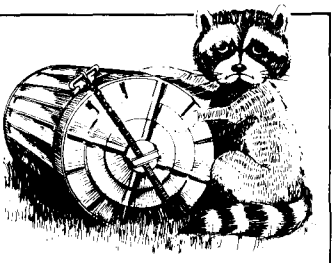
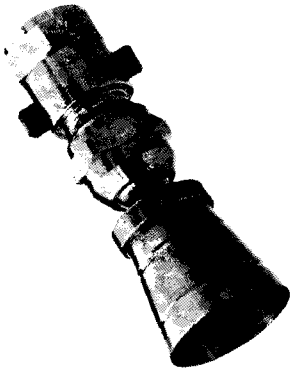
END SPILLED GARBAGE



Raccoons are devilishly clever beasts, as everyone knows who has tried to protect their trash or garbage cans from these nocturnal marauders. A Bedford, N.Y. man was exasperated enough to invent a solution—a simple locking apparatus that keeps garbage can lids firmly in place. Although it defeats raccoons, the Lid Lock is easy for humans to open and close (a must, given the grumpiness of most garbage collectors). It keeps the lid secure even if the can is kicked over and rolled around. The Lid Lock comes in two models, one for metal cans, one for plastic. Each model fits 20-36 gallon cans and is adjustable to compensate for variation in handle locations. This is a sure-fire solution for keeping pests from spilling your garbage. The manufacturer offers a money-back guarantee if you aren't satisfied with the Lid-Lock's performance. Specify for metal cans (A-115), or plastic cans (A-116). $5.00 each postpaid.

SHOWER SAVINGS

Most people don't think about the energy crisis in the shower, but the fact is that heating water is the second largest category of home energy use. One alternative is to take cold showers. A less Spartan solution is to install a ShowerSaver conservation showerhead. This showerhead reduces waterflow from the average of 6 or 8 gpm (gallons per minute) to about 2 gpm. Less water used, of course,

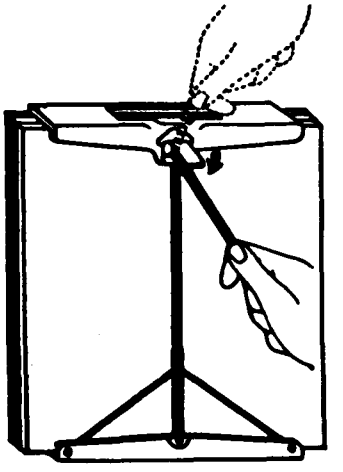


means less *hot* water used. The U.S. Department of Energy calculates that this degree of shower reduction will save the average family of four (each taking a ten minute shower a day) up to $300 a year for electrically heated water or up to $160 a year for gas heated water. Not long ago, Hamilton Township, N.J., passed out 30,000 of these showerheads free to residents in an effort to cut down water use and sewage load. The result was dramatic: a 25% overall reduction in residential water use. When we at *Tools for Living* heard about the Hamilton Township experience, we thought many more people would want to know about the ShowerSaver—especially people in the South and West concerned about water usage, and people in the North and East concerned about energy usage. We can send you the ShowerSaver (which installs simply, just like an ordinary showerhead) in the standard model for $14.00 postpaid (A-75) and in the deluxe model for $16.50 postpaid (A-76). The deluxe model has a push-button valve for turning off the spray temporarily (while you are soaping, for instance) without losing the hot/cold mix. Both ShowerSavers are chrome-plated solid brass. In addition, we can also supply flow-limiting aerators for use in kitchen and bathroom sinks for $3.00 each postpaid (A-77). These aerators halve the water flow from a normal 4 gpm to 2 gpm without noticeably affecting efficiency. The manufacturer calculates that these aerators pay for themselves in about 55 minutes of hot water running time.

Vagaries of weather. The greatest season snowfall measured in North America occurred during the winter of 1970-71 when 1,027 inches of snow fell at the Paradise Ranger Station in Washington.

PICTURE PERFECT

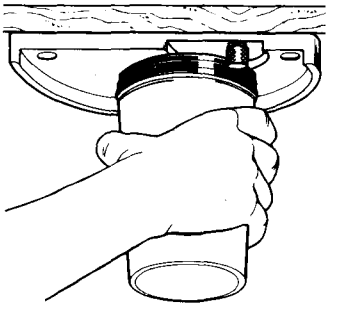
Tools for Living is always on the look-out for quick, attractive economical ways to get pictures framed and hung. Our most recent discovery is the Braquette. This nifty little device consists of two channel clips connected by a nylon cord with a tension spring. You



sandwich the picture between a piece of glass or plexiglass and a backing, slip it into the channel clips, pull the cord tight, and instantly you have a stylish, neatly mounted, easily hung photograph or piece of art. Pictures can be changed in a matter of seconds. The Braquette clips fit top and bottom and can accommodate up to 40 inches of height. The clips are available in clear plastic or black, red, yellow, blue, or white. They are $6.00 each. They really make mounting pictures as easy as you always wished it were. (A-36)

ONE-HANDED MARVEL

There are innumerable jar-openers on the market but none as clever as this gadget, the Un-Skru, marketed independently by a Denver man. With this aid, even the most stubborn jar top can be opened using only one hand. No more straining or rapping the jar on a counter edge or running hot water on the lid until you eventually free it—or make an unscheduled change in the menu. For those with arthritis or other handicap this simple tool is a life-saver. The Un-Skru mounts unobtrusively under a shelf or cabinet and works on any lid from ⅜″ to 3⅜″. It installs simply (two screws) and is made to survive years of everyday commercial use. We've had one for a year and it has never failed us (brute strength was never so successful). We can send the Un-Skru for $6.00 each postpaid. We can say without reservation that every kitchen should have one. (A-85)



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Money Card

continued from page 65

pay my monthly dues. During lunch with our daughter, who happens to work in the downtown bank building where this electronic fiend is housed, I made the mistake of mentioning the situation. She immediately thought of the marvelous MoniBudger.

"There's really nothing to it," she lied through her teeth. "Do you know your memory code?"

"Not exactly," I said, blotting my forehead with my napkin. "All the numbers are divisible by two, I remember that."

"You should write it down in another code and carry it," she admonished me.

Sure I should. With a machine waiting to digest my number and a line of impatient monibudgers behind me waiting to budge their money, I'd be lucky to remember my name, let alone unravel a code for the code.

"It's two four four eight, or two two eight four, or maybe four two four eight. Something like that," I said.

"It won't hurt to try," said my daughter, gaily pulling my coat sleeve until my hand disappeared.

"Come on, it's not going to kill you," parroted spouse, whose card was safely buried in the backyard.

Between them they dragged me into the bank lobby where that monster waited. I later found the toes of both shoes scuffed beyond repair.

"Do I slip the card in face down or face up?" I whispered. No need letting that thing, or the several customers already collected behind us, know that I was new to the game.

"Face up and sideways, just as it shows you there on the apron," replied my daughter, louder than necessary. "And don't worry, the machine will anticipate your questions, you only have to answer."

I fed my card into the machine and stepped back. The machine immediately flashed, "Welcome, Maynard Stoddard." Well, well, well, maybe we were going to get on at that. But here is where the amenities ended. Now it became strictly business.

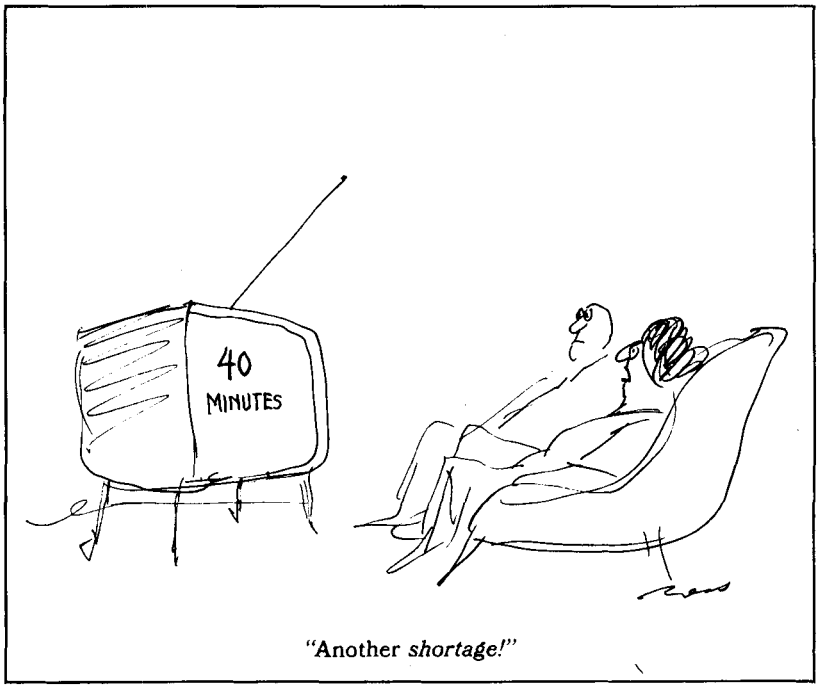
What was my Memory Code, it wanted to know. I punched 2448. It spent some time tossing this around in its electronic gray matter while I held my breath. Then it informed me, in bright green letters on its basic black screen, that I had made a mistake.

"Do you want to continue this transaction?" it wanted to know.

"Yes," I said.

"You have to punch the 'Yes' button," my daughter explained, with an apologetic he's-new-to-the-game smile to the dozen or so immediately in line behind us. Word having evidently spread that there was a guy in the lobby trying the machine for the first time, people were coming in off the street who probably didn't have a dime to their names.

Hitting the "Yes" button, this time I tried 2284. Another deliberation inside. And again the conclusion that I had blown it. And would I *still* like to pursue this matter. I sure would, buster. And if anyone behind me is in a hurry, he can look up a branch bank. Or take his account somewhere else. I punched 4248.



"Another *shortage!*"

Things went pretty fast after that. I remember the billboard flashing something to the effect that I obviously didn't know what the hell I was doing and I would be contacted by mail. So I reached in to retrieve my card. And nearly lost my hand. I did lose my card. Whoever dropped that glass shield, I'm sure, hoped to lop off my hand so I wouldn't come fooling around their machine again.

"It wasn't my idea in the first place!" I yelled back at it as spouse and daughter were leading me away.

I could care less if the bank people contact me by mail. I'm sure I won't be trying their old MoniBudger again. Not even if they return my card. Not even with their Memory Code tattooed on my chest.

I found out when I got home and looked under "Secret Memory Codes Never Used" that I wasn't even close. It is the numbers on our license plate that are divisible by two. And I've written them down, so I won't have to run back to the car every time I register at a motel.

Self-Esteem

continued from page 44

lions of people the pursuit of pleasure is often a neurotic attempt to escape from the tension of consciously living with an unattractive self.

The quest for self-esteem sheds light on many sexual adventures. For many people sex is a clumsy attempt to build self-esteem. The teen-age girl surrenders to the aggressive male for fear that she may lose him if she doesn't go "all the way." A quick analysis might indicate that it is a fear of rejection that motivates this sexual promiscuity. Deeper analysis would show that she unconsciously assumes that if she is rejected she will hate herself. How can she love herself if the boys don't want her?

It has been observed that the wandering male in his 40s who moves from one affair to the next is driven by a deep insecurity. At the expense of another person's dignity, he tries to prove to himself that he's "quite a man!" He fails to comprehend that self-esteem is assaulted more than it is strengthened in any affair that treats individuals as so many "things."

At the same time this same man may be making the tragic mistake of assuming that (1) if he achieves power and influence, people will know him; (2) if they know him, they might love him; (3) if they love him, then he will love himself; (4) if he is in a position of power, he will be able to compel people to respect him. He doesn't realize that power is not what he really wants—but rather, real self-esteem. Where the will to feel pleasure is often a neurotic escape from facing oneself, the will to possess power is frequently a crude attempt to prove "I'm a great guy."

This explains the behavior of a man I

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shall call George Smith, who had a strong drive to be the president of his company. He worked hard and struggled and after many years built a successful national sales organization. He was made president. He was now at the top! He was excited. Because of this excitement he thought he had achieved happiness.

Then things began to fall apart. Business fell off. First it was necessary to close the New York office, then the Chicago office. As his empire crumbled, he saw himself losing the entire business he had worked for years to build. The terrible day came when he had to close his last office.

Here is how George Smith tells his story: "I locked the door of my office. Never had I felt so low as I did when I turned my back on the door of my broken dreams. I walked slowly to the parking lot, got into my car and headed for home. Oh, God, it was all I had left! I stepped into the house. I expected to hear my wife call out, 'Is that you, dear?' I heard nothing. I walked to the kitchen and found a note: 'I've gone shopping. Be home late.' I sank into a chair, a crushed human being.

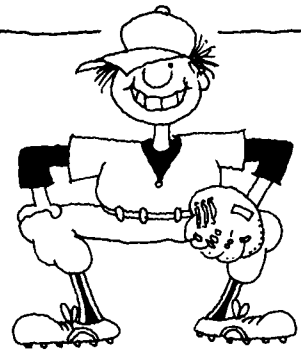
"Suddenly the door opened. It was my little girl, home from school. She put her lunch box on the table, spotted me and called, 'Daddy! How come you're home so early?' I answered, 'Well, honey, Daddy is changing jobs, but let's not talk about it now. Okay?' Then my daughter jumped on my lap, hugged me tight around the neck, pressed her soft and warm face against my face, and gave me the warmest, sweetest kiss, saying, 'Oh, Daddy, I love you so much!' That did it. I really cracked up. My lips quivered. She said, 'What's wrong, Daddy?' I said, 'Nothing, honey, nothing at all. There is absolutely nothing wrong!'

"And I really meant it. In that moment I discovered that I had what I really wanted. Suddenly my whole life unfolded before me: a young fellow who wanted to be a great success in order to be recognized, in order to feel important, in order to be loved, in order to really respect myself! Well, I had what I wanted. It was here in my lap! I was loved. And in loving and being loved, I found my sense of self-worth, self-respect and self-dignity."

So it is the will to possess dignity, not the will to possess power, that man seeks. Man is a dignity-seeker—not a status seeker. He makes a terrible mistake if he thinks that status will insure self-worth.

This may explain why a very successful "status seeker" resigned his job soon after he arrived at the top. "It did not satisfy me; it made me ill. I had

Continued on page 87



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(see page 70)

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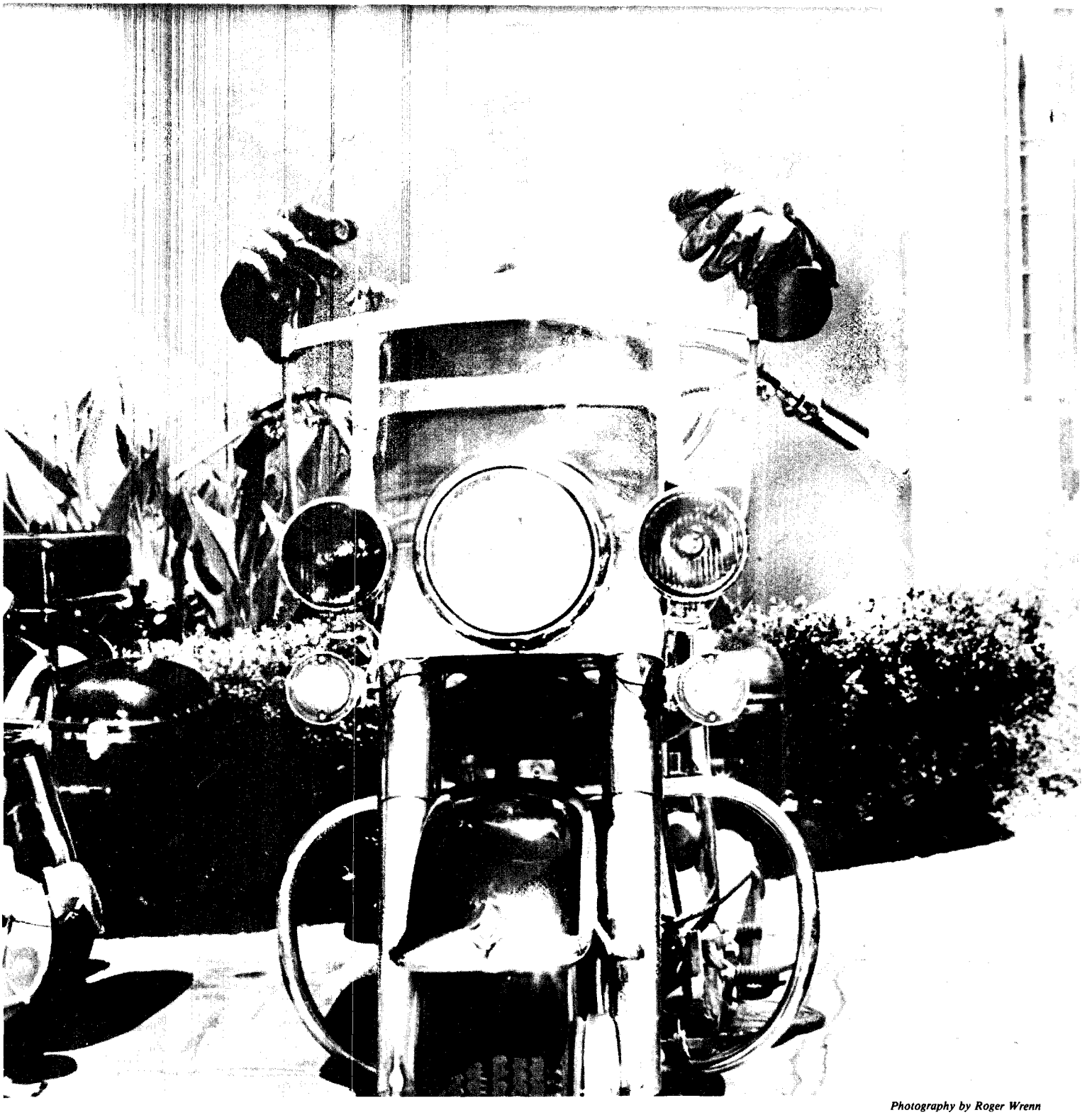

Photography by Roger Wrenn

Can you name this photo?

...contest: $100 to the author of the winning caption for this photo. Your entry can be a "one-liner" or up to five lines of limerick. $100 will also be awarded to the photographer, amateur or professional, whose submitted photo is published in next month's contest. (Black and white photos are preferred. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.) Send entries to Photo Contest, SatEvePost Editorial Offices, 1100 Waterway Blvd., Indianapolis, IN 46202. All eligible caption entries must be received by May 5, 1980.

Our congratulations and a check for $100 go to Phyllis McDowell of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, for the winning entry in our March photo caption contest.

Two pussycats looked through the pane
At the folks running by in the rain.
Said Fuzzy to Fats
"I'm glad that we're cats—
Those humans are really insane."

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to pretend to love people I didn't and couldn't love. I had to overlook things that I knew were wrong. I had to surrender moral and ethical principles to get to the top and to stay at the top. In my happiest moments, I felt the exhilaration of being a big wheel! But I was not satisfied! I was not satisfied because I could not respect myself for what all this was doing to my sense of values. So I quit."

Of course! He quit because he learned that he was not getting what he thought he wanted. He did not get what he wanted because he did not know that what he really wanted was exalted self-esteem.

Even the will to love is a clever mask hiding the deeper and undetected will to feel self-esteem. As infants we learn that we love and are usually loved in return, which leaves us with a wonderful feeling of well-being. We fail to perceive that this sense of well-being is really an experience of self-esteem. So we go through life driven by the compulsion to love—unaware that what we really seek is not love as an end to itself, but love as food to nourish our dignity. Again we discover, early in life, that a wonderful feeling of well-being sweeps over us when we love other persons. We fail to analyze our feelings precisely enough if we stop short of labeling that sense of well-being what it really is—self-esteem. So the will to love and to be loved is a compulsion either to share our strong self-esteem or to support our shaky self-esteem.

Even the will to discover meaning, under critical analysis, will prove to be an expression of the will to achieve self-esteem. Even meaning loses meaning unless it fulfills our self-esteem. If we see no other meaning in our existence, no meaning in our suffering, no meaning in our achievement, no meaning in our love, we will not be able to live with ourselves. On the other hand, we can tolerate unbelievable suffering if we can see some good that will come out of it. We feel we are worthwhile when we see meaning bestowing dignity on our troubles. Meaning is empty unless it feeds and nourishes our self-esteem.

What about the will to create? A watchmaker who constructs a watch is able to look at his creation and see himself in the work materialized before him. When his creation is excellent, this shows that he is a worthwhile person. So the will to create is really a constructive and wholesome attempt to satisfy the deeper ultimate goal—self-esteem.

Man is a pleasure-seeking, power-seeking, love-seeking, meaning-seeking, creativity-seeking animal because he is first and foremost a

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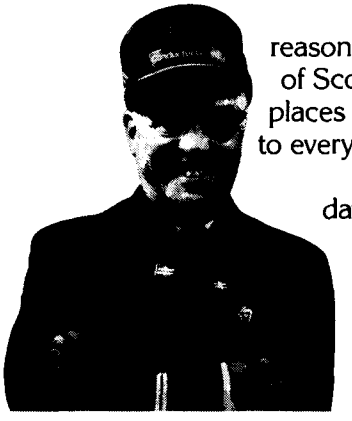
THE 1 BIG REASON TO BRITRAIL THRU BRITAIN. IT SAVES YOU MONEY.



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dignity-seeking creature.

You are on the road to emotional, mental and spiritual health when you discover that what you really want more than anything else in life is neither survival nor pleasure, nor power, nor love, nor meaning. What you really want is to be able to know and appreciate yourself.

The Universal Will to Achieve Self-Esteem

This will to possess self-esteem is universal. It shows its disguised, often distorted and disfigured face in all ages, among all races and nationalities. The Oriental must save face. Primitive tribes stoutly support their pride with warfare and the adornment of ears, lips and body with self-esteem-feeding embellishments. It explains why the Yanks are so cocky; the English snobbish; the French haughty; the Spanish arrogant; the Dutch and Germans stubborn; the Irish fiery; the Scandinavians determined; the Greeks, Italians, Slovaks and native American Indians proud; and the Jews (according to their own chronicler) stiff-necked.

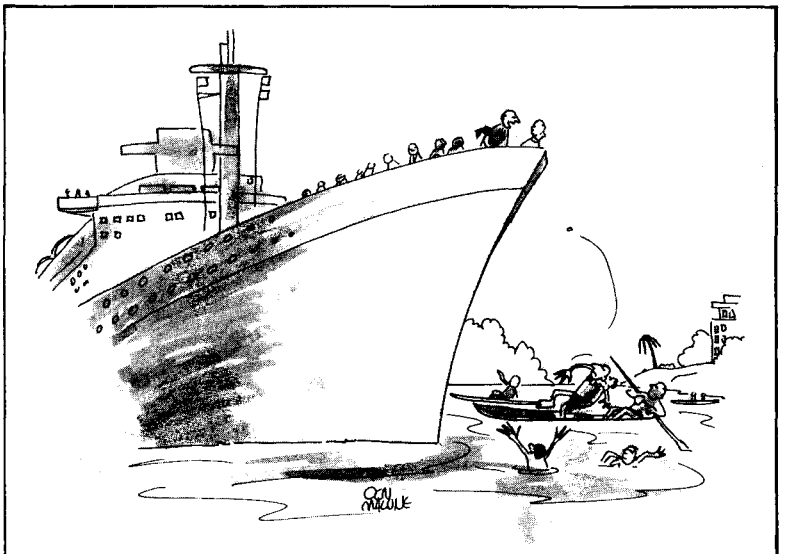
Desmond Morris, in his book *The Naked Ape*, is awe-stricken by the profound question: "Why is Man—of all the primates—hairless?" If the pelts of all the primates were stretched out in a row, Mr. Morris reminds us, one pelt would stand out with startling uniqueness. It has no hair! Why? How did *Homo sapiens* get bald?

A far more important observation might be made if we placed all of the primates, alive and squirming, in a row of cages. We would note that one primate stands out from all the rest! One primate is driven by a hunger for self-esteem. Why? How did *Homo sapiens* develop such a strong will to possess self-esteem?

I asked Viktor Frankl: "If it is true that all living organisms have evolved from a slimy amoeba in a swampy pool, and if the human being is the highest form of this purely natural evolution, can you tell me how the human being ever evolved into a creature that demands dignity? Why, of all organisms, does the human being have this craving for dignity, self-respect and self-esteem?"

"The answer to that question," he replied, "is one I really don't know."

Abraham Kaplan, formerly of the philosophy department of the University of Michigan, was giving the Adolph Meyer lecture at the annual meeting of the American Psychiatric Association in Los Angeles. In his message he challenged these psychiatrists (including a few nonpsychiatrists such as myself): "Oftentimes it seems to me that psychiatrists have a way of saying, 'I don't know,' when actually they are dodging their commitments. Cowardice is disguised as humility. You don't want to admit it, but the real truth is that the human being is this way because there is a God and we are the reflections of God, just as surely as the moon is the reflection of the sun."



"He's throwing back the Susan B. Anthony dollar."

Man—The Great Self-Esteem-Seeker

Man is the great self-esteem-seeker. Why?

Carlyle came close to the answer when he wrote, "Man was made for greatness!" Genesis tells us that man was made in the image of God. And the Psalmist added that man is just " a little lower than the angels."

Suddenly the Holy Bible seems logical and very scientific. According to the Bible, the first human being was created a little like God: with the urge to be creative, a desire to act gloriously and a compulsion to live life on a grand scale. So God placed man in charge of God's ordered creation, to rule, exercise dominion and be the great decision-making creature. Man was a supreme display incarnate! He was the star of God's creation!

So the urge for greatness, the compulsion to create, the passion for excellence, the desire for recognition, the discontent with imperfection, the demand for personal freedom, the need to give and receive love, even the desire to rule and dominate—all originate with our ancestral divine heritage when God made the human being to be great, glorious and perfectly proud.

When a person senses that he is near greatness, at the beginning of something big, at the edge of glory, at the brink of success, on the stairway to stardom, his heart beats fast and his blood stirs, his pulse pounds with happy anticipation! For he was born for greatness!

We sense that we were born for something bigger and better than we know today. We keep moving restlessly onward and upward, seeking a dignity we instinctively know is our heritage.

The human creature is unique in that he is a self-esteem-seeking animal.

This, then, is what I have chosen to call a Theology of Self-Esteem. And from this unshakable foundation there rise five precepts within this theology. (1) a Theology of Communication: I have no right to insult, embarrass or violate any person's dignity by written or spoken word. (2) A Theology of Evangelism: I have no right to offend the self-esteem of a person under the motivation or guise of "saving his soul." My evangelism must appeal to and respect his dignity as a person. I cannot manipulate or intimidate him into the Kingdom of God. (3) A Theology of Social Ethics: Any act or deed becomes unethical if it lowers—however immeasurably—that invisible but all-important mental climate in a community that I call "Society's Collectivized Level of Self-Esteem." Do abortion and suicide make us more proud of ourselves as a human race? Or do they produce some embarrassment or shame? (4) A Theology of Economics: How can we eradicate the real sin of poverty—which is the loss of dignity the oppressed experience? By a handout? Or by an inspiring faith to discover and develop their God-given abilities through Possibility Thinking?

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(5) A Theology of Government: It is no coincidence that the democratic system of government created in 1776 in the United States of America was inspired by the Calvinist theologians who held the dignity of man as the cornerstone of faith. Dictatorship violates freedom—which stifles my self-respect as a person!

Trash to Cash

continued from page 53

available at museum and university libraries. In general, both these sources are free and open to the public.

If you don't find what you're looking for, ask where you *can* find it. Read as much as you can about your collection before you go out and purchase items.

Once you have done your initial research, don't stop learning. Subscribe to collectors' magazines, continue to visit the library for updated information, join collectors' organizations, keep visiting your favorite dealers and experts and talk to other collectors. Your collection is only as good as what you put into it, so your research should continue as long as you are a collector.

Organizing Your Collection

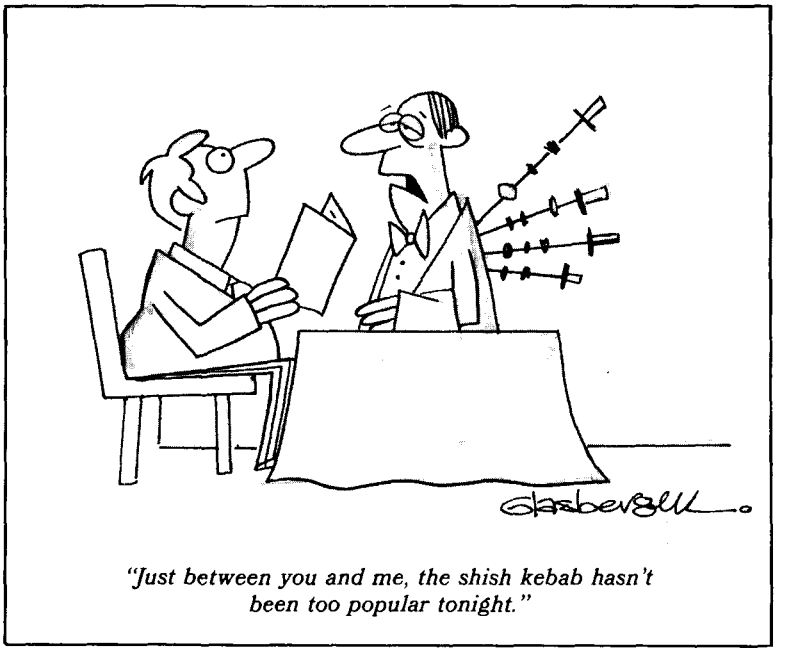
The organization of your collection begins the moment you buy your first item. At the time you purchase an item for your collection, ask for a bill of sale. This bill should list the date of sale, characteristics of the item (age, condition), and amount paid. Keep the bill for insurance and resale purposes.

After the item has been transported to its place of storage, make a record of it. This record should include all the information listed on the bill of sale, plus an identification number (you'll probably want to number each item in the order you acquire it), the item's source, condition, description and current location. When and if you sell the item, you should add to this record the name of the new owner, the date sold and the price received.

Photograph each item for insurance and identification purposes. If it is lost or stolen, photos could help recover it. Also, mark each item with your own special seal or with the electric engravers available from most police stations. If there's any doubt as to your ownership of an item, the mark will settle the question.

Two other important aspects of organizing are security and insurance. When you first purchase an item, consider the safest place to store it and have it transported there immediately. Your collection of antique dolls might be safe in a locked display cabinet in your home, but that is certainly not the place for gold coins! Bank vaults, museums and galleries are all secure places to store your collection, and the added security is usually well worth any fees you have to pay for storage.

For those items that you plan to keep at home, it is wise to display or store them inside a locked cabinet. You may also want to install a burglar alarm in the cabinet. But when you're away, make sure the collection is taken to a safer place for storage.



"Just between you and me, the shish kebab hasn't been too popular tonight."

If your local police precinct has such a policy, give them a list of your valuables and their location. In case of a robbery, this could give the police a jump on any intruders.

Another major factor to consider is insurance. If your collection has any monetary value at all, it should be insured. You may want to have your regular insurance agent call in an expert on your particular collection so that you can discuss the type and amount of insurance needed. The insurance covering your collection may be included in your current homeowner's policy, or it may be a separate policy.

Before you purchase any insurance, be sure to have an outside appraiser determine the exact value of your collection. Then know exactly under what conditions the insurance company will pay you. Will your policy cover damages from moving, storms or official inspection; depreciation or wear and tear; damage as a result of repairs or restoration; breakage of part or all of the collection? If you insure the total collection but lose only a part of it, will you have to give what remains to the insurance company in order to receive payment? These are just some of the questions only your insurance agent can answer. Make sure to ask them and get clear answers in writing.

These are just some general tips to help organize, protect and guarantee your collection. If you require specific information related to any particular item, consult a local museum or expert in the field. Above all, don't buy any item until you know exactly how you're going to care for it.

Preserving and Displaying Your Collection

Once you have your collection organized and insured, there are certain things you can do to enhance and maintain its value. Preserving your collection is essential if you are to maintain its aesthetic and monetary value. The exact repairs, restoration techniques and cleaning procedures will vary with the type of item.

The first step in preserving your valuables is simply a matter of common sense: Handle everything with care. In general, use both hands when holding any small item and lift, rather than push, when moving a large item. Never touch paintings on the front or back; instead, move them by holding both edges with both hands. To handle any object made of metal, place a glove or cloth between the object and your hands. (Don't allow your guests to touch parts of your collection unless they know how to handle them or unless you are willing to risk having something damaged or broken.)

Where and how you display your collection, if you choose to display it, is largely a matter of what you collect, how valuable it is and what space you have available. For items that can safely be kept in your home, you will probably want to have a lighted glass display case or cabinet, perhaps lined

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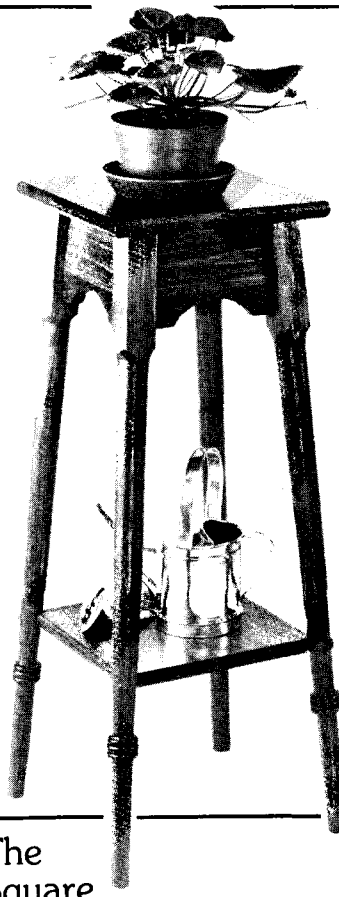

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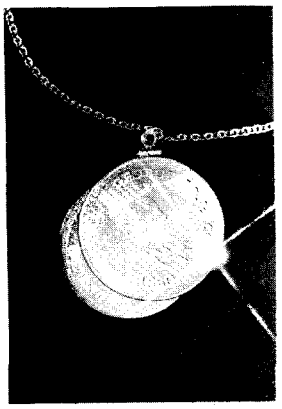

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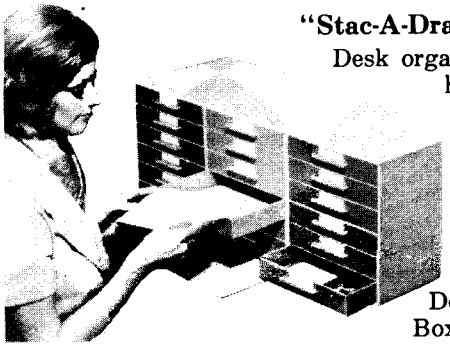

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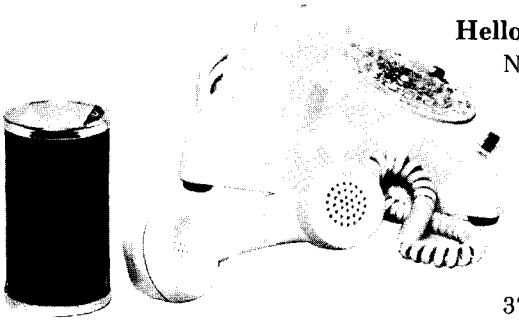

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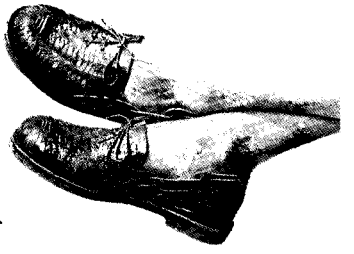

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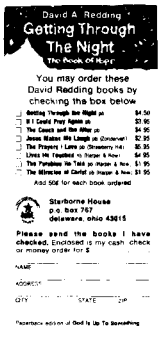
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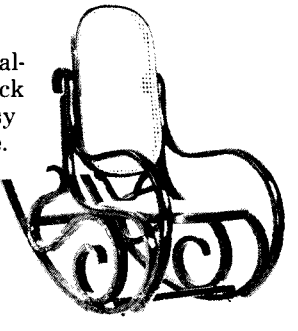
Baby bentwood



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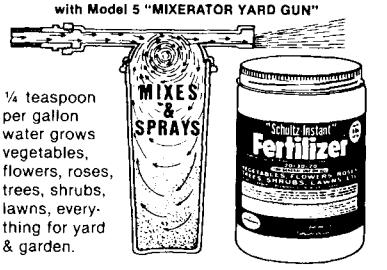

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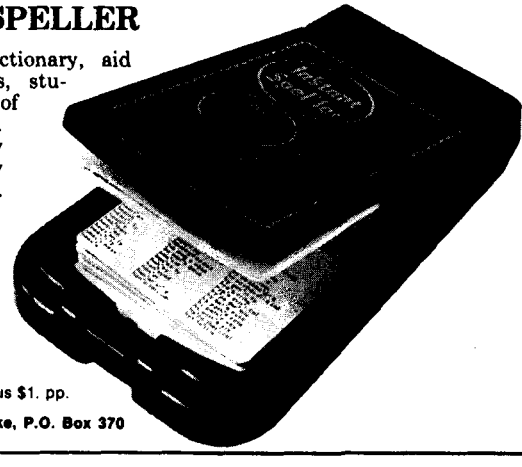

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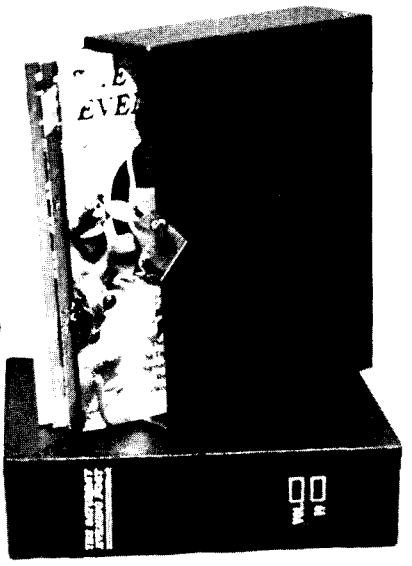

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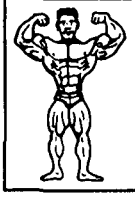

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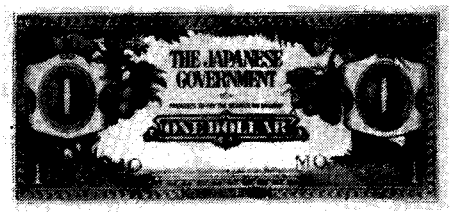

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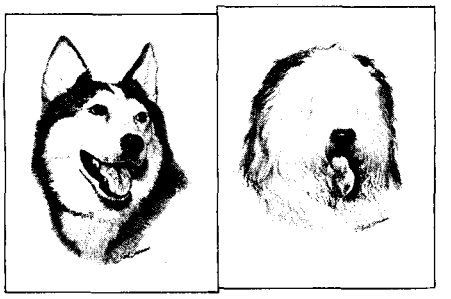

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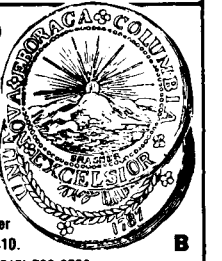

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Threat

continued from page 46

the simpler British term of "personal allowances" to refer to this basic amount.

If your income exceeds your allowances, you pay a tax on the excess at rates that are graduated according to the size of the excess. Suppose your income is less than the allowances? Under the current system, those unused allowances in general are of no value. You simply pay no tax.

If your income happened just to equal your allowances in each of two succeeding years, you would pay no tax in either year. Suppose you had that same income for the two years together, but more than half was received the first year. You would have a positive taxable income, that is, income in excess of allowances for that year, and would pay tax on it. In the second year, you would have a negative taxable income, that is, your allowances would exceed your income, but you would, in general, get no benefit from your unused allowances. You would end up paying more tax for the two years together than if the income had been split evenly.

When your income was above allowances, you would pay tax, the amount depending on the tax rates charged on various amounts of income. When your income was below allowances, you would receive a subsidy, the amount depending on the subsidy rates attributed to various amounts of unused allowances.

The negative income tax would allow for fluctuating income, as in our example, but that is not its main purpose. Its main purpose is rather to provide a straightforward means of assuring every family a minimum amount, while at the same time avoiding a massive bureaucracy, preserving a considerable measure of individual responsibility and retaining an incentive for individuals to work and earn enough to pay taxes instead of receiving a subsidy.

Consider a particular numerical example. In 1978, allowances amounted to $7,200 for a family of four, none above age 65. Suppose a negative income tax had been in existence with a subsidy rate of 50 percent of unused allowances. In that case, a family of four that had no income would have qualified for a subsidy of $3,600. If members of the family had found jobs and earned an income, the amount of the subsidy would have gone down, but the family's total income—subsidy plus earnings—would have gone up. If earnings had been $1,000, the subsidy would have gone down to $3,100 and total income up to $4,100. In effect, the earnings would have been split between reducing the subsidy and raising the family's income. When the family's earnings reached $7,200, the subsidy would have fallen to zero. That would have been the *break-even* point at which the family would have neither received a subsidy nor paid a tax. If earnings had gone still higher, the family would have started paying a tax.

"Well, if it isn't Miss McCleary, my old grade school teacher—the one who kept pestering me to dot my 'i's and cross my 't's."

We need not here go into administrative details—whether subsidies would be paid weekly, biweekly or monthly, how compliance would be checked and so on. It suffices to say that these questions have all been thoroughly explored; that detailed plans have been developed and submitted to Congress.

The negative income tax would be a satisfactory reform of our present welfare system only if it *replaces* the host of other specific programs that we now have. It would do more harm than good if it simply became another rag in the ragbag of welfare programs.

If it did replace them, the negative income tax would have enormous advantages. It is directed specifically at the problem of poverty. It gives help in the form most useful to the recipient, namely, cash. It is general—it does not give help because the recipient is old or disabled or sick or lives in a particular area, or any of the other many specific features entitling people to benefits under current programs. It gives help because the recipient has a low income. Like any other measure to alleviate poverty, it reduces the incentive of people who are helped to help themselves. However, if the subsidy rate is kept at a reasonable level, it does not eliminate that incentive entirely. An extra dollar earned always means more money available for spending.

Equally important, the negative income tax would dispense with the vast bureaucracy that now administers the host of welfare programs. A negative income tax would fit directly into our current income tax system. It would reduce evasion under the current income tax, since everyone would be required to file income tax forms. Some additional personnel might be required, but nothing like the number who are now employed to administer welfare programs.

By dispensing with the vast bureaucracy and integrating the subsidy system with the tax system, the negative income tax would eliminate the present demoralizing situation under which some people—the bureaucrats administering the programs—run other people's lives. It would help to eliminate the present division of the population into two classes—those who pay and those who are supported on public funds. At reasonable break-even levels and tax rates, it would be far less expensive than our present system.

There would still be need for personal assistance to some families who are unable for one reason or another to manage their own affairs. However, if the burden of income maintenance were handled by the negative income tax, that assistance could and would be provided by private charitable activities. We believe that one of the greatest costs of our present welfare system is that it not only undermines and destroys the family, but also poisons the springs of private charitable activity.

Excerpted from *Free to Choose: A Personal Statement* by Milton and Rose Friedman. Published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc. © 1980, 1979 by Milton Friedman and Rose D. Friedman.

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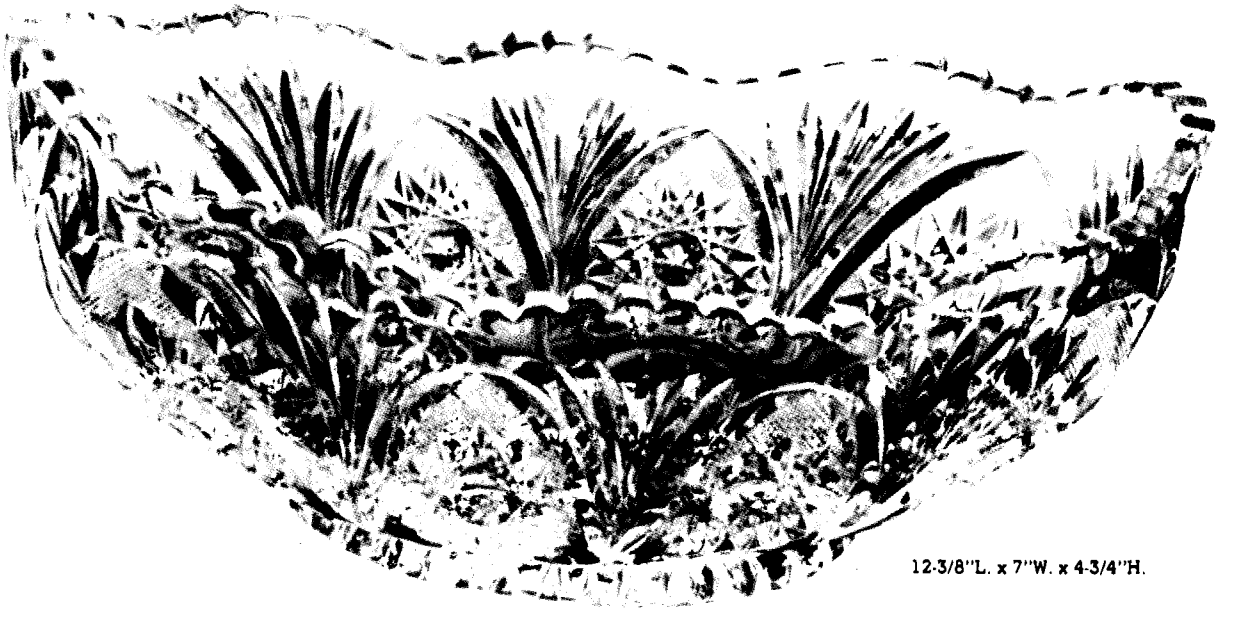

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Pella

continued from page 79

home out in the country. He died a few years ago. I suppose the Tulip Tower does look a little strange to a newcomer. There's an inscription on the garden wall—well, I copied it down one day, and I brought it along to show you. Here's what it says: 'Erected to the Glory of God and Country with Prayers for the Ultimate Victory Over Malice, Scorn, Hatred, Envy, Criticism, Judgment, Bigotry, Prejudice, Intolerance and Apartheid the Anti-Christ Found Lurking in the Church.' I'm not sure I really understand it. Lautenbach used to say he got the inspiration for the tower from the Bible—he likened the columns to the columns in the Temple of Solomon. What the tower is, of course, is the center of our annual Tulip Festival. That's held the second weekend in May—Thursday, Friday and Saturday up to midnight. As you may know, we observe the Sabbath here. So the festival closes at midnight sharp. We don't even clean up until Monday morning. The festival includes parades, dancing in the streets, costume entertainments and the crowning of a Tulip Queen. We can usually count on an attendance of around 100,000. I own the Pella Bootery across the street, you know, and I stock wooden shoes for the festival. You wouldn't believe how many pairs I sell. But the focus of the Tulip Festival is tulips. That's a large part of my job on the Park Commission. All the flower beds you see in all our parks are tulip beds. And our main streets are bordered with tulip beds. We estimate that we have in excess of 100,000 tulips in bloom at festival time. Oh, it's a wonderful, beautiful sight. Our bulbs are all imported from Holland. We plant about 30,000 new bulbs every fall. You have to keep renewing the stock, weeding out the old, if you want to get big blooms. But the Dutch are thrifty, you know. We don't throw our old bulbs away. We give them away for home gardens. They do well enough there. Our colors are bright and cheerful: reds, yellows, pinks, whites. We avoid dark colors in the parks: the blacks, like Queen of the Night, and the purples—all those new inventions. But these and all other kinds are grown for private displays. Our tulips bloom for about a month. But, as I say, we Dutch are thrifty. Our flower beds don't sit empty. When the tulips are over, petunias go in. I think they're very beautiful, too. We have what you might call a petunia festival all summer long and into the fall. Now let's go back to the store. I want to fit you for a pair of wooden shoes. You'll be surprised how comfortable they are with a little piece of foam rubber at the instep."

Sunday in Pella is a difficult day for a visitor. The town observes the Sabbath with an almost Puritan rigidity. I arrived in Pella on a Tuesday, and just about everyone I talked with through the rest of the week told me—warned me—of its Sabbatarianism, but, even so, the reality took me by surprise. With certain humanitarian exceptions, no places of business—not even chain stores—are open on Sunday. It is generally considered reprehensible to wash one's car or mow one's lawn on Sunday. Pella has (by my count) ten service stations, but only one or two ("They're owned by out-of-towners," an attendant at Braafhart's Standard Service told me) are open on Sunday, largely to serve the traveler. The only eating place I found open for breakfast on Sunday was the Burger Barn. The Strawtown restaurant—but not De Kelder—opens for a couple of hours on Sunday for lunch (or noon dinner), but reservations are required two or three days in advance. The bar, however, is closed. The only place I could find to eat on Sunday night was George's Pizza, just off the square, on East Franklin Street. Most—perhaps almost all—Pellans observe the Sabbath in church, and many of these churchgoers attend both morning and evening services. The only Sunday morning sound in Pella is the sound of church bells, and the only stir in life is the bumper-to-bumper crawl of church-bound traffic. I spent the morning walking in the park across the way from the Dutch Mill Motel, and I had its eight or ten acres entirely to myself. In the afternoon, I drove down to the square. I strolled and sat on a bench and read the Des Moines Sunday *Register* for an hour or two. I found my way to George's Pizza around 7:30 that evening, and I dined (soup, pizza, the usual transparent coffee) as leisurely as I could, along with a scattering of other Sunday strangers in town. It was almost 8:30 when I gave up dawdling and finished, and as I stood at the cashier's counter paying my bill I saw a gathering surge of cars moving around the square. I walked up to the corner, to Paardekooper's darkened drugstore, and stopped and looked at the cars going by. There were sedans and pickup trucks and decorated vans and four-wheel-drive Scouts and Broncos, and the occupants were all young—a teenage boy and his girl. I marked a red Dodge pickup and watched it turn right off Main Street, move past the Solomonic Tulpen Toren, turn right again onto Broadway. A couple of minutes later, I saw it coming south on Main Street. I watched it turn and move past the tower again. I stood there alone on the corner and watched the endless circling and recircling for 15 or 20 minutes. I guessed there were at least a hundred cars involved in that obsessional parade. Once a boy in a gray Impala gave me a monkey smirk, and once a couple smiled and waved. I walked back down the block to my car. A couple were coming across the street, heading for George's, and I stopped them. I nodded toward the square. "What's going on up there?"

They turned and looked. They exchanged a glance. The woman laughed.

"You mean those kids?" the man said.

"It's not our responsibility, Johnson."

Continued on page 116

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Trash to Cash

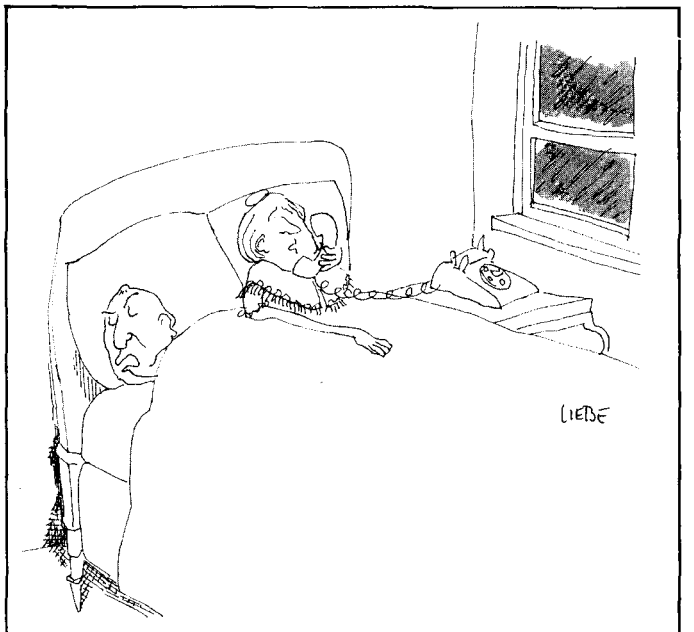
continued from page 89

with a cloth in a matching or contrasting color to brighten the display.

If you choose not to put your collection inside a cabinet or case, you must be careful to place it where it cannot be knocked over, spilled on or easily stolen by some not-so-welcome guest. Some collectors go to great pains to fasten down any item they wish to keep outside a case. Keeping an object out in the open also requires more frequent cleaning and increases the risk of breakage, so it is generally not advisable.

Most of the time your collection will probably be stored where it's displayed. For those times when it has to be kept elsewhere, you should keep the following points in mind: humidity, ventilation, wrapping, protection against fire, insects and mildew, lighting and temperature.

Although every item differs with respect to the light, temperature, humidity, ventilation and protection it requires, in general, all objects should be covered to keep dust out and should not be stored in any place where the temperature is above 72 degrees F. or below 50 degrees F. Paper items should never be covered with newspaper; this will only ruin your collection (newspaper attracts bugs). Because metal shelves conduct heat, they are not the fire protectors one might think; if you wish to use them, cover them with felt. (Some experts believe wooden cabinets are the best storage places; even if they are burned on the outside, their contents often remain undamaged). Musical instruments require some circulation of air. Cloth items should generally be rolled rather than folded, and of course they must be protected against moths and mildew.



"Oh, you know, it's the same old thing—it's raining, it's pouring, the old man is snoring, he bumped his head and he went to bed and he couldn't get up in the morning. Anything new with you?"

Since practically anything can be a collectible, storage requirements vary greatly. Thorough research of your particular collection will give you more information on how best to care for it.

Whatever your reason for starting your collection, you will find that it won't be difficult to keep it going. Most people who begin to accumulate items of interest find that what started out as a hobby quickly turns into a habit. So involved do they become in their collection that it's the first thing they turn to in their spare time. At times the act of collecting becomes more important than the collection itself.

Even for those who do not become so compulsive, however, collecting can be an intensely satisfying and personally rewarding experience. It will bring you into a whole new world of people, places and things. You'll broaden your horizons, make new discoveries and meet exciting new friends.

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Moynihan

continued from page 40

He did not suffer the total hopelessness, the mind-numbing lack of opportunity, the no-chance-for-escape that envelops the true slum dweller. His mother could—as a white woman—get a job of sustenance far more easily than a black woman could. And she did. His mother could find a well-to-do man to marry, which she did.

Two years or so after his father left, Pat Moynihan moved back from Louisville to join the family in living in a 14-room mansion in a 13-acre estate in plush Westchester County north of New York City. It was not a tough living by anybody's standards—except perhaps the Rockefellers.

But it turned out that his mother's second marriage didn't hold up either, and she left and later divorced her second husband. Pat Moynihan again found himself living in reduced circumstances. He and his family moved into an apartment on Manhattan's upper West Side on 92nd Street—not quite the pits, but not a mansion in Westchester County, either. In any case, Moynihan did get a shoe box and go down to shine shoes at 43rd Street and Broadway, outside the Paramount Theater on one side of the street, sometimes outside of Toffenetti's restaurant on the east side of the street. But again he did not suffer the enveloping hopelessness that grips the true slum family: His mother found a job in a defense plant (this was during World War II) and soon she was able to move her family to a large airy apartment in a rambling old house in Astoria, a decent workingman's neighborhood in Queens. One thing that Pat Moynihan does not mention in his treacly narrative of his "privation" as a youth: He was the only kid in his class who wore a tuxedo to his high school junior prom.

All this is marked because of the way that Pat Moynihan edits his boyhood experience: He cannot resist re-creating an Irish—and intellectual—Horatio Alger, one whose dimensions have something of the touch of the fictional, as was in the original.

It would be romantic to report that Pat Moynihan dragged himself up by the dewlap and got himself the kind of higher education that turned loose the skills of a first-rate mind. But it is not altogether the truth. He started at City College of New York—which is taxpayer-supported and was totally free of charge—and went on to Middlebury on the Navy V-12 program. He went to Tufts on an ROTC program and went to graduate school on the GI bill. Thus the taxpayers in one way or another paid for his entire college education. And in a way they continued to do so: After finishing at Tufts, he got a Fulbright scholarship to the London School of Economics and Political Science—with living and transportation expenses included.

Out of all this—which again is not a slum kid's normal experience—Moynihan not only made the most of his educa-

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tion but acquired a basic perception of how one segment of society works: If a man can get into politics and government and academia and foundation-hood, he'll never have to go to work for a living. That's what Pat did: He began working for the U.S. government—for the Air Force—while he was still in England, and when he got home, he immediately began working for politicians. When he wasn't working with politicians for the next 30 years, he was devoting himself to the expenditure programs of various colleges and universities.

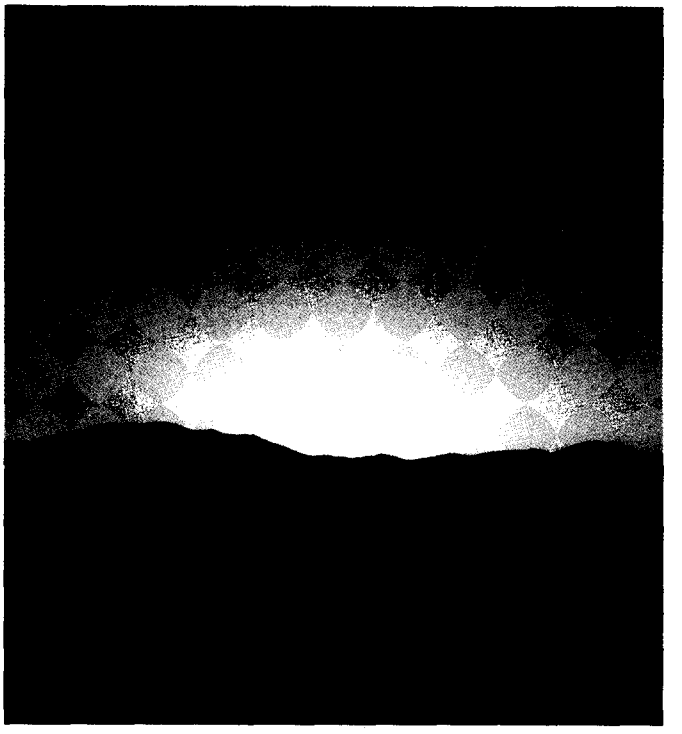
But given all this experience, can Moynihan actually *run* an office as demanding as that of the president or secretary of state? No. Not in any administrative sense. "Creative chaos" is the way one sympathetic observer describes his administrative technique. Even in the Senate, where the staffs are small and can learn from generations of precedent about what to do and how to do it, he is credited with having acquired one of the poorest staffs. "Intellectuals," says an old Senate hand, "and totally incompetent." This is said of his top aides. The problem is that Moynihan does not give his staff any kind of leadership—the strong physical and intellectual leadership that Jake Javits gives his staff. (Javits and Kennedy are regarded as having the strongest staffs in the Senate; it is a mark of the insight of Moynihan's staff that it likes to make fun of Javits and his staff—which is a little like the sandlot team making fun of the Super Bowl champions.) The low quality of the staff has an immediate impact on Moynihan, for he does not have the insight to know when it's hurting him more than it's helping. "They make enemies of his friends without even knowing that these people are his friends," says one staffer working for another senator. Nor can they even begin to accomplish the immensely more difficult task of making friends out of his enemies. On one occasion, a "policy king" on the staff persuaded him to "go public" in denouncing a policy of taking the ethnic balance into account when assigning teachers to classrooms in, among other places, New York City. The policy would have had blacks teaching blacks instead of having whites do it (and perhaps letting racial tensions get in the way of the learning process). The policy would have had broad impact. At the very least, it might have helped more black teachers move into those brainpower jobs, which would further help blacks move into the mainstream of American life. At his staffer's suggestion, Moynihan chose to oppose it on racial grounds of a more curious kind—that it would endanger the lives of Jewish teachers in the New York City school system by taking away their historic opportunity for teaching jobs. He did not feel constrained in suggesting a line of thought that seemed to say to some that the government was purposefully denying life to Jews by giving opportunities to blacks: "Such practices evoke one image in our lifetimes above all others: the sorting out of human beings for the death camps of Hitler's Germany."

Even for admirers of Pat Moynihan, that was a bit much. Congressman Charles Rangel, a black Democrat from Harlem, thought he detected various anti-black "code words" in the Moynihan comments, and he expressed disgust that Moynihan didn't have a deeper understanding of the issue. "I didn't expect my Democratic senator to be a party to all this," he said. "I'll never be able to think that he can compare this with the Germans and the Jews."

About two weeks after his original statement, Moynihan issued a "clarification" and "amendment" of his views—which could only make his Jewish constituents upset. So by relying on his staff, he got into a position where he couldn't help but lose on both sides of the issue.

Moynihan's pros and cons are complicated by another characteristic: his pronounced interest in money and getting more of it. Even while he was campaigning for the Senate—in the year when his time was thus taken up by non-income

Continued on page 105



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FOOD

TASTY MEATLESS MAIN DISHES

Bypass meat on the way to better health. A delicious, well-planned diet of grains and vegetables will balance your body's proteins and help keep your budget in balance, too.

by Michele Gutter

No bones about it—meat eating is on the decline in America. After a long run as star on the family menu, the steaks, the roasts and the chops are yielding center stage to heretofore supporting dishes—the grains and the vegetables.

The change, although just beginning, signals a dietary revolution in American kitchens which will likely gain momentum throughout the 1980s. Outrage at the unappetizing prices (especially of beef) reflected in the mirrors of grocery meat counters only adds impetus to the revolt. Much more important is the inescapable scientific evidence that Americans have been dining too long on the fat of the land and are paying for it with their lives.

Even Uncle Sam, long and lean as we often picture him, has finally acknowledged the truth. Early this year, the U.S. Department of Health and Human Services for the first time shook a warning finger at the majority of people who overindulge in fats, sugar, salt and red meat. "Sonny, eat your vegetables, fruits and whole grains, and go to bed without dessert."

As health officials pontificate and chefs, cookbook writers and dietitians scurry to get aboard the health-food boat, it may be difficult for some long-established vegetarian and semi-vegetarian groups to resist a smirk of self-satisfaction—especially the Mormons, who for nearly 150 years have been following dietary restrictions just recently proven to have great medical value.

Unlike religions which preach vegetarianism on moral grounds, the Mormons do not totally proscribe meat. Rather, they follow a commandment to eat meat sparingly but to indulge wholeheartedly in fruits, grains and vegetables, which are considered the most proper foodstuffs. Mormons also shun coffee and tea, Coke, Tab and other soft drinks which contain caffeine. The effect on their health is an eyebrow-raiser indeed. Utah, where three of four citizens are Mormon, ranks 49th out of 50 states in cancer deaths and 46th in deaths from heart attacks and strokes. In California, the Mormon death rate from cancer is one-third less than that of non-Mormons. They must be doing something right!

Many Mormons bake their own bread from whole grain which they grind themselves. Because of the increase in grain and vegetable fiber and the decreased intake of cholesterols from meat, their diet more closely approaches that of people in less-developed countries such as those in rural Africa, where doctors have found a low incidence of coronary heart disease, colon and rectum cancer, appendicitis, hemorrhoids, diverticulosis, phlebitis and obesity—all common afflictions of average Americans.

It is now widely accepted that meats are bad guys and grains and vegetables are good guys as far as health is concerned, but meat has another disadvantage, too. It takes 16 pounds of feed grain to produce one pound of beef on the hoof. Chicken is a bit better at 3 pounds of feed to one pound meat. Meat is therefore highly uneconomical in a world crying for more food.

Why do we eat meat, then? Well, traditionally, dietitians have told us meat is rich in protein, which is vital for replacement of tissues. True, meat is a complete protein food. So are eggs and milk. Individual vegetables and grains, also referred to as complex carbohydrates, on the other hand, are incomplete proteins, so the trick of substituting a vegetable diet for a meat diet is to mix and match to produce a complete protein pack-

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age. The meatless dishes in the following recipes do just that. They also provide the reformed meat eater with something to sink his teeth into.

Before you begin, it will help to acquaint yourself with some cooking tips for grains and legumes:

For each cup of dry measure, use 2 to 3 cups water. Bring grains or beans to a boil, cover and simmer until done. Keep beans covered with water at all times. Whole grains should absorb all the water. Add extra water to save for soup stock if desired. One cup dry measure yields about 2½ cups cooked.

To save time on busy days, cook a large pot of grains or beans on one day. Use what you need and freeze the rest in plastic bags until needed. Then simply immerse the beans, bag and all, in a pot of hot water until thawed.

Wean your family off meat gradually by preparing some of these suggested recipes as side dishes along with meat. You can also substitute complex carbohydrates for meat in some recipes to cut down on calories as well as fat. Lentils, for example, substitute nicely for ground beef.

Spanikopita (Greek Spinach Cheese Pie)

(6 servings)

Tofu (soybean curd) is used in this recipe to extend the cheese, while keeping the fat and calorie content low. The tofu protein is complemented by the cheeses. If tofu is not available, use all cottage cheese.

2 pounds fresh spinach or
2 packages frozen spinach
1 pound tofu
2 eggs, lightly beaten
2½ cups cottage cheese, dry or uncreamed
2 teaspoons sea salt
½ cup shredded cheddar cheese
2 teaspoons dried parsley
2 green onions, sliced
2 teaspoons dill weed
1 teaspoon pepper

Steam fresh spinach or cook frozen spinach in small amount of water; drain. Mash tofu with fork and mix together all ingredients. Pour into 10" square casserole that has been lightly oiled. Bake for 30 to 40 minutes at 350°F.

Gone are the days when athletes were fed thick steaks while in training. Today it is known that carbohydrates make for better energy. "Athletes who are looking for more endurance move their carbohydrates up to about 75 percent of the diet," says Walter H. Gregg, chairman of health and physical education at Northwestern University.

Enchiladas

The pinto beans and the corn tortillas are the complementary proteins with additional protein provided by the cheese and yogurt.

Sauce:
⅓ cup olive oil
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 onion, chopped
2 16-ounce cans tomatoes or 2 pounds fresh tomatoes and 1 cup tomato juice or purée
Cayenne pepper to taste
1 teaspoon chili powder
1 teaspoon cumin powder
1 teaspoon coriander
Filling:
1 cup raw pinto beans
3 cups water
½ cup shredded Monterey jack cheese
¼ cup finely chopped onion
Cayenne powder to taste
½ to 1 teaspoon chili powder
½ to 1 teaspoon cumin powder
½ to 1 teaspoon coriander
Garnish:
Yogurt
Chopped chives
1 cup shredded Monterey jack cheese

Sauce: Sauté garlic and onion in olive oil. Combine with rest of sauce ingredients in blender.

Filling: Bring pinto beans and water to a boil, reduce heat and simmer until pintos are very soft, about 2½ to 3 hours. Mash pinto beans and add to other filling ingredients.

To assemble: Dip tortillas, one at a time, into pot of simmering water

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just to soften. Spread about ⅓ cup filling on each tortilla and roll up. Place filled tortillas, seam side down, in 9" x 13" baking pan. Cover with sauce. Cover pan and bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes. Remove cover, sprinkle with 1 cup shredded Monterey jack cheese. Return to oven until cheese melts. To serve, garnish with large dollop of yogurt topped with chopped chives.

Lentil Oatburgers

(10 to 12 burgers)

In these burgers, the complete protein is provided by the combination of the oats (a grain) and the lentils (a legume).

1 cup raw lentils
2½ cups water
¼ cup catsup
¼ teaspoon garlic powder
1 small onion, minced, or
¼ teaspoon onion powder
1 cup quick cooking oats
1 egg
Whole wheat flour, if necessary

To cook lentils: Bring water and lentils to a boil, cover and simmer until lentils have absorbed nearly all the water (about 45 minutes). Mix together lentils with remaining ingredients. Form into patties. If they do not keep their shape, add enough whole wheat flour to help hold them together. Burgers can be broiled or fried in oil.

Serve on hamburger rolls or pita bread, with lettuce, tomato, mayonnaise, sprouts, cheese, catsup.

Stuffed Eggplant

This meatless version of Greek moussaka makes use of rice and chopped eggplant, extended with fiber-rich oats. Each serving contains a whopping tablespoon of brewer's yeast, making it even higher in the vitamin B complex. Making it ahead and reheating provides a tasty dinner on short notice.

1 large eggplant
1 cup brown rice
1 large onion
½ cup diced celery
2 tablespoons chopped parsley
½ cup rolled oats
1 teaspoon dried Italian seasoning
1 egg
3 cups freshly cooked tomatoes
¼ cup brewer's yeast
2 cloves garlic, minced
⅓ cup grated hard cheese

Slice the eggplant lengthwise. Hollow out, leaving ½" shell. Chop the scooped-out eggplant and combine with remaining ingredients, reserving two cups of the tomatoes. Pack the stuffing into the eggplant shells and arrange in shallow baking dish. Pour the reserved tomatoes over all. Bake at 375 degrees F. for one hour or until fork-tender.

Tabouli (Lebanese Grain Salad)

(6 servings)

This dish can be served as a side dish or main dish salad.

1 cup uncooked garbanzo beans
4 cups water
½ cups raw bulgur wheat
1½ cups boiling water
¼ cup dried parsley
¼ cup dried mint
¾ cup green onion, chopped
3 medium tomatoes, chopped
1 cucumber, chopped
1 green pepper, chopped
Dressing:
½ cup lemon juice
¼ cup olive oil
1 teaspoon sea salt, optional
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ teaspoon oregano
½ teaspoon garlic powder

To cook garbanzo beans: Bring beans and 4 cups water to a boil; simmer until garbanzos are done. (They should be soft, but still somewhat crunchy—not mushy.) It should take about 3 hours for them to cook. Or they can be cooked in a crock pot. (Add extra water.)

Pour the boiling water over the bulgur; let it stand until all the water is absorbed, about a half hour. Add the remaining salad ingredients and combine in a large bowl. In a jar, combine the dressing ingredients and toss with the salad. Refrigerate Tabouli for several hours to allow the flavors to mingle.

This typical Mormon pantry reflects the Church's dictum to store a year's supply of food. Most members stock mainly grain and dried products: Protein found in meat (which the Mormons eat sparingly) can be replaced by a mixture of dried beans and grain. Mormons as a group are far healthier than the rest of the U.S. population.

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Moynihan

continued from page 101

work—he earned "only" about $200,000. (Of this, $43,000 was from his Harvard and U.N. salaries and $152,000 was from making speeches.) Now his salary (from the Senate) has risen to $60,662.50 a year, plus whatever he can earn on the outside. (A federal law prohibits any federal employee—including a senator—from earning more than $25,000 a year from speeches, articles or public appearances outside of his federal duties. There is no limit on what he can make through book royalties, law partnerships, investments, sales ventures—anything other than appearances and articles.) So today a senator tends to see his basic salary as being $85,000—plus whatever he can pick up from something other than what he does best—which is talk and write. That is not exactly a poverty-level income. While Moynihan wouldn't object to raising both salary and outside income, he recognizes that has certain flaws, specifically that a senator's taxes go up as his income goes up. The trick in the Senate is to raise one's standard of living without raising one's taxes. And one way to do that is to allow a senator to raise an unlimited amount of money through campaign contributions—hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of dollars—and then transfer that money over to his "office funds." From there, he can use it for buying lunch or dinner with constituents or for "entertainment" or for anything else that might help him better "discover the public interest." It might pay for the cost of traveling to Hawaii or Acapulco or the Riviera for "public interest seminars." It might pay for a home or condominium in the senator's home state, decorated in the elegance to which he's become accustomed—a place where he can stay while he examines the state's "public interest." It might pay for buying him a car for his "official" business at home or in Washington. It might buy him a number of color TVs and video recorders so that he could better follow the "public affairs discussions" on television. It could buy him anything and everything he needs to make his life more luxurious on a cost-free basis: Not only would he not have to spend his own money for the goodies, but he wouldn't have to pay taxes on the money he used to get them—since it would all be "campaign contributions" detoured to "office purposes." The public has a different view of all this from that of members of the Senate. Some taxpayers think this is downright corrupt, for it provides a legal way for some big spender to pay for some luxury in which a senator wants to indulge. When Senator Adlai Stevenson III, who was chairman of the Senate Ethics Committee until recently, proposed that the Senate bar altogether the use of "campaign contributions" for "office funds," Pat Moynihan rose to make an impassioned speech of protest. "I am not a man of wealth!" he exclaimed, somewhat overlooking the fact that a man who can earn $200,000 a year in part-time endeavors might be considered a man of wealth by some. "I did not win my seat by my father's patrimony." (Perhaps he was talking about the way that the three Kennedy brothers got to the Senate.) All he really wanted was to go out and ask his backers for "office money." But this proposal by Adlai Stevenson would bar him from this high dignity: "I am told," he concluded, "I cannot even be a mendicant. I am told I must be a pauper." Adlai Stevenson was decent about it. He kept from breaking out into hysterical laughter about the $200,000-a-year pauper. All he did was rise to suggest that "all beggars line up on the side of the senator from New York."

All of this comes together in a particular system which establishes Moynihan as a beggar—from the non-rich. He or his aides indulged in a classic tactic of wheedling pennies for his purse: the "legal kickback." Laughter rippled through Capitol Hill last Christmas when it was reported that Moynihan was not having much success in getting $1-a-head kickbacks from his staff for a "gift" for the senator. There is something terribly disturbing and pathetic about a man who earns anywhere from $85,000 to $200,000 seeking $1-a-head kickback gifts from the secretaries and clerks and receptionists on his staff. The whole incident is deeply upsetting to those who believe that a senator should be above *all* crime, much less petty crime.

On the same level of inquiry, Moynihan has been facing speculation—even in the August *New York Times*—about his drinking. As we've seen, Moynihan began drinking hard liquor before he was a teen-ager. He's been drinking more than regularly ever since. The meaning of all this is seasoned by the particular mores of the capital: In Washington, drinking is not considered even noticeable—much less a problem—unless a senator is falling-down drunk before breakfast . . . or at least before the gavel falls that calls the Senate into session around noontime. All this would not be a question if Moynihan were a private

Continued on page 115

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"Down Under" may not be where you think it is—would you believe you can buy a map with the Poles reversed? It proves that Aussies are not Outback at all, but really on top of things.

he excursion boat plunged and wallowed through the heavy seas on its way back to Cairns on the Queensland mainland from tropical Green Island, a coral outpost of the Great Barrier Reef. At the rail an American, sunburned from shelling on the island beach where the palm trees reach almost down to the waves, grimaced as a burly Australian, losing his balance with the pitch of the deck, was thrown against him.

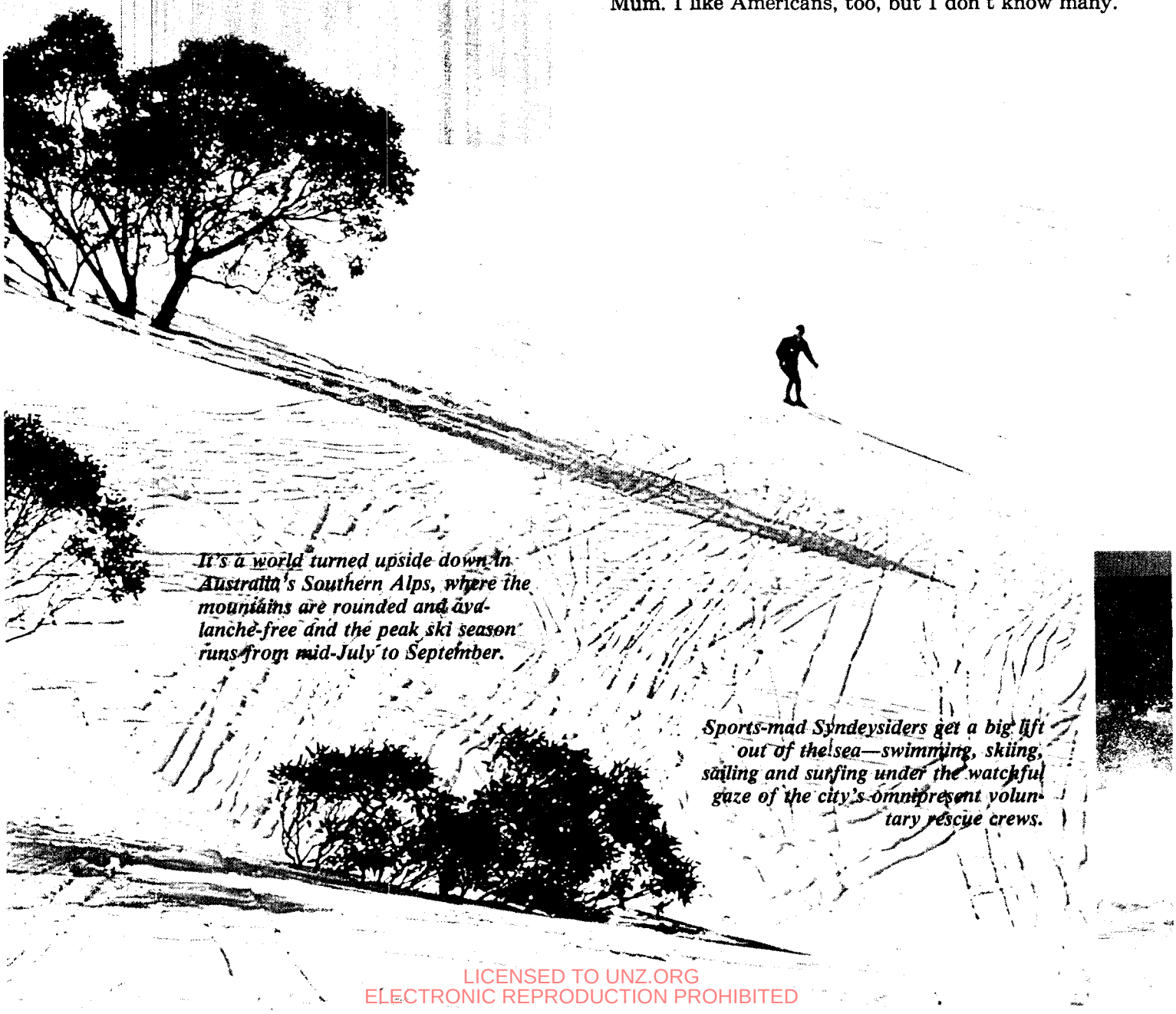
"Sorry, mate," said the Australian. "My pins function better on dry land."

A sturdy 12-year-old boy came to the man's side as soon as he saw his father talking to an American. Soon the father, a carpenter from Brisbane, was explaining his country to the visiting Yank.

"Australia is a nation with a British heritage, American leanings and a future in Asia," he said. "I heard that on the telly the other night."

The boy tried his hand at explaining things, too.

"I'm not English," he said. "I'm Australian, but I love the Queen, and I think that Australia ought to love its Mum country the way a boy should love his Mum. I like Americans, too, but I don't know many.



It's a world turned upside down in Australia's Southern Alps, where the mountains are rounded and avalanche-free and the peak ski season runs from mid-July to September.

Sports-mad Syndeysiders get a big lift out of the sea—swimming, skiing, sailing and surfing under the watchful gaze of the city's omnipresent voluntary rescue crews.

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up, I want to go to Indonesia or
's in my future."
erican traveler in Australia, the truth of
and son had to say about their country
s apparent. Aussie hospitality to
ericans is real enough.
ou want to stay in a hotel in Sydney?"
businessman asks an American tourist
ext to one another on a flight from Ade-
ey. "Why not stay with me? Come
et the wife and kids."
t, and he only is satisfied when the
least promises to come to his home for
cteristically, too, when somebody
nks Go Home" on a Sydney storefront,
e added "By Qantas."
future is bound up with Asia because it
a South Pacific treasure house of re-
to the Orient. Perth, the flourishing
stern Australia, is closer by far to
n it is to Sydney or Melbourne, a fact
gests the sheer size of the three-
-mile Down Under country, which is
ither the world's largest island or the world's small-
est continent.

That Australia has a British heritage is evident everywhere, even though the new emigrants from the European continent who have reached the country over the last several decades have made their mark, particularly in improving the variety and quality of restaurant cuisine. It is nowhere more evident than in a park in Melbourne where Captain Cook's boyhood cottage, which was transplanted from England, rests among "English" trees—that is, trees whose ancestors came from England to live among the characteristic eucalyptus trees of the new country. Cook explored Australian coasts for the British king and took possession of the eastern part of the continent in the king's name on August 22, 1770. There is an obelisk on Possession Island in Torres Strait to show where he stood on the historic occasion. Australians take their kids to see Captain Cook's cottage in much the same way that Americans take their offspring to view Independence Hall. Jacketed and hatted in their school clothes, the Aussie boys and girls, perhaps the healthiest looking and politest school children in the world, flock into the cottage with its original Cook furnishings. They listen wide-eyed to how young Jim Cook and his two brothers slept in a small unheated upstairs room and how, when they got out of bed in the morning, they snatched up their clothes and raced downstairs to the big room to dress before the fire. The Aussie kids give an ancestral shiver for the 18th-century Cook boys in wintry England.

In January 1788, Captain Arthur Phillip and a boatload of convicts from Britain came ashore at Farm Cove on Botany Bay to found the colony of New South Wales, and today Sydney people still point out buildings constructed by convict labor much as Americans point out structures built by slaves. Phillip landed in the Rocks section, and many

Down Under cities are "rough but good-natured." The Old World ambiance is there, but punctuated with the exotic flowers, animals and climate of a continent apart.

Australia's cutest national resource, the broad-faced, fluffy-eared koala, was once almost extinct. Now the tree-hugging teddies are protected by law.

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of the early buildings have recently been renovated as homes, shops and pubs. The oldest buildings of Victoria Barracks were erected by convicts, and the city's Rum Hospital was erected with money convicts paid for their tots of rum.

Travelers from North America who make the long jet flight down the Pacific on either Qantas or Pan American land first at Sydney. Their first glimpse of the city's red-tiled roofs climbing the steep hills beside the labyrinthine waters of one of the world's most superb harbors is magnificent after so many hours in the air. The famed convex neo-Gothic arches of the Sydney Opera House appear on the tip of Benelong Point like a shark's fins. Even from the air a traveler can understand how the actor Robert Morley could remark that the building "looked like something that has crept up out of the sea and is up to no good." Sydneysiders call the opera house "Jaws."

The Sydney Harbour Bridge appears beneath the plane. If the 1,650-foot center span were only 51 feet longer it would surpass the New River Gorge Bridge in Fayetteville, West Virginia, and be the world's longest. The bridge is to Sydney what the Golden Gate Bridge is to San Francisco, but this doesn't keep Australians from calling it the "Coat Hanger," which it patently resembles. Since it was built during Depression days, the bridge provided jobs for 1,400 workers and kept a lot of families breathing. Hence, Australians also call it the "Iron Lung," a tribute both to its massive iron superstructure and its life-giving role.

Once on the ground, a traveler discovers that Sydneysiders have applied appropriate monikers to other landmarks of their city as well. Ships from all over the world pass beneath the Harbour Bridge and dock at berths. The circular control tower rises on high legs above the busy scene. Since it is capsule-shaped and controls the berths, it is named the "Pill." Sydney's skyline grows higher with every year. Among the man-made peaks beside Botany Bay is Australia Square, which is not square but round as a barrel. Close by stands the new Government Building, a black shaft of glass and steel. To an Australian, "The Black Stump" is a mythical landmark in the Outback at the very limits of civilization. When a building is not only big and black but houses government offices, it simply must be called "The Black Stump."

The convict colony burst its chains to become Australia's largest city, Sydney. The most famous landmark in this bayside metropolis is the multi-finned Opera House, financed by a special $100 million lottery.

Sydney Harbour is a glory. Ferries and hydrofoils furrow the waters from the Circular Quay beside the downtown district and take commuters to far-flung suburbs. Each boat is worth a trip. One of the most colorful journeys is to Manly, a beach suburb so-called because the aborigines seen on it by early explorers were so "manly." Ships poke beneath the Harbour Bridge's proud arch. There is the deep hollow whoomp of a marine whistle, and gulls sweep about the stern of the ferry boat. To the left is "The Rocks," where there once were 50 pubs waiting for sailors who, after being at sea for weeks or months, often ended up on the rocks in more ways than one.

From the docks at Manly a visitor walks up a street something like the main street in England's Brighton. There are engaging shops, cafes and pubs, which have been described by Aussie writer Peter Michaels as a "cross between an abattoir and a Turkish bath." The pubs are tiled so that they can easily be swabbed down after a night's plain and fancy excitement. In an Australian pub, an American soon learns that Aussie beer is a heady brew and that it comes in either a midi, which is a small glass, a schooner, which is a 15-ounce glass, or a frigate, which is a 20-ounce glass. It is extremely important not to confuse frigates or schooners with midis.

At the far end of Manly's street is the beach lined with Norfolk pines, brought originally from Norfolk Island. Surfers ride ashore on the driving waves, and swimmers frolic about within the shark guards which keep the big-toothed fish from them. A boy fishes for mullet with bread crumbs as bait. Australia is endowed with magnificent beaches all along its spectacular coast, and each city and town is handy to water sports. Visitors who have no desire to meet a shark in the sea can take a close look at "Jaws" as well as other Australian fish at the Marineland at Manly.

Sydney is perhaps the most cosmopolitan of Down Under cities and certainly is among the most beautiful sea ports in the world. It invariably charms visitors from North America. To some it means splendid rock oysters at dinner, but to others it is the excellent opera or theater, the fine Art Gallery of New South Wales, the Australian Museum with its aboriginal artifacts, or the night life at King's Cross. Victorian Paddington buildings are decorated with iron lace brought from England as ballast. The old buildings of the Eastern Command in Victoria Barracks also are reminiscent of the mother country, and when on Tuesday at the Bar-

Continued on following page

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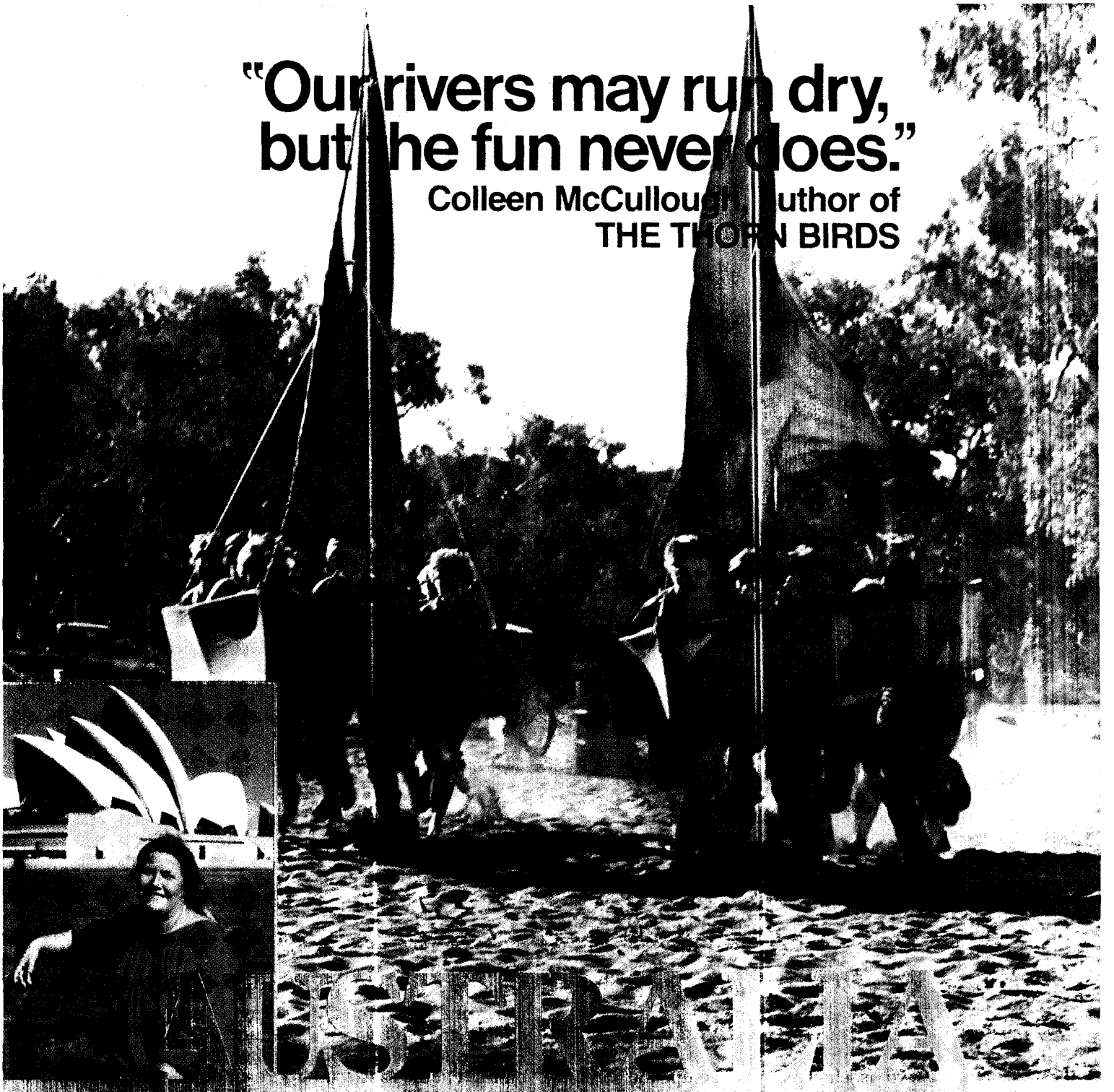
"Our rivers may run dry, but the fun never does."

Colleen McCullough, author of THE THORN BIRDS



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Travel Tips

Now is a great time to visit Australia, with the new low air fares across the Pacific. Qantas, Pan Am, Continental Airlines, Air New Zealand and U.T.A. French Airlines all have services to Australia. Check with them or your travel agent for the latest fare schedule.

Passports and Visas: American citizens need a passport and visitor's visa to enter Australia. Visa application forms are available from Australian government offices in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Washington, D.C., Honolulu, Ottawa and Toronto.

Money Matters: If you are planning to use traveler's checks, it is best to get them in Australian dollars. The commonly accepted international credit cards are American Express, Diners Club and Carte Blanche. The major domestic airlines now accept VISA and Master Charge, but you may encounter difficulties using them elsewhere.

Tipping: No service charges are added to accounts by hotels and restaurants in Australia, and tipping of staff is not obligatory. However, it is usual to tip hotel porters 20 cents and waiters and waitresses at more exclusive hotels and restaurants 10 percent of the charge for good service. Taxi drivers and porters at shipping terminals and railway stations have set scales of charges.

Climate: Australia's seasons are the reverse of North America's. When it is winter here, it is summer in Australia. Generally Australia has an equable climate without extremes in temperatures. To the north, about 40 percent of Australia is in the tropics. To the south, the major cities are in the temperate zone, where winters are mild with some rain but lots of sunny periods. Summer is warm to hot everywhere.

Shopping: Best buys are opals, woolen goods, sheep skins, aboriginal art, paintings and handcrafts. Shopping hours are generally 9 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. weekdays, 9 a.m. to noon Saturdays.

racks the guard is changed, the pomp and circumstance would be a credit to the Black Watch in London.

Melbourne rivals Sydney in the affections of both Australians and visitors. It does not have Sydney's magnificent vistas, but it is an equally handsome city. Since Melbourne has kept its streetcars running, it is possible to take a tram ride, transferring from one line to another as the spirit moves. The National Gallery on St. Kilda Road is not only Australia's largest art museum, but when it comes to architecture and display techniques it is among the leading museums in the world. The Royal Botanic Gardens, the Old Melbourne Gaol and Penal Museum, Parliament House and Como, a colonial mansion which dates from the 1860s, are all part of the city. Melbourne is also home to Aussie Rules football and possesses the largest cricket ground in the world, where 120,000 people have been known to turn out for a Test Match. Fitzroy and Treasury Gardens, with noble trees and ferns, are among the world's most engaging city parks.

Visitors to Melbourne discover that the city's suburbs reach into the Dandenongs, hills of rare pastoral beauty. The Mornington Peninsula is also a short drive out of Melbourne. Many Melbourne people have weekend homes on the peninsula to take advantage of the beaches, the surf and the fine seafood restaurants. Each Mornington village has its own basis for local fame so that Torquay may be noted for its surfing and Portsea for Knocker's restaurant and its steaks or apples stuffed with salmon. Regular weekenders and visitors alike go to the McRae Homestead, one of the earliest homes built by the pioneer families who settled Australia. They examine such things as the hole in the bedpost where the McRaes stashed their sovereigns against thievery, the digging sticks for digging yams and the thumb prints in the homemade bricks of the old walk, which are a human reminder of how the still-soft bricks were lifted out of the molds. Sooner or later visitors to the peninsula ascend Franklin Point on the incline and look down on the vista of sea and land from where Sir John Franklin stood in 1802 on his epochal voyage of discovery.

Australia's capital city, Canberra, also proves to be an engaging city, planned by an American, Walter Burley Griffin, to be a city of government, education and the sciences. Perth, with its beaches and sunshine and burgeoning skyscrapers, Adelaide, the festival city because of its biennial Festival of the Arts (which recently took place in March 1980), Brisbane, with its open-toed, subtropical way of life, and Hobart, capital of Tasmania, which sometimes seems more English than England, can all be part of a visit to Australia.

Australia is the kind of country where jet planes make it possible for a man to swim in the Pacific Ocean in the morning, ski in the Great Snowies after lunch, catch a trout in a mountain stream and cook it for dinner. It is only a short jet hop from the tropical islands of the Great Barrier Reef, where sport diving is incomparable, to the sun-baked hard pan desert around Ayers Rock in the Outback. The wine-making district north of Adelaide on the Murray River is easy to reach, and so are the colorful gold-mining towns of Victoria. It takes a little less than four hours to fly from Sydney on the Pacific east coast to Perth on the Indian Ocean west coast. The flight is much like any other four-hour flight. An adventurous traveler can instead span Australia on the Indian Pacific Railway, third longest rail line in the world, which takes a little less than three days to cross the nation. The meals and service on the train are outstanding, and a traveler gets a first-hand look at the Outback and its wildlife, which ranges from the giant red kangaroos down to little bush babies hopping about or the omnipresent dingo, the Australian wild dog.

The vast Outback, as inhospitable and fierce a land as there is on the planet, lies at the heart of Australia. The Australian novelist, George Johnston, remarked that this land "was never really intended as a place for people." With remarkable tenacity, the Australians have lived a hardscrabble existence in the Outback and

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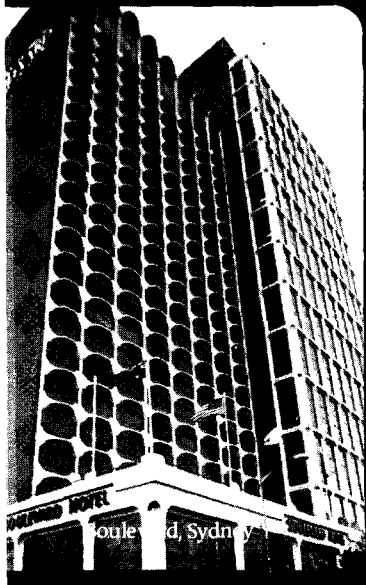

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Aussie Lingo

You say language is no barrier when visiting Australia? You'd better take a second listen. You may encounter an earbasher back of beyond and find yourself up a gum tree. Dead set!

Back of beyond: Remote area, the Outback country, the bush.

Bag of fruit: (Cockney rhyming slang) A man's suit.

Buckley's chance: No chance at all—"He's got Buckley's of winning."

Bung on an act: To give way to temper or complain at great length—"Don't come in here bunging on an act."

Cheese and kisses: (Missus) Rhyming slang for wife.

Cobber: Friend.

Crack hardy: Put on a bold front.

Dead set: Absolutely certain.

Drag the chain: Lag behind; e.g., a drinker who doesn't keep up with his group at the pub.

Drongo: A simpleton or fool.

Earbasher: The fellow who backs you into a corner and won't stop talking; a bore.

Fill in: To fight with someone; a threat—"Shut up, before I fill you in."

In the chair: If you're in the chair, it's your turn to shout the drinks.

Lurk: A shrewd and/or profitable scheme—"He's a lurk merchant."

Mockers—Put the mockers on: To frustrate someone's plans.

Shout: To treat someone, usually to a drink; a common practice among groups of male drinkers in pubs—"It's my (your) shout, mate."

Spine bashing: Having a rest (lying down); loafing.

Stickybeak: Inquisitive person; busybody.

Turps: Slang for alcohol (from turpentine)—"Been on the turps again?"

Up a gum tree: In a quandry or state of confusion.

Courtesy Qantas Airlines

created such towns as Alice Springs, an oasis of civilization, and such cattle or sheep ranches as the Killarney Station in the Northern Territory, which is so huge that cattle are rounded up by helicopter. Across the Outback runs the Track, a 2,500-mile road of adventure, which is blacktopped only part of the way. Through its foot-deep bull dust roar great truck trains loaded with supplies for isolated mining towns and stations.

Coober Pedy, where most of the world's opals are dug, is such a town, and there more than half of the miners live underground in dugouts to avoid the fearful summer heat. Life at Coober Pedy is proof that Australia is still very much a frontier country. It also is a good place to bargain for opals in the rough or to go noodling among the mounds of rubble in search of opals that have been overlooked by the miners.

A visitor to Australia who has time to go to Coober Pedy or to Alice Springs should do so. It is only a short hop by light plane from Alice to Ayers Rock, the world's largest monolith, where aborigine caves prove intriguing. Hale and hearty visitors climb the rock to the wind-swept summit from which they can look out across a landscape as mysterious as any on earth. At night, people who stay at the small inn at the base of the rock walk out onto the desert to view the stony hump by moonlight and listen to the dingos' wild and plaintive song. Their music seems the very essence of the primitive Australian Outback.

From Canberra it is easy to take an excursion into the bush for a visit to a sheep station. Watching the shearers demonstrating the clicking scissors or modern electric shears, observing the sheep dogs shepherding the herds with amazing gentleness and intelligence, a visitor gets the feel of country life in a nation which, despite its cosmopolitan cities on the coast, is intensely rural.

A sheepherder wraps baked potatoes in foil instead of the leaves and mud that he used a generation ago as he prepares a bush barbecue for his visitors. He makes his tea in a billy can, which is nothing but a big tin can carried by roving herdsmen.

"The secret of a good billy can is never to wash the damned thing," he explains.

He pares sausage, potatoes and slices of lemon into a succulent kangaroo tail soup. When ashes from the wood fire float into the soup, he remarks, "Ashes give it the right flavor."

As thick steaks broil over wood coals, his wife mixes up a salad of asparagus, beets, peas, onions, tomatoes, lettuce, bananas and dates with an orange slice on top. The dampened brush bread bakes in the fire.

"If the mixture is not thick enough, it burns the bottom; if it is too thick, it's all mush inside. You got to keep brushing it with water," says the herder.

At last the herder drops a sprig of eucalyptus into the billy can to give the tea extra zest. He pulls the can off the fire by its hoop and swings it around his head to settle the leaves by centrifugal force. Then everyone sits down to the juicy steak and the hearty bread. A Willy Wagtail perches on a fence nearby and sings, myriad small flies buzz about, and it almost seems as if the jolly swagman of Australian song and story will sit down at the visitor's side and start telling his tales.

Australia, which was reached by aborigines about 10,000 years ago, is the most recent continent settled by mankind, but, geologically speaking, it is the oldest continent. Away from the coast it is a nearly empty country where each man's worth is very real and evident.

Australians have to count on one another to meet what life in the Outback holds for them, and even in their cities they show a firm friendship for one another and for visitors, too. When an Australian calls another man "mate," he is acknowledging the impress of the frontier on his life and expressing feelings that run deep and can be understood only in the light of the Australian national experience. To a traveler from abroad, Australia reveals man-made and natural wonders, but it is the people with their warm friendliness and independence of mind who reveal the most about the Australian nation.

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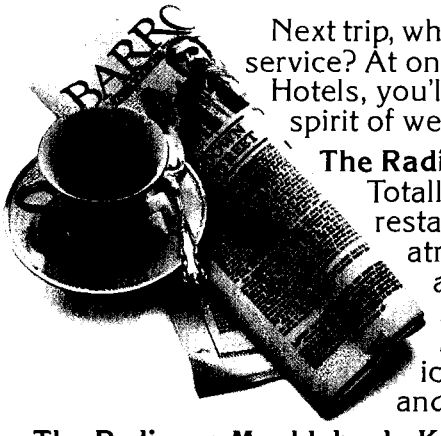

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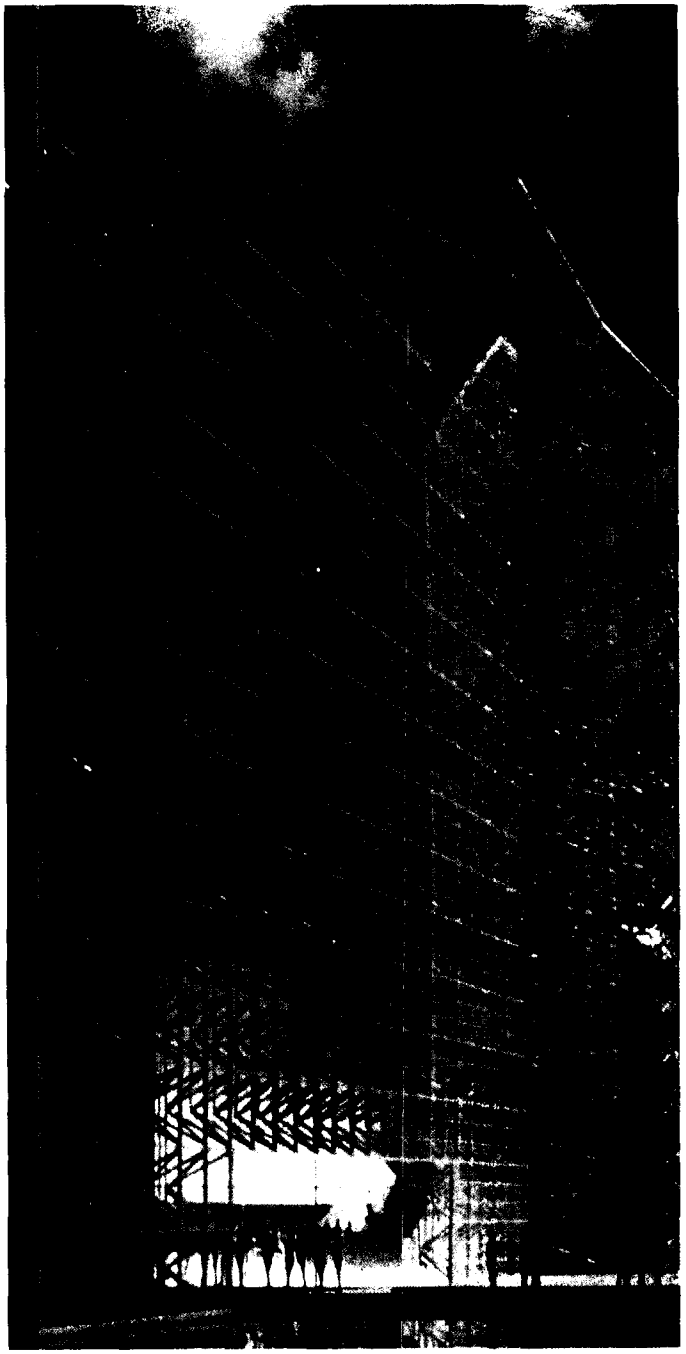
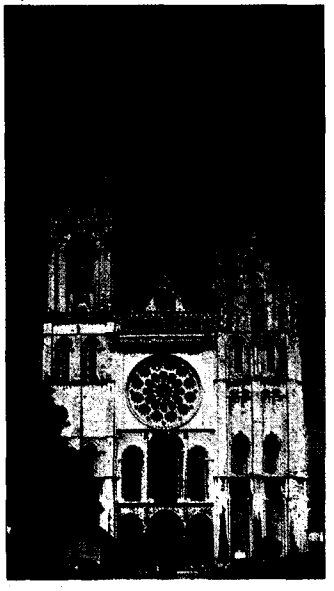
WHERE IN THE WORLD?

The world's great churches are landmarks of history as well as of places. We've given some clues. You name the city each graces.

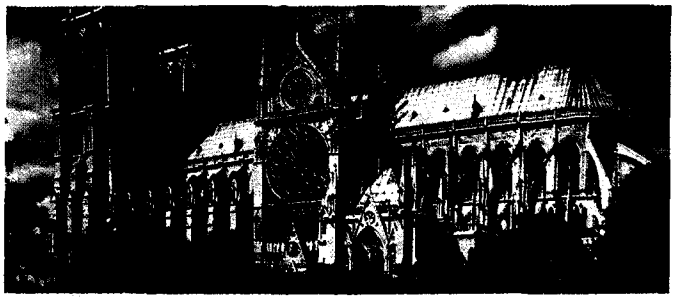


1 ☐ **Orlando, Fla.** ☐ **Tucson, Arizona** ☐ **Garden Grove, Cal.**
The cathedral builders of the Middle Ages were so obsessed with light they invented the flying buttress to allow room for more windows. Through great stained glass works of art they transported sunshine into the depths of their churches as a symbol of the light of God. This modern cathedral, 16 stories of steel and glass, yet perceptibly weightless, takes that yearning for light to completion. Finished in January 1980, it stands in an area known for year-round warmth and sunshine.

2 ☐ **Chartres** ☐ **Frankfurt** ☐ **Seville**
Townspeople were stunned with the fear that their precious relic, the tunic of the Virgin Mary, had perished when the first Gothic church on this site near the river Eure burned on June 10, 1194, but their mood changed to jubilance when a cleric found it intact among the ruins. In gratefulness they pledged to provide free labor to rebuild what today is the best-preserved example of high Gothic architecture. The cathedral stands in a town named for its early inhabitants, a Celtic tribe called the Carnutes.



☐ **York** ☐ **London** ☐ **Winchester** **3**
Saint Edward the Confessor, blamed by his subjects for behaving more like a monk than a king, brought the continental style of architecture to England in this church which was dedicated December 28, 1065, a week before Edward's death. Nearly all British monarchs since Harold II (who lost to William the Conqueror) were crowned here and, until 1766, were buried here also. The church is named for the "western monastery" originally located near this site.



4 ☐ **Bourges** ☐ **Paris** ☐ **Rouen**
The English tried to legitimize their claim to France by crowning Henry VI here, December 16, 1431, shortly after the burning of Joan of Arc. Nearly 400 years passed before the next coronation took place here—that of another usurper, Napoleon, who placed the crown on his own head. Neither the oldest, largest, nor most beautiful Gothic cathedral, this one is nevertheless the most famous.

(Answers on page 121)

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Moynihan

continued from page 105

citizen, if he were not in the Senate or not considered a possibility for president or secretary of state. But since he is not in private life, it is brought up from time to time, even by sympathetic sources. For instance, the *New York Times*, a publication which paid dearly to be a friend and supporter of Moynihan's (the editor of its editorial page resigned when the *Times* supported him for senator) raised the question. In an article in 1979, it brought up the "suggestions by both critics and supporters that he drinks during the day—enough to affect his performance." The *Times*' conclusion was curious in that it brought up the question as if it were important and then dismissed it as if it were not: "Moynihan denies it, and there is absolutely no evidence that his pleasures begin before the end of the workday." Of course, the *Times* may have been condemning Moynihan by indirection; it might be inferred from the *Times* article that he does drink heavily after his workday ends. And a senator can end his workday whenever he pleases —at breakfast if he chooses. The point is that the workday of a president never quite ends; he must have a clear and unbefuddled mind at all times of the day or night, for the climactic decisions he must make are not guaranteed to fall into the 9-to-5 workday—or even the 12-to-3 workday of a good many senators.

A more sobering question—and a most curious insight—is that Pat Moynihan has been working in various levels of politics and government for almost 30 years, and yet none of his plans or proposals has ever been turned into an action program. It is not that he wanted it this way; he would like to have a few monuments in the social programs of the nation named after him. He's come moderately close several times. Once was when the Johnson administration came to a screeching halt on implementing his thoughts on the black family in America; another time was when the Nixon administration sent his Family Assistance Plan to Congress and watched it die there. About the only thing he's really accomplished is to get New York more and more on the dole —and this may be considered a negative, not a positive. For the American people outside of New York do not enjoy the prospect of paying all the costs —welfare, transit, education, public safety, pollution reduction, garbage collection—of anything and everything that the residents of New York City do

Continued on following page

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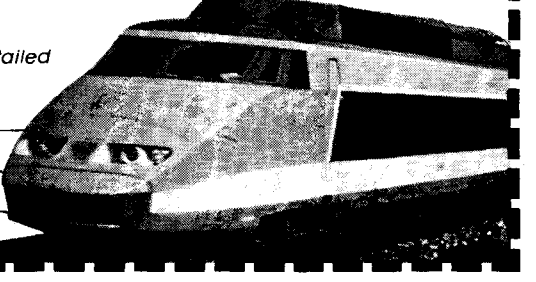

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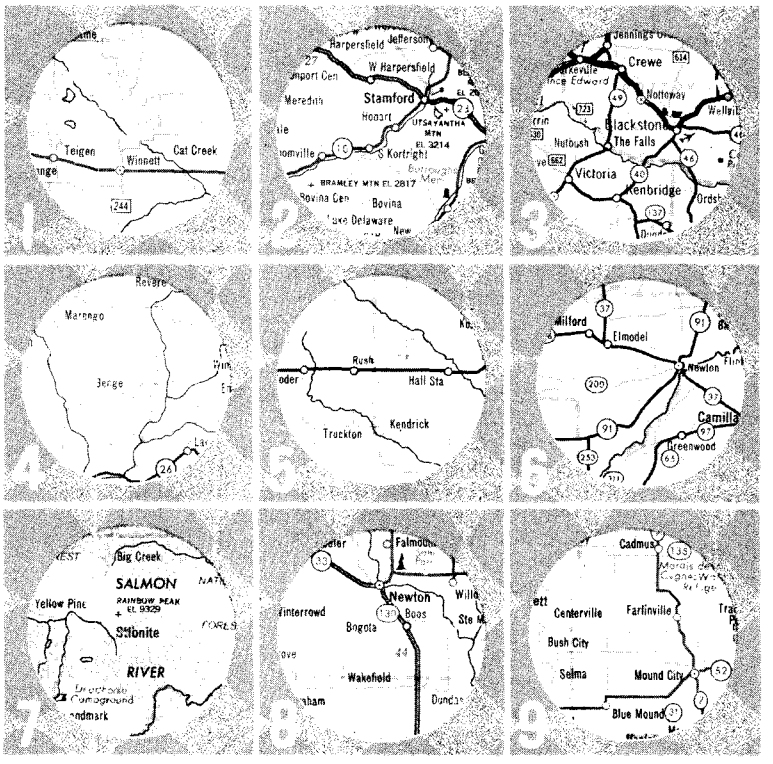
not want to support out of their own pockets. It would seem a more positive accomplishment to find ways to help New York economically so that it can get back on its feet and not have to be carried by the rest of the country.

Most articles on Moynihan do not offer the balanced view of his liabilities as well as his assets. Certainly his assets are many and attractive, particularly in a public official: As we've seen here, he has an exceptional mind, ideas that are on the same track as a large part of the national constituency, the eloquence to express his ideas well and the courage to support them in a hostile atmosphere. These are all valued assets in a potential president or secretary of state; they are valued assets in a United States senator.

The question is whether and how the Republicans can make the most of his value to them. It is not enough to express the obvious—that Moynihan can more readily achieve his personal ambitions (and his political ones) if a Republican is elected in 1980. This is not going to make him switch parties; *that* would end all his hopes. The trick is in getting him to employ a skill—called subtlety—that is unfamiliar to Moynihan. For he must drag his feet creatively in New York state to let that state's electoral votes be thrown to the Republicans. It cannot be done obviously. If he does it at all, he cannot announce that he's doing it or betray in any manner that this is his intent. That would simply make the Democrats mad at him and end his future in the party. It is all the more difficult because New York appears to be strongly Democratic right now and it may be impossible for him to change that sentiment. Further, it may go against his every instinct. But there is an example he might study—within the Republican party. In 1976, Ronald Reagan dragged his feet very creatively and did it on a national level. Nobody within the GOP seemed to hold it against him—except perhaps President Ford. Reagan's foot-dragging helped dump Ford, a Republican, from the White House and put Democrat Jimmy Carter in his place. That opened up the way for Reagan to go for the presidency in 1980. And though he was a foot-dragger in that presidential race, he immediately became the favorite among Republicans to win in 1980. That would be very instructive to somebody who has designs on 1984.

His ambition for the future is not the only matter at stake for Moynihan. There is also his seat in the Senate. If the Democrats sweep everything presidential in 1980, that may be all he has left to him. And he'll have to put it up for election in 1982. Obviously the GOP has several strong candidates who might go against him—Jack Kemp, for example, as well as Henry Kissinger. Moynihan knows—as does every member of the Senate—that half of all the senators who had tough opposition lost their seats in 1976 and 1978. Times have changed; it is no longer like the old days when a man went to the Senate and might expect to stay there all his life. So with opposition of the caliber of Kemp or Kissinger, Pat Moynihan might find that after the elections of 1982, he has no job at all.

That points up the ultimate irony within the irony: that Pat Moynihan is not only the Republicans' most valuable Democrat in 1980, but that the Republicans are Pat Moynihan's party of opportunity. *And* security.



Rand McNally

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. In terms of routes, state parks, mountains and memorials, there is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? If you or a friend find the game too easy (but you won't) add the requirement that you place the area north, south, east, west or central in the designated state.

(Answers on page 121)

Pella

continued from page 98

"Yes," I said. "What's it all about?"

"It doesn't mean anything," the man said. "It's just what the kids do during Sunday evening church and afterwards. It's like a custom."

"It's just something to do with your date," the woman said. "It's a way of showing off your girl. They call it 'Tooling the Square.' "

Bob Van Hemert, the manager of the Pella Chamber of Commerce, tilted back in his chair in his big corner office in the yellow brick Wyatt Earp House. He is a big, comfortable man, with a big, smiling face. "Oh, the Dutch," he told me. "My grandmother was born in Holland, and Dutch was her only language. My parents both talked a lot of Dutch. I speak a little. I'm all Dutch, and I'm proud of it. I'm proud that this is a Dutch town. I'm proud of our Tulip Festival. I'm proud of our good Dutch cooking and the Dutch look of the square. And Dutch pride keeps this town as clean as any in the nation. But there's more to be said for Pella than just being Dutch—a whole lot more. I'm happy to be here to say it. Pella is a prosperous town. Our unemployment is practically nil. We have eight manufacturing plants here, and they employ almost half of our population—3,300 men and women. Our pay rate compares favorably with any comparable communi-

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ty in this area. Clerks average $3.10 an hour. Machinists average $6.20. Secretaries average $4.30. Truck drivers average $5.10. Our biggest employer, of course, is Rolscreen. But we've also got Vermeer Manufacturing and Van Gorp. Business is good all over town. There's a waiting list for space on the square. You've seen our swimming pools and parks and our hospital. Our industrialists are municipal benefactors. We needed a three-million-dollar addition to the hospital. The community raised the money in a matter of weeks. And I'll tell you something else not many towns can match: 40 of our people—at least 40—are millionaires."

"My father was a house painter," John Hoogenakker told me. "So were his father and his grandfather. So am I. That makes me a fourth-generation painter here in Pella. I started work back in 1937. That was the Depression, don't forget. But from that first day I went out to work I've never had a slow time. I've never had a day off that I didn't take myself."

"I'd say John is 100 percent correct," Edgar Roorda told me. "I started my Pella Building & Supply Company right after I got back from World War II, and I've never had to lay a man off for lack of work. I've known a few who lacked the desire to work. But that's different. There's money in this town, and just about everybody has some of it. The average cost of a new home now in Iowa is $45,000. The average here in Pella is at least $55,000—maybe close to $60,000. And there's this: I've never had one of my houses lost by the owner because he couldn't keep up the payments. The people here in Pella know what they can afford. They don't jump in over their heads trying to impress the neighbors."

"I guess I've worked for Rolscreen most of my working life," Henry Roozeboom told me. "I get four weeks' paid vacation every year. I get 11 holidays a year with pay—all the regular ones plus Good Friday and my birthday. Everybody at Rolscreen gets his birthday off. They give us life insurance, dental insurance, Blue Cross and Blue Shield and a Christmas bonus. They also have a profit-sharing program. Everybody gets about 15 percent of his gross earnings every year. The average share is around $2,000 per person. But there's more to it than that. Rolscreen is a nonunion shop. Three times in the last 15 years, the union has tried to organize the plant. The first election went lopsided against it. The second was a little closer. The third was more against the union than the second. Why did we

Continued on following page

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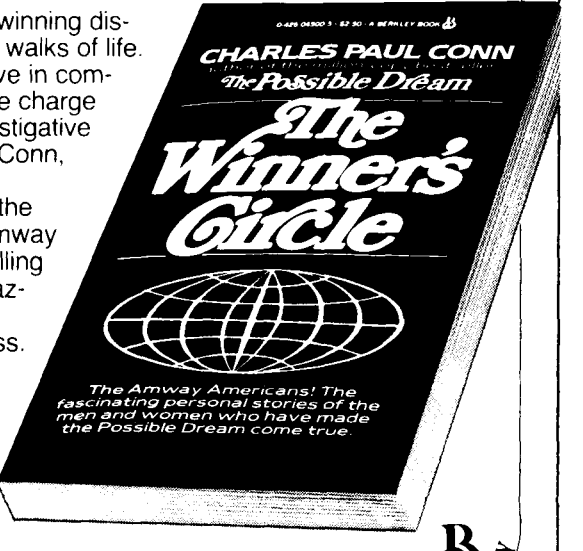
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turn the union down? Well, we listened to the organizers, and we thought a little bit, and we did a little figuring, and it turned out that if we got the union pay rate we'd all take a big cut in pay."

I talked with Dr. Kenneth Weller, the president of Central College, in his bright, book-filled office on the second floor of Central Hall, the administration building, overlooking a quadrangle campus with a long pond and a humpbacked Japanese bridge. In the distance, I could see an avenue of flags stretching in the breeze—the flags of Britain, France, Austria, Spain, Mexico and the United States. Students were standing in groups or moving along the walks. Downstairs in the lobby I had seen a wall plaque with a Zen-like truism: "Anyone can count the number of seeds which come from an apple, but only God knows the number of apples which can come from a seed." Dr. Weller gave me a look of gleaming satisfaction. "No," he said. "No, indeed. We are not a Bible college. We're much too old and established for that. We're not even exactly a provincial college. Half our students spend part of their academic life studying abroad, in one of the several countries where we have an arrangement. Those flags represent our foreign connections. The fact is, we require only one course in religion. No, what we are is a Christian college in the philosophical or ethical sense. We're not interested in doctrine. Our basic tone is a concern for values. We're weak on piety and strong on life in its wholeness. We're concerned with how things work, but also with what ought to be. We remember here that Watergate was not the work of uneducated people. It was the work of highly educated people deficient in morality and ethical sense. We attempt to teach that ethical sense—to reestablish it, I should say. To that extent, we're concerned with the total lives of our students. Pella has always been an appropriate setting for our work."

A bell rang. A couple ran hand in hand across the bridge. Dr. Weller had his back to the window. He straightened a file of papers on his desk. "Last Monday," he said, "we had a young male student killed in an auto accident. His friends organized a memorial service. It was spontaneous. There were Scripture readings and readings of secular poetry. Four hundred people attended. Our enrollment is 1,500. We have a sense of community here, and I think that that turnout is a good demonstration of it. We think of it as a Christian sense of community. And it isn't just here at Central College. It embraces the whole of Pella—the college, the churches, the business community, everybody. It *is* the whole of Pella. Even newcomers here seem to feel it. I know I did. I'm Dutch myself, but I'm from Michigan, and I've been here only since 1969. There is a pervading community sense of heritage—an almost mystic feeling of roots. And roots are a source of community. Responsibility equates with community. You see this responsibility, this morality, this ethic in the personal frugality here and the public generosity. I'm sure you've heard about the generosity of our industries. But they aren't the only givers. Everyone gives to his capacity. It's something that goes much deeper than the more conspicuous pieties—deeper than the Sabbath and all that. It's the real thing." He touched the file of papers again. "Now, don't misunderstand me. I'm not saying that we're unique—that we're an oasis here in the middle of the 20th century." He stopped. He sat smiling at me across his desk. His smile faded. "No," he said. "I'll amend that. We *are* a little oasis here. I'm afraid that's exactly what we are."

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Baseball's Steve Garvey
P.G. Wodehouse and Jeeves
(in every issue for the rest of the year)

Mormons

continued from page 69

there are high concentrations of members in the United States and Canada, processes and stores commodities from a number of church-run food production projects.

For example, at a corn farm outside Chicago, Illinois, corporate executives, housewives, lawyers and jobless members work side-by-side during a Saturday volunteer work project cultivating the crop. A tuna cannery in San Diego, California, satisfies the needs of the entire system for that product. There are apple, peach and pear orchards in Washington, beef and dairy farms in Michigan, a pork farm in Indiana, a chicken farm in Utah and numerous additional projects that supply the welfare storehouses.

"While the church exists as a tool to help families help themselves," says Lee Asay, the lay bishop of an Indiana congregation, "families help the church and other families by staffing church positions and serving in their local church units." And they do serve. In most congregations, every member who has embraced the principles of the church participates in some way in the organization, as a teacher, administrator, secretary or librarian for any one of the church auxiliaries for women, youth and children. Only a group of the religion's highest ecclesiastical leaders dedicate their efforts full-time to the church. Lay leaders come from most walks of life and are called to serve without financial remuneration.

George Romney, the Mormon political and business leader who served as the governor of Michigan for two terms, was the regional leader of some ten congregations in the Michigan and Canadian area while he worked as the chief executive for American Motors Corporation. The colorful leader, who also presided over the heroic cooperative efforts of the U.S. auto industry in response to production needs during World War II, reflects on experiences in his youth that built what he calls a "moral foundation" for his professional achievements. "I, like most faithful Mormon boys today, was a boy scout and spent two years as a Mormon missionary in Europe after graduation from high school. Experiences like these are

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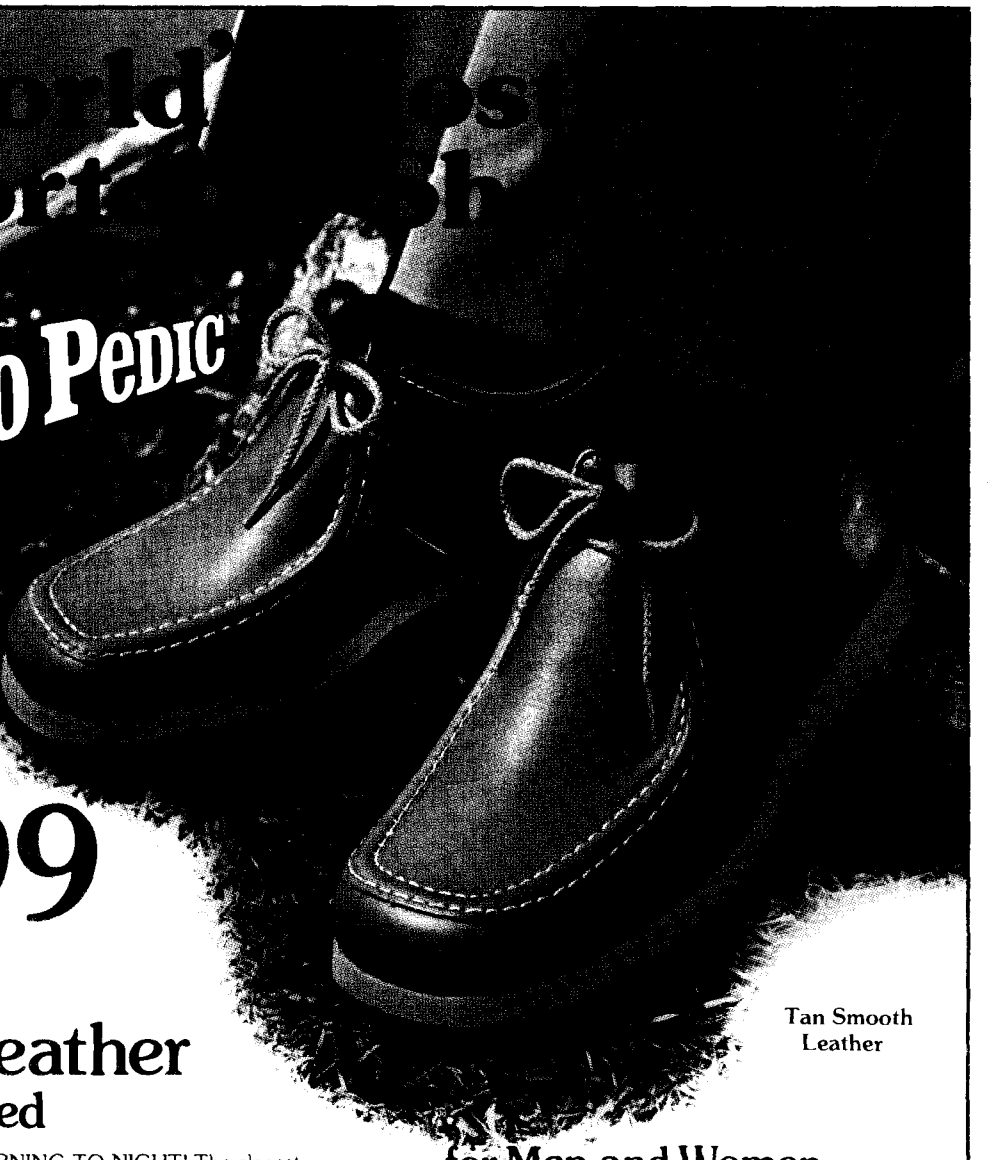

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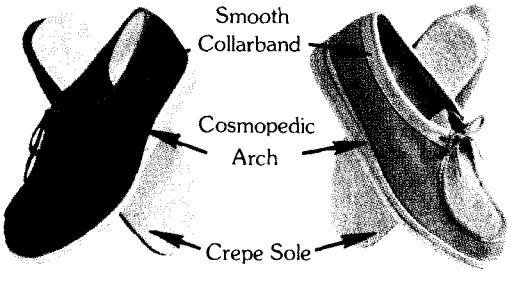

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helping develop dedicated young men and women in the church today who will probably surpass any accomplishments I may have achieved," Romney says. He now serves as a liason between the general Mormon leadership in Utah and regional leaders throughout the Michigan area.

During his political career, Romney was often pictured by the media as a physical fitness enthusiast and drew attention to another unique Mormon doctrine, the health code called "The Word of Wisdom." Killebrew, former Pirates pitching great Vernon Law, golfers Billy Casper and Johnny Miller and a host of new, young Mormon athletes (Gifford Nielsen, Danny White and Marc Wilson, to name a few) are well-known for their abstinence from tobacco, alcohol, coffee, tea and other harmful substances. Although Mormons have been the object of some derision through the years due to this practice, considered "prudish" by some, recent clinical research has helped validate the effectiveness of the code. Independent studies published in American medical journals have shown members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have 65 percent fewer cases of lung cancer, 35 percent fewer cases of colon cancer, 35 percent fewer heart disease problems and 40 percent fewer liver ailments than the general U.S. population. The life expectancy in 1979 of a Mormon living the health code was three years longer for women and six years longer for men in the United States.

"Mormons point to biblical scripture that calls the body the temple of the spirit, teaching that our bodies are sacred and worthy of respect," explains Dr. James O. Mason, a distinguished former Harvard epidemiologist and former director of the Mormon Church's world-wide medical programs. "Although it's a supposition, not a scientific theory, the stability in the life of the average Mormon family could be one of the main secrets of this medical phenomenon of ours," Dr. Mason points out. "It is known that possibly adverse physical and emotional effects are caused by deprivation, breakup of family, social problems and drug dependency. Church programs build a support structure to help people avert these kinds of stressful crises." Dr. Mason is presently the executive director of the Utah State Department of Health.

"The Word of Wisdom" is not solely a "thou shalt not" commandment to the Mormons, however. It emphasizes, for example, the positive benefits of using whole grains, fruits and vegetables without promoting radical health and diet fads. Moderation is a key element of the church teaching. While some groups ban meat entirely from their diets, church members follow the counsel that points out meat is "ordained for the use of man with thanksgiving, nevertheless . . . to be used sparingly." Moderation, of course, applies to all foods, and overeating in general is discouraged by the church.

Largely as a result of the commandment, in many Mormon households a home wheat grinder or food dryer usurp counter space occupied by a coffee pot in most homes. While it is not a fundamental church requirement, home baking, canning and gardening are widespread among church members who take pride in both food production and healthful nutrition. The present prophet, President Kimball, has repeatedly encouraged members to cultivate home gardens as a family project. "After all," explained one member, the mother of six children, "food is to be enjoyed, too."

"Yea, all things," says Mormon scripture, "which come of the earth, in the season thereof, are made for the benefit and use of man, both to please the eye and to gladden the heart; Yea, for food and for raiment, for taste and for smell, to strengthen the body and enliven the soul."

"It's nice to know," says food science and nutrition authority Lora Beth Larson, "that between the extremes of eating as duty and eating as self-indulgence lies the Lord's view—that eating is a pleasant necessity and an occasion for joy and thanksgiving."

The stability of a Mormon home usually has its beginning in one of 17 sacred temples, where worthy members of the church may be married for eternity by an official with recognized authority. "I knew that I loved my husband even before I joined the church," explains Lela Springer, a new convert who joined the Mormon church with her husband two years ago in Springfield, Ohio. "Mormonism made the idea of a marriage that lasted forever such a tangible belief. . . . We went ahead and were married again in the temple ordinance. We have since found that it made us much more committed to working our marriage differences out."

Any faithful Mormon couple with a temple marriage will generally echo those comments, pointing out that the eternal nature of the commitment made with God helps them persevere in efforts to work out typical matrimonial problems rather than give in to the in-

You be the Judge

Is a newspaper advertisement a legal offer which results in a contract when accepted? The following advertisement appeared in a Minneapolis newspaper:

Saturday—9 a.m. Sharp
Three Brand New Fur Coats Worth $100
First Come, First Served—$1 Each
Williston Dry Goods

A Mr. Corbin was the first customer to present himself at the dry goods store. He indicated his readiness to pay the sales price and demanded the coat so advertised. The store manager refused to sell the merchandise, stating that by "house rule" the sale was intended for women only. Mr. Corbin sued for breach of contract, asking for the value of the coat less the sales price. Should Mr. Corbin recover?

The Court ruled that there was a binding contract and the plaintiff should recover. Usually an advertisement is considered merely an invitation for an offer from a buyer which must be accepted by the seller before a contract results. But an advertisement which specifically promises some performance in return for something requested is a binding offer and a contract results upon acceptance. Williston Dry Goods promised a special sales price specifically in return for a customer appearing first at their store.

(Based on a 1956 Minnesota case.)

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clination to end the relationship in divorce. And divorce statistics tend to support the observation: While some 45 percent of the marriages in this country end in divorce, among couples married in the Mormon temple the divorce rate is only about 7 percent.

Though the temple in Salt Lake City, Utah, is the most widely known, these striking structures vault skyward throughout the world. There are six in the state of Utah where the religion is predominant, one each in Arizona, Idaho, Alberta (Canada), Hawaii, Washington, D.C., New Zealand, Switzerland, Brazil and England, and two in California. Five new temples are currently under construction in Mexico, Japan, Samoa, Seattle and South Jordan, Utah.

Church members use the sacred temples for an additional purpose that has resulted in their notoriety in yet another field of endeavor: genealogical research. Believing it their duty to search family records in order to perform ordinances by proxy for those ancestors who were unable to be baptized or married for eternity, Mormons place a special emphasis on doing genealogy work. Their library in the 28-story church headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah, is considered one of the finest in the world. It is filled with records of millions of people filmed by special teams who search out yellowed birth and christening records in parishes and municipalities throughout Europe and many Latin American countries.

Any visitor is welcomed to the modern facility and can, after asking a few ques-

Continued on page 125

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Answers from page 116)

1. Montana
2. New York
3. Virginia
4. Washington
5. Colorado
6. Georgia
7. Idaho
8. Indiana
9. Kansas

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The Bird Tree

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
The Bird Tree Dept.14
5 Swallow Lane
St. Paul, MN 55110

WHERE IN THE WORLD?

(Answers from page 114)

1 Just as Bishop of Paris Maurice de Sully dedicated most of his life to the construction of Notre Dame, Dr. Robert Schuller, Dutch Reformed minister in Garden Grove, California, conceived the idea and raised the funds for the all-glass Crystal Cathedral, which doubles as a house of worship and a civic center for his growing congregation.

2 According to legend, the tunic of the Virgin was a gift to Charlemagne. His grandson, Charles the Bald, gave it to Chartres in the ninth century. The coveted relic made the city and its cathedral a favorite place of pilgrimage in Western Europe during the Middle Ages.

3 Sebert, first Christian king of the East Saxons, is said to have founded a small monastery on the island that is now Westminster. The area later became part of London. It was Henry III who transformed St. Edward's original Westminster Abbey into a Gothic cathedral where all British monarchs have been crowned except Edward V and Edward VIII.

4 The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, built between 1163 and 1345, is an exquisite example of early Gothic architecture. It was sold for scrap after being damaged in the French Revolution but saved by Napoleon, who restored it for his coronation in 1804.

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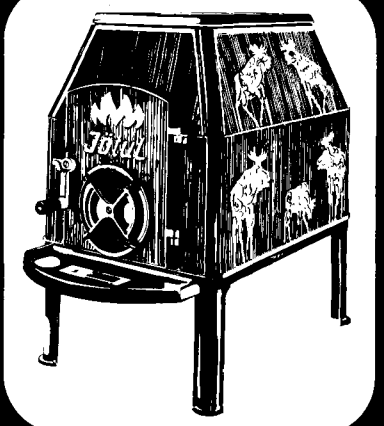

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MEDICAL MAILBOX

By Cory SerVaas, M.D.

"The preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality."

—Herbert Spencer

X-Ray Concern

Q Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I would like a direct answer, if you please, on this question: If a pregnant woman has x-rays taken of her womb two days before childbirth, will the x-rays cause McClure and Albright Syndrome in the early future of the child? What about any other side effects?

I will appreciate your answer.

E. Herrin
Indianapolis, Indiana

A Pediatricians we have consulted agree that x-rays taken two days before childbirth would not cause the problems you mention in your letter, and are not known to cause any other discernible side effects.

When necessary, as in congenital heart cases, newborn infants are x-rayed without any known harm resulting. Doctors tend to be more concerned about x-raying a pregnant woman in the *early* stages of pregnancy.

Killer Mole II

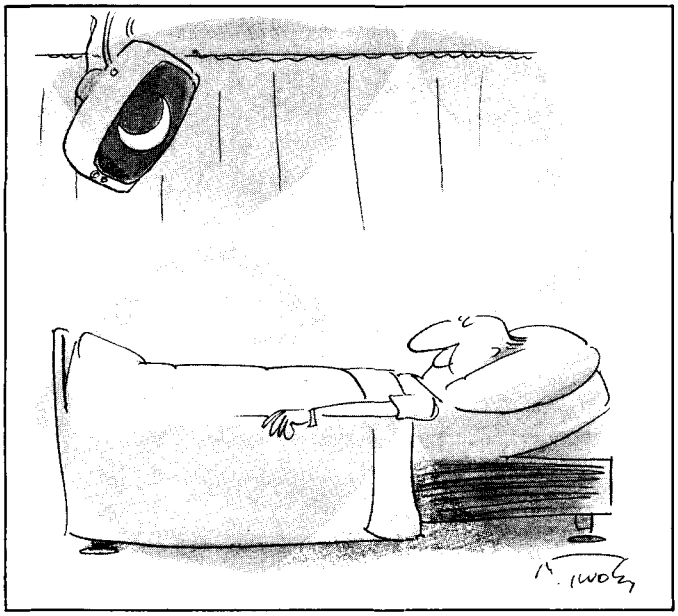
Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I am writing to thank you and tell you that the picture and article you ran in the September 1979 *Saturday Evening Post* Medical Mailbox (re: killer mole) has probably saved another life—mine!

I found a small, dark brown, freckle-size spot on my leg last March (1979) where there had been nothing at all before. It rather quickly grew in size to about that of a pencil eraser and darkened further to brownish-black. I hoped it was only an odd mole or freckle; and like the man whose letter you published, I forgot to mention it to my doctor when I had my annual physical six months ago. I am an R.N. and had heard of melanomas but had never seen one. But this spot caused me to have nagging doubts. So in January 1980 I was leafing through the September 1979 *Post* and came across the picture and article which I had completely missed before—and there was the picture of the mole on my leg (only mine was much smaller but still exactly the type and color). As you can imagine, my doubts were confirmed and I was galvanized into immediate action. A week later my brown spot was removed and *it was indeed* a malignant melanoma! I am to have another operation to remove a larger margin around it for safety and to have a skin graft. Then I will see a specialist for regular exams for several years to determine if I'm cancer free. There's hope, because the melanoma I had is believed to be completely removed and fortunately was still in a fairly superficial state at the time of removal.

By the way, I'm a 32-year-old housewife and have two children, ages six and three, and I'm doubly thankful for their sake that I didn't wait any longer. If I hadn't seen that picture, I may have let it go too long.

Mrs. I. Forkin
Beaver, Pennsylvania



Malignant melanoma

Death from primary skin cancer in whites is due chiefly to malignant melanoma; in the past decade, the incidence and mortality rates in whites have risen faster than any other cancer, except, in some countries, lung cancer.

Interferon for Cancer

The search for weapons against cancer received a great boost recently with the discovery at a small Swiss research laboratory of a means of producing large amounts of human interferon from bacteria.

Interferon, discovered in 1957 by a British research scientist, Alick Isaacs, and Jean Lindenmann of Switzerland, is a natural antiviral protein of the human body which appears to have antitumor properties. Until recently it could be produced only in small amounts, which severely limited tests of its ability to fight vari-

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ous forms of cancer.

The American Cancer Society has advanced $2 million for research with interferon, the largest amount it has ever placed in a single cancer research program. The society's optimism may come in part from studies by Hans Strander of the Karolinska Hospital in Stockholm, who has been treating patients with interferon since 1971.

Dr. Strander's patients all suffer from osteogenic sarcoma, which, in 80 percent of all cases, cannot be stopped by surgery. In his tests on 34 patients, 64 percent given interferon following surgery were free of metastases 2½ years later, compared to 30 percent in a control group. Overall survival rate for 2½ years was 73 percent for interferon patients and 35 percent for the control group. Dr. Strander has also had positive results in patients with advanced Hodgkin's, juvenile laryngeal papilloma and multiple myeloma.

Up to now, the largest source of interferon came from Finland, where Dr. Kari Cantell developed a method to extract it from white blood cells left over from the Finnish Red Cross' blood donor program.

The American Cancer Society will purchase nearly one-third of the Finnish yearly yield of interferon for its study. With the news from Switzerland and assurances that other labs around the world may be making breakthroughs in interferon production shortly, the future of a potentially effective cancer-fighting tool has brightened considerably.

Bran Names

Q Dear Dr. SerVaas:

I enjoyed your pages in the October 1979 *Saturday Evening Post*.

I use Kretschmer Wheat Germ, 20 ounces at $1.29. Is that "unprocessed bran?" If not, what are brand names of unprocessed bran which, I presume, would be sold at grocery stores?

Mrs. Morley Jennings
East Orange, New Jersey

A Wheat germ is not the same as unprocessed wheat bran. Unprocessed wheat bran commonly refers to the outermost 10 to 14 percent of the layer of the kernel of wheat. Wheat germ, on the other hand,

Continued on following page

"I am pleased to announce that we have at long last developed a smart pill. Before we begin, I insist that each of you take one!"

Gregory Pace, winner of Benjamin Franklin Award

What can a 16-year-old high school student do during his summer vacation that will help cut infant mortality in underdeveloped countries by half? Gregory Pace can answer that question. In April 1979, Greg saw an article about a volunteer program called Amigos that sends young people to poor areas abroad to give inoculations and provide much-needed health care. He signed up immediately, but because he came into the program late, he couldn't take group courses and was left on his own to raise the $1,600 participation fee and to get the necessary medical training.

A doctor taught him how to administer shots and tutored him in the complicated problems of immunization. A dentist taught him about oral hygiene. He took a first aid course, did extensive required reading about vaccine storage and disease symptoms and took a crash course in Spanish.

He raised the money by speaking to church groups, at clubs and at gatherings in people's homes, where he explained that part of the funds would pay for vaccines he would later administer. "I learned more about the importance of articulate expression than I would have in any public speaking course," says Greg. His fund raising brought in $2,100.

On July 20, Greg left for four weeks in the Dominican Republic, where he visited villages on foot and horseback and administered whooping cough and tetanus (DPT) vaccinations. He averaged about 50 inoculations a day.

Said Greg's father, "I sent away a boy—he came back a man."

Greg is going back again this year. Perhaps he can use the Benjamin Franklin Award to help pay his participation fee. Greg is also recruiting and screening other volunteers from the New York area.

Young people who would like to join the Amigos program can receive information by writing:

Amigos De Las Americas
5618 Star Lane
Houston, Texas 77057
Tel: (713) 782-5290

Readers are invited to nominate candidates for the Benjamin Franklin Award. Nominations should include a description of self-help medical feats performed by the person or group. Recipients receive a certificate and a $100 grant from the Benjamin Franklin Literary & Medical Foundation. Both amateurs and professionals are eligible.

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is the embryo of the grain. Bran is important because it is high in fiber, including indigestible bulk, which aids in increasing food transit time. Wheat germ is important because it is high in vitamin E, B-vitamins and protein. Both wheat germ and wheat bran are available at grocery stores. Some grocers refer to unprocessed bran as "millers' bran."

We use Quaker Unprocessed Bran in our test kitchens. An 8 ounce box costs 60¢. Other suppliers of unprocessed bran include: Hodgson Mill, Gainsville, Missouri; Shiloh Farms, Sulphur Springs, Arkansas; and Elam Foods, Broadview, Illinois.

Exercise and Insulin

Exercise may be valuable in the treatment of some diabetics, according to a recent report in the *New England Journal of Medicine* (Vol. 301, No. 22). It has been known for some time that exercise can be beneficial to persons with maturity-onset diabetes, but the reason for this was not known. This type of diabetes is characterized by a decreased ability of insulin to metabolize glucose and by a low number of insulin receptors (the cells which normally bind insulin). According to the research, exercise can help this latter condition by increasing the sensitivity of tissue to insulin and by increasing the number of insulin receptors.

The researchers tested six healthy but unathletic men and measured insulin levels, insulin sensitivity, insulin cell receptors, weight, glucose and indicators of physical training. These measurements were done before and after a six-week period of regular exercise, which consisted of one hour of cycling four times every week.

The investigators found that the exercise did not change the subjects' weight, blood sugar or insulin levels, but they did find a 30 percent increase in the insulin sensitivity and a 50 percent increase in insulin receptors.

The researchers concluded that if exercise could increase insulin sensitivity and the number of insulin receptors in healthy subjects, it probably also acts this way in maturity-onset diabetes. The researchers also note that weight loss was not required to find the change in sensitivity. This research may also be applicable to people with obesity, since their relative insulin-resistant state makes them predisposed to develop diabetes.

Puffing Pupils

Teachers have an important effect on a youngster's decision to take up smoking, according to a recently completed British study by the Department of Community Medicine at St. Thomas' Hospital, London.

The smoking habits of more than 6,000 children were recorded for five years, during which time smoking increased gradually among both boys and girls but remained steady at 25 percent for their teachers. The smoking rate among boys was higher in schools where smoking was prevalent among the teachers.

The researchers also noted that teachers who smoke may be reluctant to take part in anti-smoking education programs for their students.

What's Cooking in Louisiana?

The *Post* salutes Governor Edwin Edwards of Louisiana, who is spearheading a project to put all the citizens in the town of Natchitoches on a diet/exercise program for improved cardiovascular health.

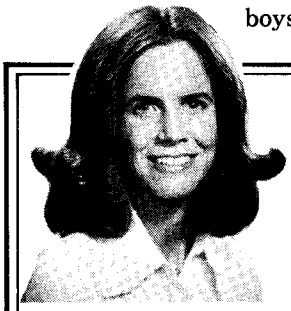
The *Post* will be reporting results of the study, which the Natchitochians hope will reduce the number of cardiovascular deaths in their town. The Pritikin diet/exercise regimen, which is being used, consists of very low fat, high carbohydrate consumption and much walking. According to Dr. Lum Ellis of Northwestern University (Natchitoches), the project director, Natchitoches, a town of about 20,000, was chosen because the death rate there is higher than for Louisiana as a whole —9.8 persons per 1,000 compared with 8.9 per 1,000 for the state average. (Rich foods such as fried chicken and pork chops are popular here.) Natchitoches is also racially heterogeneous, with every ethnic group in Louisiana represented in its population.

The research part of the program will focus on four health factors: cholesterol, triglycerides, obesity and high blood pressure, which are all-important in cardiovascular disease. After one year, clinical measurements of these factors will be compared with those of a sister town in Louisiana where the now-suspect All-American diet (hamburgers, french fries, fried chicken, etc.) will continue to be consumed. Governor Edwards accidentally let the word out that Hammond, Louisiana, would be the control city. Since it is important for the control to be an anonymous town, another now-secret Louisiana city has been selected.

"Everyone in Natchitoches is part of the study," said Dr. Ellis, but the participation is voluntary. "We are now about a month into the program and are having encouraging results."

All the schools, the local hospital, the senior citizen centers and nursing homes are cooperating in the effort to bring the town's eating habits in line with the Pritikin maintenance diet, which allows only 1½ pounds of meat a week and practically eliminates sugar and salt. Dr. Ellis said 30 cooking schools have been set up to teach the preparation of low-fat, no-salt, high-carbohydrate dishes.

"Governor Edwards is a nutrition-oriented person," said Dr. Ellis. "We have the largest system of public hospitals in the United States, and he feels that we can reduce health care costs if we demonstrate the relationship between proper nutrition and health."



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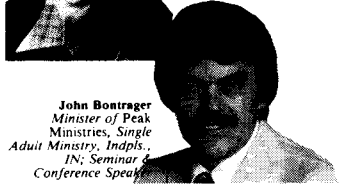

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Mormons

continued from page 121

tions, locate a microfilm print and begin the search for his own ancestors in one of 400 microfilm viewers. But the millions of names at the library are only duplicates. Deep in the Wasatch Range of the Rocky Mountains, behind a 14-ton steel door and under 700 feet of granite, the church preserves the originals in more than one million rolls of microfilm, a historic panorama of over one billion names. The research crews add more rolls at the rate of more than 5,000 per month. This year, the Mormon church will host the second World Conference on Records, and some 10,000 of the world's best genealogical researchers are expected to attend seminars on tracing ancestors and writing family histories.

Don't be surprised if some of them walk away from the conference entertaining the thought of becoming Mormons themselves. More than one million new members, most of them converts, have joined the church during the past decade. Some 200,000 became Mormons last year. That influx boosted the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from a position as ninth largest to one as fourth largest church in the United States. Taught the message of Joseph Smith's vision and the "restoration of Christ's church" by some 30,000 young men and women who serve two-year missions for the church at their own expense, the majority of new converts live in foreign countries. Ward congregations number some 10,000 in 77 countries, and the church owns and maintains nearly 7,000 buildings and leases more world-wide. Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, has become the largest private university in the United States and educates thousands each year.

Beginning in April, throughout the world, musical dramas, pageants, concerts, grand balls, building dedications, special worship services and other events will commemorate the 150th birthday of this dynamic religious group. The Mormon church, of course,

Continued on page 128

Husband's Lament on Mother's Day

M is for the mink coat that you want, dear,
O is for the opal ring you crave;
T is for the tiny car you'd love, sweet,
H is for the hat that makes you rave;
E is for the earrings you'd admire, love,
R is for the rug on which you'd tread;
Put them all together, they spell
BANKRUPT—
So I'm giving you this handkerchief instead.

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Jackson, 1928

Women Must Give . . .
Kernan, 1922

Pilgrims
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These three classics have been reproduced from actual old covers.
Each poster is 22" x 28" printed in full color on heavy enameled stock.
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Please send me the following Magazine Cover Posters @ $3.00 each.
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Mass Merchandising Co., Dept. 150-18
250 Adams Blvd., E. Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735

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Enclosed is my ☐ check or ☐ money order for $_____.
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Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

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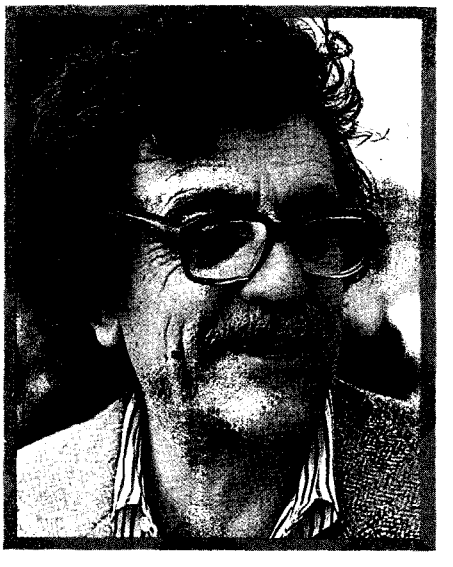
POST PEOPLE

Where there's life, there's Hope. And if at all possible, there is also Bob's talented wife, Delores, both enjoying the satisfaction of delighting an audience. "People ask me where I get my energy," says this ageless comedian. "I don't think I have more than anyone else—I just enjoy entertaining people." Avid golfer, sportsman and a humanitarian who can't say no to a benefit performance, Bob Hope attributes much of his perpetual motion to a positive attitude and proper diet.

The cute little freckle-faced "Girl With Something Extra" said, "I will!" And she did. Sally Field left her saccharin roles of "Gidget" and "The Flying Nun" to become the dramatic actress she has always felt she was meant to be. "When you want something you believe is right, you take the risk and fight for it," says Sally, adding, "you may get hurt, but the personal rewards are worth the pain." On the night of April 14, one of those rewards may well be an Oscar for her sensitive portrayal of a union organizer in the much-lauded movie, *Norma Rae.*



"It has restored my honor," beamed Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., as *Jailbird* nudged its way to a spot on the best-seller lists and sprouted roots. Although his last two books have been commercially successful, the critics panned them. It took this most recent effort to revive their lagging love affair with the one-time cult figure's work.

On the upswing again, the usually witty writer is hard-put to explain his popularity. "Maybe it's because I write about ordinary communities—I don't really know," he mused. "I concentrate on being interesting, amusing and on just telling a good story." A Kurt reply . . .

Gary Player always walks into a tournament wearing black but leaves covered in green. Money, that is. Ranking 20th on the money list for pro golfers in 1979, Player's share of the purses totaled $180,125, including winnings from three South African tournaments. His devastating attacks on the golf course have been parlayed into a U.S. career total of $1.5 million since he first turned pro at the Egyptian Match Play in 1955. But it's a long drive to his favorite green—a 4,000-acre horse ranch in Cape Providence, Colesburg, South Africa.

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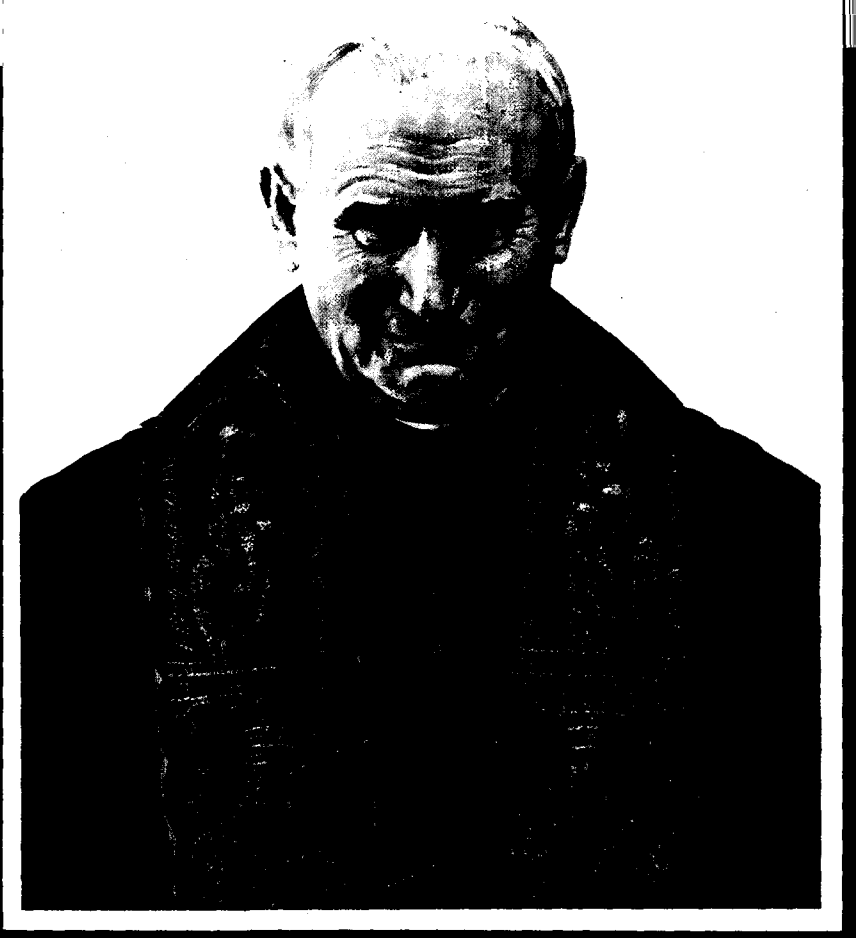

His Holiness Pope John Paul II

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Mormons

continued from page 125

isn't the only Christian organization with some laudable progress to its credit. But after a quick review of its accomplishments over the past few years, no one can say its members don't have something to celebrate.

That was the thought of U.S. Senator Frank Church when, in a speech presented to the U.S. Senate last July, he said, "Mr. President, today I join with the people of my state in honoring the Mormon pioneer people who have traversed a continent in search of religious freedom. Their story is one of the heroism and sacrifice which has been deeply etched in our frontier history. . . . The Mormon church is still building on this early foundation under the leadership of its president, Spencer W. Kimball. . . . Today we pay tribute to the Mormon pioneers and their descendants. We admire their valor, courage and example." ★

Photography

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were parked. Motion has been stopped or "frozen."

Change to 1/125 second, and the car blurs in the photo. But try one more trick. With shutter still at 1/125, aim the camera *with* the car as it speeds past, and press the shutter release while following the car's motion. If you have "panned" accurately, the car registers sharp on the film and the *background* blurs. A genuine sense of speed is captured in this photograph.

Practice making action and motion *show* in your photos. Here are the cardinal rules:

1. Use long shutter times (1/2 to 1/30 second) to *reveal* action or motion.

2. To *stop* action in midair or mid-happening, use short shutter times (1/250 to 1/1000 second).

3. General snapshots are taken at 1/125 second.

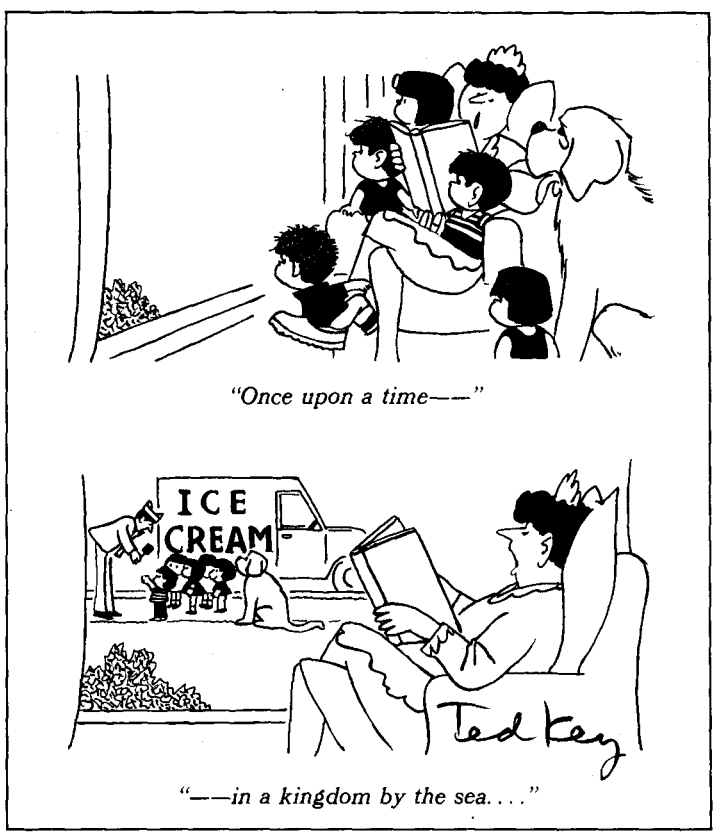
4. Longer shutter times may prove necessary when lighting is poor. Hand-holding the camera may cause blurring you don't want. For 1/60, 1/30 and longer shutter times, brace the camera on a tripod or some natural support. Your pictures will turn out sharper.

Finally: Exposure Metering

A majority of today's 35mm cameras have built-in exposure metering. The object is to measure light coming from the scene you're photographing and compare it to how much light the film needs. That lets you know how to set up the exposure. But there's more involved here than simple light measuring.

The word *exposure* refers to the light (the scene) making its impression on the film. You know now that lens aperture and shutter time both affect the amount of light reaching the film. For the sake of picture creativity, you must consider these prime factors first. Often, you end up making an exposure trade-off.

If *depth of field* is crucial, you *first* choose f/stop and focus settings that deliver sharpness just where you want it and fuzzy images elsewhere. You *then* adjust shutter time to meet whatever exposure the camera meter dictates.



"Once upon a time——"

"——in a kingdom by the sea. . . ."

On the other hand, if *action* is the chief goal of your shot, set shutter time for that. *Then* adjust aperture to suit the exposure needs of the film.

Through-the-lens metering is basically simple. You point the camera at the scene and turn on the metering. In some cameras, you adjust shutter time and f/stop to center a meter pointer. In others, you bring two needles together. Some camera models have red or amber lights to warn when settings would over- or under-expose the film; you adjust aperture and shutter for a green light in between.

Once you have established your settings, reassess your intended picture. If you need to change the aperture by a step or two for aesthetic reasons, make a reciprocating correction in shutter time so that the indicator again shows that proper exposure will occur. If you alter shutter time to show action better, reciprocate with the aperture to correct the exposure.

This might sound complicated; but if you follow these directions a few times, you will become adept. Exercise creative control over the pictures you shoot.

Automatics

For newcomers to photography, automatic exposure and focus controls may seem like the ultimate. However, such systems steal away many of the creative choices you have just learned to make.

If your automatic camera offers *aperture priority*, you cannot choose shutter time. If it offers *shutter priority*, the aperture sets automatically.

The best of automatics permit *choice* of priority—you set either one, and the camera arranges the other. Better yet is an *override* feature which lets you operate the camera manually when you wish.

Which brings us full circle. Shooting an adjustable 35mm camera successfully entails bringing five important factors together for each photo:

1. Set the ASA dial for the rating of the film you load into the camera.

2. Focus for the main object of your photograph.

3. Set the f/stop ring to arrange whatever depth of field best portrays what you want your photograph to show.

4. Set the shutter time for however you want action or motion to appear in your photograph.

5. Activate the exposure-metering system, and evaluate again the scene to be shot. If depth of field matters most, adjust shutter time for correct exposure. If you decide action takes priority, adjust the f/stop ring for proper exposure.

Hint: If you find that lighting in a particular scene would push either setting beyond the camera's limits, consider saving the shot for later when you can use a film with greater or lesser ASA rating. ★

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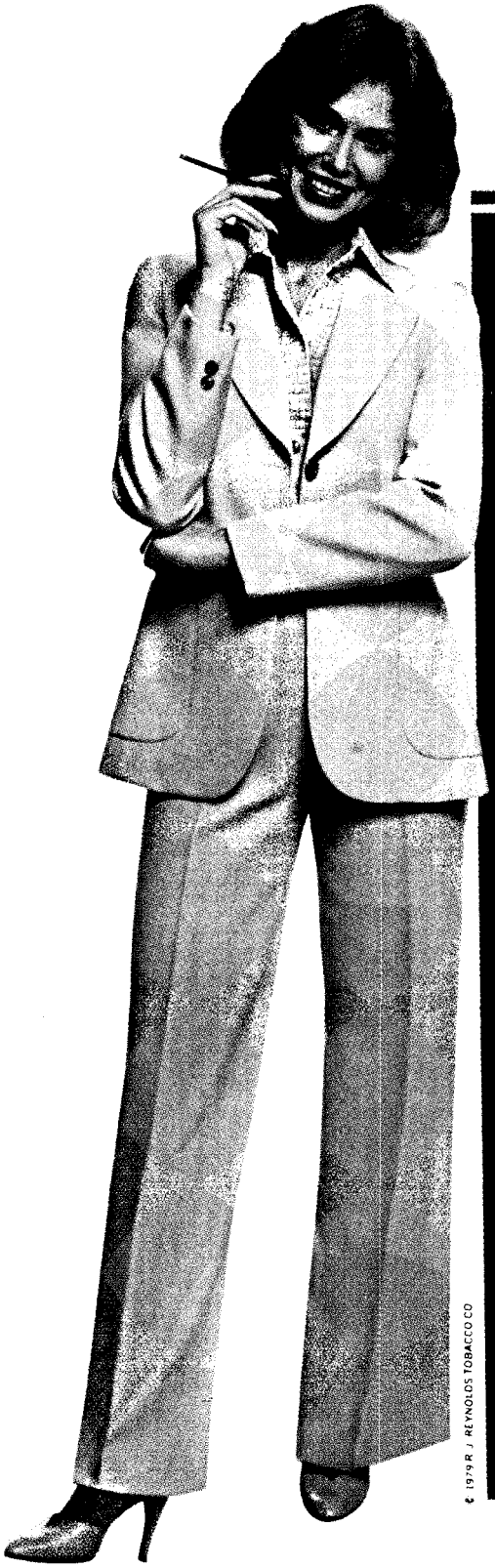

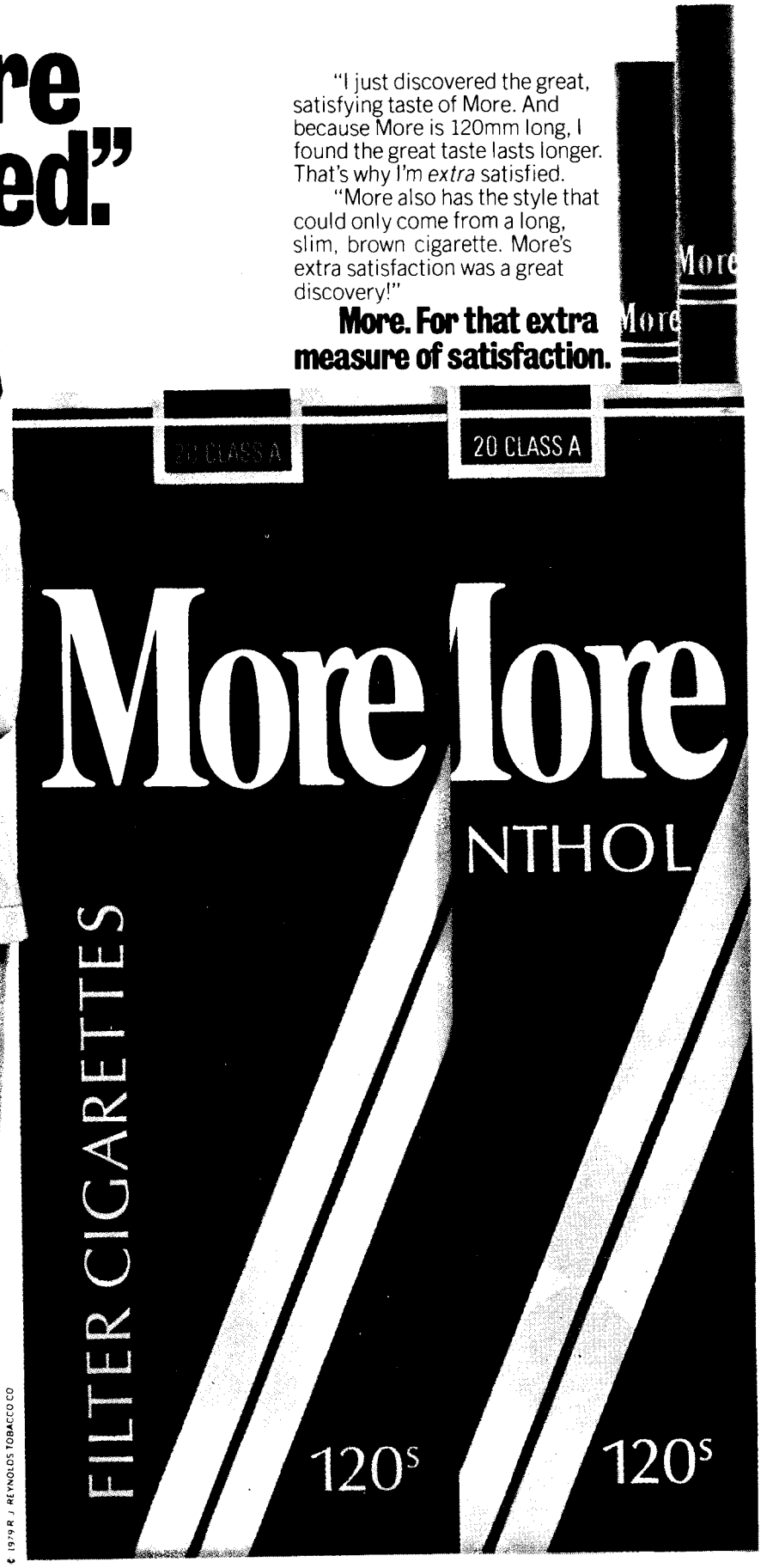

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